HERE & THERE & EVERYWHERE

REMINISCENCES

BY

M. E. W. SHERWOOD

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Mrs. Sherwood, from a miniature.

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M. E. W. SHERWOOD



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I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO
FOUR DELIGHTFUL CRITICS, ARTHUR MURRAY, CYNTHIA,
PHILIP HYDE
AND ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD
THE GEMS OF MY LAST DECADE, WHO ALWAYS CONDESCEND
TO BE PLEASED
WITH THE TALES OF A GRANDMOTHER

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Italy and Victor Emmanuel

Looking in a volume of forgotten photographs, I found one of the lovely Queen of Italy when she was seventeen, with her young autograph, and that of Garibaldi near her, "given to his friend Avezanna." This carried me back to my first visit to Florence, in 1869, when the young royal couple had been first married—Umberto and Marguerite. It was a notable Summer for me, for I first saw Venice in that October with the Empress Eugénie on her way to open the Suez Canal, and made my first acquaintance with Italy—a delightful experience which has been constantly refreshed by visits to her richly freighted cities.

The novel of "Marietta," by T. Adolphus Trollope, gives one the best idea of Florence that can be gained from books. Florence changes from year to year less than any foreign city, except that it has become almost an American watering-place. It has always its Cascine, its two great galleries, its gardens, and its memories, its palaces, and its Romola, for that wonderful book has filled it with the images of the past, and the flitting travelers come and go. But Tito and Romola and all that immortal company live there forever.

We drew up to the top of the Hill of Bellosguardo, with Mr. Marsh, to look at the view of the Val d'Arno. I am sorry for every one who did not go there with him,

for he knew every inch of that memory-freighted ground, and with his all-powerful ambassadorial or ministerial power he opened for us the Villa di San Donato, the property of Prince Demidoff. This magnificent place contained then one of the choicest collections in Europe, now sold and scattered. Also the Villa di Quarto, part of the ancient patrimony of the Medici, we saw with him.

And we went to the Villa Salviati, partly to see the great house of the sixteenth century, but more to see Mario, the famous singer, but we did not see him. He owned that villa once and lived there in 1869.

And, oh, Fiesole! nothing is more lovely than that winding road (as familar to Americans doubtless as Fifth Avenue), but with Mr. Marsh it revealed a thousand ambushes of history.

It would take two lifetimes and a long immortality properly to see Florence. I should say even to read Hallam's tribute to it incumbers the brain. "The vast dome of the Cathedral, the Baptistery, with gates worthy to be the gates of Paradise; the tall and richly decorated belfry of Giotto, the Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the Palazzo Vecchio!" It is a fruitless struggle; no one can describe such untold richness; one had better go home and read the life of Lorenzo de' Medici.

It is a great thing for an ignorant person to have a scholar at her elbow. I go back in memory to that poor young traveler, who, guide-book in hand [myself], sought to read Europe. Had I known how many times I was to do it again, I might have been more patient—

but there is nothing after all like the "first time" Mr. Marsh was my learned cicerone.

Florence we thoroughly enjoyed, for we had there the felicity of a visit to Mr. Marsh, one of the most eminent men whom this country has produced. He is so well known by his work on the English language and by his splendid plea for our forests that it is not necessary for me to speak his eulogy, but there was in his daily conversation an instruction beyond all words. He had command of all languages, spoke Italian with the King, Victor Emmanuel, to the King's great relief, and could meet everyone on his own ground; he was a Mezzofanti. The present Queen Marguerite had, as the gay young Princess, been a great favorite of his, and his niece, Miss Crane, frequently spent weeks with her, that they might talk English together. Mr. Marsh used to say, with his beautiful simplicity, "For so young a girl, the Princess has read a great deal." When I was presented to the Queen, and had the privilege of talking with her, in 1885, she spoke of Mr. Marsh with the most affectionate respect, as she always does.

Mr. Marsh, was, of course, a guide to Florence of the rarest. He went with us to the great monuments, churches, and the Boboli Gardens; he took me across that melodramatic bridge which unites the Pitti with the Uffizi. Indeed, one needs a guide there, else one skips wonderful and rich things; he took me to the statue of Il Pensiero of Lorenzo de' Medici, son of the greatest Lorenzo and father of Catherine de' Medici, and quoted to me Rogers's lines about that mysterious statue,* the rarest thing in Florence! this silent statue. He invited

*"It fascinates, and is intolerable."

us to his house (a villa in the suburbs, frescoed by some immortal hand), and gave us good and most distinguished dinners. I remember particularly his presenting to us Miss Arbesser, a very liberal Austrian (when liberality among Austrians was almost an unheard of quality), who had been the governess of the young Princess.

To this lady I owed so many very charming anecdotes of the life and daily work of this gifted Princess that I have always felt that I knew her, and I gained a clear idea that Princesses have to work far harder than ordinary girls. The mastery of five or six languages, the knowledge of history, the power to talk to men and women of any nationality, all this was expected of Miss Arbesser's pupil, and she did it all, and wonderfully well.

Marguerite of Savoie has been gifted by nature with a fine mind, and a love of study, and with a singularly good heart. It is her smile which holds Italy together. Sprung from a noble, warlike race, she has their courage, but her goodness is that of a saint, her tact that of a woman of the world, and her consummate power of sinking herself out of sight, her unselfishness—that is her own, a gift of God.

She is a very religious woman, and although the Vatican and the Quirinal have been politically at odds since she was Queen, she is still a very dear daughter of the Pope, and receives yearly his blessing. To the King, a knightly and noble person, but silent, reserved, hating society and the restraints of etiquette, what has she not been! She adores her Umberto; it is pleasant to see her look at him. But I did not know all this until long after. How much, however, Miss Arbesser's conversation prepared me to believe and to enjoy I can

hardly measure now. I believe Miss Arbesser lives to enjoy seeing her perfected work, this beautiful Queen. I hope so. It is her right.

On my first visit to Italy we went northward over the Brenner Pass, which no traveler should skip, and saw Verona and Nuremberg, which also let no traveler skip, for there are the Middle Ages. There is enough in each city to make a book out of, but we all see Europe in the same way; we carry ourselves with us, and we make just so much tributary as we can bring away; there is more than we can any of us appreciate. Baden-Baden was very charming to me. It was very gay, the play was high, the tables were crowded. Princes traveling incognito (even the "Baron Renfrew," which did not in the least disguise the "Prince des Galles") or Russian Princesses, gambling with cool frenzy, as they do everything; Frenchwomen of renown, quite indifferent to the fate of empires, so that their flirtations and the roulette went on undisturbed; reputable English men and women, elbowing the fat Duchess who had run away with her courier; the impecunious Duke who had been assisted by Padwick; Americans with pockets full of money, readily risked on the "trente et quarante;" beautiful American women, exceedingly well dressed; the famous Mme. Ratazzi, cousin of Louis Napoleon; the Princess Suvaroff, the blind King of Hanover, respectable old gentleman, creeping away from wife and daughter to play heavily on the sly; women infatuated with the excitement; men of all nations walking arm in arm with the women of the demi-monde in the face and eyes of the carefully guarded young women whom they would afterward marry—such was the picture.

My first vision of a gambling table! I was to see it often enough afterward at Monte Carlo and at Aix-les-Bains; but I can remember even the faces of these far away people while I forget the players whom I saw last year. The ensemble is the same. Human folly has a great likeness to itself the world over.

Royalty, however, behaves better in an emergency than we do. I saw the other day, at a public meeting, an inkstand turned over on the stage, and this foolish accident made everybody laugh and shriek. It discomposed the orator and spoiled a lady's dress. When did I last see an inkstand overturned? In Rome, in 1885, I was privileged to go one Sunday afternoon to see, on the historical Hill of the Capitol, the dedication of a monument to Victor Emmanuel, the gift of United Italy. It is all finished now, I dare say, but then it was on paper.

Old Depretis, who looked to be an old Druid, or like the Moses of Michelangelo, with an immense white beard to his waist, and white hair which seemed to have been swept by all the tempests of Italy, moral, political, and physical which have covered that peninsula for fifty years, was to deliver the eulogium. As he began, all the clocks began to strike, led off by the prodigious clock of the Capitol, which sounds as if Hercules himself were pounding on the Tarpeian Rock. Even the iron lungs of Depretis were silenced; he could stem the torrent of a parliamentary storm, but Time was too much for him. The old Druid smiled, and the Queen put her little hand over her pretty red lips as an enforced silence fell on the orator.

He began: "On this historical Hill of the Capitol we recall the words of Victor Emmanuel, those celebrated,

prophetic words, 'Ci cearmo, e ci resteremo' [Here we are, and here we shall remain.]" Proceeding, he eloquently traced the traits of the work of "Risorgimento," upon which Victor Emmanuel had not feared to risk his crown. Turning to the young King — Humbert — he said: "Heroism is hereditary in the house of Savoy," and he recounted the visit of the King to Naples during the cholera season. I saw tears in the eyes of the Queen; it was a noble compliment, and deserved. The great audience rose up and cheered enthusiastically, while Humbert, visibly moved, rose and bowed. He rarely rises, excepting when his father's name is mentioned, when he leaps to his feet and remains uncovered. The King "carries," as the French say, a truly magnificent dignity.

Then all the splendid company went forward to sign the "procès verbal,"—the King, the Queen, the Prince of Naples, the Duchess of Genoa, all the Ministers and Ambassadors. Then occurred the accident which made the whole crowd experience the feeling of cold chills running down the back.

General Pasi, a superb militaire, reaching forward to get a hammer, pulled off the tablecloth and upset the enormous inkstand, which flowed, as if it contained a quart of the blackest ink, all over the table, stage, and the ladies' dresses. The Duchess of Genoa got a liberal bath of it.

Now, she did not love her royal brother-in-law, the Re Galantuomo; nor did he love her. She made a "mésalliance" and would marry an officer much beneath her royal rank. So there were winks and smiles in the audience. But not one smile broke over that royal

group. The Queen looked as if a bath of ink was the one thing needful. The King took hammer and trowel, and put himself in the attitude of a mason. Coins and papers were put in a box and placed in the corner-stone. Poor General Pasi tried to wipe up the ink with his pocket-handkerchief, but the King pounded away as if hammering at corner-stones was his daily occupation, and, giving a final tap to the top stone, he ended the ceremony.

By four o'clock we were all coming down the steps of Ara Coeli watching the crowd, the changing mass of color, and seeing a sight never to be forgotten—the venerable Capitol covered with the flags of all nations, the Roman sky behind it of an inimitable blue. It was a perfect felicity of picturesqueness, while, waving on a scarlet baldanquin, were the words "A Vittorio Emanuele II, Padre della Patria." On each side of the Tribune stood a column surmounted by a statue holding a crown of laurel, while the grandest equestrian statue in the world, that of Marcus Aurelius, dominated the scene.

The dear little Queen, leaning on her husband's arm, smiled at the crowd. The Ministers — Depretis, Coppino, Genala, Magliani, Possina, Brin, Ricotti, and Grimaldi—followed her down the steps. The Duke Tortonia, the richest man in Rome, to whom had been given the charge of the monument (he having subscribed freely), also followed the dignitaries to the court and the soldiers of the gallant pageant faded away.

But poor General Pasi carried away his inky handkerchief, more terrible to him than defeat in battle, more fatal than that of Desdemona, the one blot on the splendid ceremony.

Mr. Story thought the Capitol Hill too crowded for this grand Valhalla of columns and temples; he thought the archaic statue to Marcus Aurelius would dwarf even the Re Galantuomo. A part of a very interesting mediæval tower and an old convent wall had to be torn down to make way for it.

"Why not," said the American artist, "have put the whole thing in the Piazza Independenza, which Victor Emmanuel made, at the end of the Via Nazionale, with a straight vista of several miles in length for it to look through and be looked at. Then modern Rome might have boasted that she borrowed, but did not steal, from ancient Rome; that she copied from afar off, but still well, and that she did not crowd her Re Galantuomo, but let him forever rein in his gallant steed, in the new Rome which he had made."

When Mr. Story talked I always agreed with him—he had such charm of manner, such artistic and common sense. Still I was not sorry to have seen this splendid ceremony, to have added another memory to those richly freighted steps which Peter ascended on his knees—"Quo vadis?"—which Rienzi, last of the Tribunes, ascended, which are worn by the knees of pious pilgrims. I always weep on these occasions, from an inherited Irish hysteria which afflicts me when I see men salute the flag, or hear "The Star Spangled Banner," or am moved by the recital of the national hymn of any country.

So I am glad of the incident of the spilled ink, for it gave me something to laugh at and a reason for wiping away my absurd tears, which always expose me to ridicule, particularly from those who are nearest and dearest to me.

Social and Other Memories of Rome

Horses, the King's horses, the races, and the hunt, had much place in the pleasures of my Roman Winter of 1885. The beautiful women of famous lineage and noble names, the Princesses Orsini, Barbarini, and Colonna, and those of the house of Bonaparte, and those who claimed descent from Queen Christina of Spain, Rome's famous refugee of fifty years ago, and many a titled English woman, not to forget our American Princesses—how they did scamper over the Roman Campagna! What a brilliant and a peerless scene it was—some of them in scarlet habits as bright as the wild flowers which they trampled down. How often I met them or saw them from afar as I made my sober way to Veii, or Tivoli, or Albano, in a quiet barouche.

The hunt was a goodly sight. On a hunt morning on the Roman Campagna the dogs were like those which Hipollyta describes: "I was with Hercules and Cadmus once, when in the woods of Crete they bayed the bear." These Roman dogs are "dewlapped like Thessalian bulls," indeed.

The Roman gilded youth thought much of the races and the hunt. They were always there, so I really got to mixing up the Count Primoli, son of a Bonaparte Princess, and his friends with the Heavenly Twins, Castor and Pollux, of whom the Romans cherish the fond mem-

ory that they visited the Forum to announce the victory of Lake Regillus, and after watering their horses in the Fons Internae, they disappeared, riding off into Paradise again. The Heavenly Twins effected their departure "on winged horses," says a veracious history. Nothing can be too fabulous or even too poetical or too beautiful to believe, when watching a hunting scene on the Campagna.

And the Queen would drive by, showing her smile and her scarlet liveries, and adding a new and better Livia to our Roman memories.

The young Romans are very handsome and good riders. Among these young men was many a perfect Adonis. Beauty constantly asserts itself: it is at least a letter of introduction. One of the best horsemen and most perfect beauties was said to be cruel as a tiger. He beat his wife and made twenty women miserable, and there were also many unrecorded heart pangs outside. Well, these handsome men are apt to be false and cold, like tigers and other beautiful animals. Nero, the typical tyrant, was very handsome, if one of his busts be correct. This demon could look like an angel. And we might pick out many an Adonis among the busts of both good and bad Emperors.

The type remains. The young Roman noble is apt to be an Adonis. The youthful eye seeks him out. I have called him a gilded youth. He is not so gilded as he would like to be. He seeks an American heiress occasionally, and in nine cases out of ten he makes her a good husband, in spite of popular prejudice. The beauty of a strong athletic Adonis who, like the Greek, can run, jump, pitch, toss, lift, and box, and ride like a

centaur is very dear to both men and women. It is a high type, a sign of perfection in race, a perfect animal. Humboldt pronounced Nicholas I of Russia "the handsomest male animal he had ever seen."

More than one such example of remarkable personal beauty was noticeable in these gallops and runs on the Campagna; and I once saw one of them save a life, which is always a great feather in any man's cap.

The Campagna is a very dangerous hunting ground. It is full of holes, in which one's horse steps and breaks a leg, throwing the rider over his head. Mr. Hartmann Kuhn, of Philadelphia, lost his life in that way near Rome many years ago. As I was one day watching the hunt I saw a lady run away with. Her vicious horse put his foot in one of these deathtraps; twenty horses were bearing down upon her prostrate body, when Adonis rode between them and averted the danger. He got off his splendid horse, picked her up, and rescued her before one could breathe. The barouche of an English Countess drove up rapidly. Half a dozen carriages came to proffer aid. The sufferer proved to be an English girl, quite accustomed to a "cropper," and she was not seriously hurt. I knew her and her mother well, and thus came to know Adonis.

I was very much struck with his modesty in disclaiming any heroism in this act, although he had been badly lamed by the horse which he intercepted and which would have trampled down Lady Gertrude. He had to push away his adorers. He had, I heard, twenty love letters a day, but he bore it all with a certain scorn and indifference. The very familiarity of his beauty had deprived it of charm to himself. Vanity is more fre-

quently the vice of a flat-faced, freckled, gooseberry-eyed, carroty-haired individual than of Adonis. Indeed, the French verb "se pavaner," "to peacockify," which the French use so much, is generally conjugated by the lesser lights of Beauty. The Adonis seldom or never struts. He would cease to be Adonis if he did strut.

So this particular specimen of manly beauty, whom I will call Count Nero, continued to be the ultimatum of personal attraction to the female mind. I one day happened to ask about his wife.

"She is a Russian Princess, of great eccentricity, beauty, wealth, and prestige," answered my friend. "They were both gamblers, but they got on very well until they began to play against each other. He declared that she ruined his luck, and then she told her story, and said, among other things, that he threw his boots at her."

When I looked at Count Nero's calm, beautiful, refined Italian face, with an under jaw of bronze, and white teeth which were so perfect that they could have bitten a tenpenny nail in two, I concluded that if he had not thrown boots at his wife, he might have thrown pointed javelins, called words.

But I forgot all about Count Nero in my study of Rome. I turned to the real Nero and philosophized over that kick which sent Poppæa out of the world.

Lanciani and Rossi were digging up something every day, and I went to see a wonderful room belonging to the palace of Septimius Severus, with the frescoes as fresh as when they were put on seventeen centuries ago. Here we moderns get an idea of antique luxury which puts us out of conceit with our own achievements.

Certainly Nero was a man of taste, and Poppæa was a "good dresser." In the palaces of the Cæsars on the Palatine, I supped with Domitian. Here Rome began. Here is Roma Quadrata. Here Romulus may have reigned, and from this place the word Rome, which signifies "force," was taken. I saw the gigantic remains of the palace of Tiberius, the palace of Caligula, the temple of Apollo, the edifices of Septimius Severus, and the remains of the house of Cæsar.

What did I not see? After a long, muddy walk (for the soil was loose with recent rains), I sat down on a fragment of sculptured rock which was a part of Livia's bedroom, and looked into that sheltered nook where she sat with her maidens. I had scanty time to think during all this long, bewildering journey into history. There was a circular vase of stone from which were growing wild-flowers, perhaps self-planted, which was in the center of the smaller dining-room of what was perhaps the house of Vespasian. It gave a familiar and feminine look to this part of the ruin, as if women and little children had left their voices and laughter behind them, and I shall remember its sweet, sheltered aspect when I have forgotten much else, even the madness of Caligula and the spot where he was murdered.

The Cæsars, like the gentlemen they were, did not live much at this public place. They lived at their villas, the fortunate creatures, and they came to this Quirinal, or White House, or Windsor Castle, by a secret underground passage, now unearthed. I was permitted to walk a little way through it, and I paused a moment, where Augustus sat as a beggar to appease Nemesis, and I wondered if any of these great people had been happy.

I emerged from this splendid walk, not by the Via Sacra, which led from the Arch of Constantine to the Arch of Titus, for that was closed for excavation, but by the open streets of Rome, all of which lead to the Capitol, and I soon found myself in that room which contains the Marble Faun and the Dying Gladiator, where I often treated myself to the pleasure of reading over and over Hawthorne's words.

I know of no such intellectual treat as thus to combine the most classic English ever written with the noblest impressions of art.

There is the Antinous, with his perfect mouth, and from the window just behind him that view which gives one "the great sweep of the Colosseum, the battered arch of Septimius Severus, and the blue Alban hills which Raphael painted, but a little way off—consider how much history is garnered up between!"

One day when I reached home after such a morning, I found the card of General Garavaglia, Master of the Horse, with a *permesso* to visit the royal stables to see the King's horses.

The glory of equipage as it existed in the old Rome of the Popes has departed forever. No more scarlet carriages and fine horses for the cardinals in the Rome of to-day. The only noticeable horses are those driven by the King. This patriotic and democratic monarch drives in an open wagon, or high phaëton, with one officer at his side and a servant behind, lifting his hat to every one in answer to the *vivas*. But he does love a fine horse. It is his extravagance. I was glad to see these grand creatures at home, although General Garavaglia's card was coupled with the caution that I "was

not to smoke on the premises." As I am not a Russian Princess, this was unnecessary, but as a large party of friends accompanied me, perhaps it was as well.

As the equine taste of the King is a passion, his two hundred horses are well lodged. Each horse stood in his own loose box on straw as golden as the oats with which the Roman Consul once fed his horse, and each of the King's horses had his name painted over his stall — Lepanto, Brigmano, Archippe, Iredo, Mecano, Bembo, Brimarte, Captain Windsor, Meleaguer, "Cox, Fox" (which I fear is Italian for Box and Cox). I wrote some of these names in my notebook, which will give some idea of the geographical and historical latitude of the nomenclature of the royal stables.

Nothing could have been more kingly than the behavior of these noble creatures—high-strung and nervous, their shining coats were shivering with self-restraint, for they knew they were being admired.

"They like ladies to come and see them," said the groom.

Just then there was an agitation in one of the boxes. A large rat had put in an appearance without a *permesso* from General Garavaglia. The groom ran, jumped on the rat, and killed it—the only time I ever saw a man kill a rat! The groom was intensely mortified, and begged of us not to mention this invasion of the proprieties, but ten years have passed since then. I noticed one beautiful Arabian, half-Sardinian horse, used for the royal reviews. He was a miracle of beauty, and should have been named the "Star of the Morning."

The two most prized old carriage-horses, called Monte Notte and Ercole, twenty-eight years old, were

devoted to the carriage service of the Queen. Two iron roans called Petard and Polo, a present from the Prince of Wales, were driven every day by the King. The immense rank and file of these stables are kept for the use of the Court.

When an Ambassador is invited to dine with royalty, a carriage is sent for him. The Court ladies, when on duty, are sent for, and driven to and from, in a royal carriage.

But to return to ourselves. We then were taken into a guarded gallery, where we saw the saddles and bridles of Victor Emmanuel. These trappings were embroidered in gold, silver, and gems. There was a flashing piece of raiment for a high-stepping charger, fit for the Field of the Cloth of Gold, from the Sultan. There was the whole story of Turkish magnificence, cruel taxation, and the haughty arrogance of the Ottoman Empire in that one piece of unnecessary equestrian furniture. The Children of the Desert had made Victor Emmanuel their Colonel, and had sent him a bridle gorged with turquois and rubies.

And there was the saddle used by Napoleon when he crossed the Alps; and a little saddle, with little stirrups of gold, was carefully preserved. Oh, pathetic little stirrups for little feet! Those of the King of Rome—Napoleon II—who was but a shadow of a noble name, he who died in his first youth, child of many hopes and prayers, only as Duke de Reichstadt. "Ye build! Ye build! But ye enter not in." After this I cared no more for the royal trappings.

The King is so fond of hunting that he has a separate stable for his little string of rough ponies who carry

him in pursuit of the wild boar. He has a stud farm just out of Pisa, where he raises horses, and thither are sent the presents he receives from the Bey of Tunis, the Ameer of Afghanistan, the Emperor of Austria, the Czar of Russia, the Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Germany, and the "Children of the Desert," who perhaps send the best horses, certainly the fleetest of them all.

I was pleased to recognize some of these noble horses as I saw them later at a royal review. They are linked with a curious real story—an episode which has always seemed to me to be romantic.

At my Hotel di Londra, in the Piazza di Spagua, was a motley group of people who lived there three months or more, meeting every day at dinner, and so there grew up a sort of intimacy and a knowledge of each other which was, however, fragmentary. One man, a little Belgian lawyer, knew everybody, and used to tell the rest of us who such and such a new-comer might be. Lord Houghton and Lady Galway were near me, and a famous old Neapolitan Duke and his family farther down. One day, as the ladies of my party had left for Florence, I was surprised to see sitting next me a beautiful blond woman, simply dressed, who began to talk to me, in a pretty voice, with a decidedly American accent. I do not now remember how long we sat thus chatting away, but several days after that I saw her at the hunt, on a white horse, in a blue habit, riding superbly.

My Belgian lawyer one day volunteered the information that she was a countrywoman of mine, a Western widow, he said, "or rather she is trying to be a widow. She is seeking a divorce from her husband," he added.

The next day after this I was in the Vatican library, copying and examining some of the wonderful manuscripts, even a palimpsest which bore on its varied surface the De Amicitia and an oration of Cicero.

To this high honor I had been introduced by Mgr. Cataldi, the sweetest old gentleman in Rome, a high official of the Pope, and I was struggling with my ignorance, when my American *divorcée*, came in. Seeing my occupation, she became intensely interested and sat down by me. "I cannot manage this Greek," I said to her.

"Oh! give it to me; I will translate it for you," said she.

And taking my pencil she proceeded to interpret for me the most incomprehensible of manuscripts.

"Ah," thought I, "what wonderful women my countrywomen are! This is evidently a Vassar College girl."

She made me regret that I, too, was not a Vassar College girl by the variety of her knowledge. The next day I met her at the door of our hotel, waiting for her carriage. She was disappointed that it did not arrive. I said, "If you are going to the royal review, so am I. Will you drive with me?"

"Gladly," said she. So she stepped in after me, giving me the right-hand seat pointedly, and making herself most agreeable. She told me the names of all the officers; and as they turned to leave the field, several of them passed our carriage, the review being over, and saluted her. I thought my Western *divorcée* was getting on pretty well in Rome.

"You must have been often here," I remarked.

"Yes," said she, her face clouding; "too much. I have suffered here."

I, of course, dropped the subject, and we talked of other things.

A Court ball came shortly after, and standing near the Queen, magnificently attired with a coronet of emeralds and diamonds, stood my Western *divorcée*.

Then I knew that the Belgian lawyer had been hoaxing me.

I asked the Marquis della Stufa who she was, and he told me she was the Russian Princess of great beauty, eccentricity, and wealth. She was the wife of Adonis,—of Count Nero.

I then remembered that Adonis had disappeared from the hunt. I had not seen him for several weeks, and I afterward learned that this mismated pair did not visit Rome at the same time.

As she sat down at breakfast on a subsequent morning, she evidently felt a change in my manner, for she laid her hand on mine most kindly and said: "Do not let my rank separate us." I must say I felt appalled at the easy manner in which I had treated my supposed countrywoman, and I told her the whole story. But said I:

"You speak English like an American."

"Do I then speak it so well?" said she.

We became great friends, and I felt for her a decided admiration. She gave me the story of her life;—a subject for Ouida to handle. Never have I met a more accomplished mind, and rarely have I seen so beautiful a woman. Her code of morals and mine were very different, but there was a grasp, a courage, and a sort of

inward purity of thought which made her most attractive.

And I found her very American—as I have found many a Russian. I believe that Russians are more like us than any other nation, or we are more like them—excepting that we neither gamble nor smoke; at least I hope that we do not.

You enter Rome, if you approach it by the lovely Corniche Road, over miles of the Campagna, which continues to be to you the remarkable Roman feature. For miles away you see the dome of St. Peter's. You see the long lines of the Roman aqueducts, like an invertebrate animal. You realize that here, seventeen centuries ago, dwelt millions of human beings who owned the world. Every step of the noble road of Septimius Severus shows a tomb, a column, a monument, a statue, and as you draw nearer Rome, the palaces, the arches, the domes, the jagged outline of the Pantheon, and the high, straight exclamation point of the Egyptian obelisk give you that immortal profile of Rome which, once seen, is never forgotten.

A few more shrieks of the engine, and all is lost in an inconvenient little depot. This is the way Rome receives her guests in the nineteenth century. They did it better in the days of Zenobia.

So that Rome became to me a fascinating appanage of the Campagna. That is the place for memories. Of course, on New Year's day, driving to the Quirinal, and seeing the carriages bringing guests to honor their King, there are still gold and fine feathers, and the liveries are of scarlet. But it is a poor replica of the Past, even of the immediate Past. There are a few striking figures

about—men of the Trastevere, in peaked hats, cloaks, and splendid scarfs; a few handsome Roman women in gay petticoats and aprons, velvet bodice, and embroidered chemisette, with the famous square white cap, on top of which they carry a brass pot. Now, the Popolo Romano is not, as a rule, picturesque. Although the army, with the gigantic cuirassiers in gold helmets, are fine, and the rank and file, with the Garibaldi hat and cock's feathers, are very pretty, I missed color. But if on the lovely Campagna you see a ruined tower, an almond tree, and a silent shepherd with a shawl over his shoulder, standing motionless, you are rewarded.

There is Rome—old Rome—and that shepherd has stood there since Cicero. I used to like to go to the weekly auctions, and see, perhaps, some of the peasants in costume. I bought a lamp with an owl on it, which had perhaps lighted Cicero to bed, but it will never light any other man—since these days of kerosene. Its light, like his, has gone out behind a more vulgar one.

I shall never see the Campagna again, with its scarlet anemones and its gay riders, but I shall remember the handsomest man, Count Nero, and the most beautiful woman, whom he made so unhappy, and possibly she made him equally so—the one on his black horse, and she on her white one—as they severally and at different times rode past that kodac which we carry in the eye, and which left on my brain an enduring picture.

Memories of Northern Italy and of the Italian Lakes

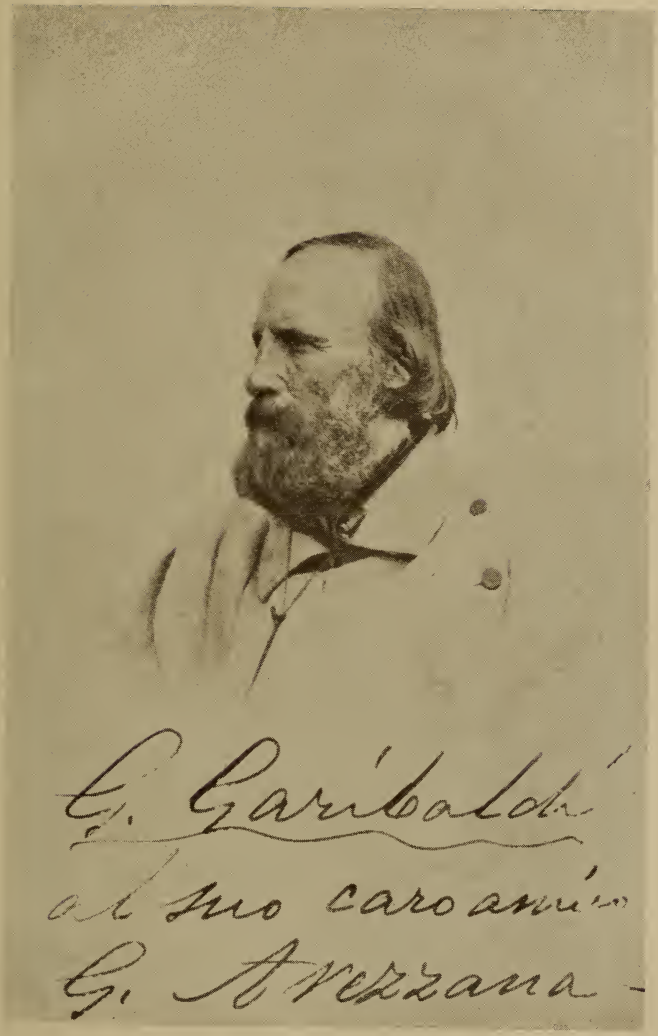
The "Arco della Pace" at Milan, built by Napoleon to finish the great Simplon route, is a lofty gateway of white marble with three openings for carriages. On the top is the Goddess of Peace, drawn in a chariot by six splendid bronze horses. At each corner of the platform on which she sits or stands there is a horseman, ready to scamper to the ends of the earth; indeed, these bronze riders have difficulty in reining in their impatient iron steeds. They shame the modern Italian racehorses who endeavor to run against them below. It would be too much to ask of these live horses to be as handsome and spirited as their bronze brothers above, which form part of an artistic and noble group. Nature here is less beautiful than art.

The arch is enriched by statues and bas-reliefs, and has been successively written over by inscriptions to Napoleon, the Emperor Francis, and Victor Emmanuel, as the fickle star of fortuné has risen and set on these monarchs. It is a splendid terminus to the great Simplon Road, and one needs to be let down easily from that glorious and spirit-stirring drive. We had a fellow-traveler who ought to have sat to Mark Twain, and his ingenuous remarks seemed to relieve our feelings in our

delight over Northern Italy. "I tell you, I dunno how I am comin' down to common doings," said he, looking up at the fine arch. He afterward went shopping with us in the Promenade Vittorio Emanuele, where I helped him to buy some pretty things for his wife. "I tell you," said he, "this is the cheese." I agreed with him.

Milan has had an eventful and an honorable destiny. Great as it was under the Romans, it has been repeatedly almost annihilated. Its troubles with the German Emperors and its utter destruction by Barbarossa scarcely left it a local habitation or a name, but four Italian cities rushed to rebuild their favorite capital of Lombardy, and for four hundred years it was constantly growing richer and richer. It had been one of the great silk manufacturers of the world,—that silk which Mantua fashioned so gracefully that the word "mantua-maker" became a universal generic term for those who are tailors for women. Milan fell into Spanish hands with the rest of Lombardy, and in 1714 became Austrian. The Cis-Alpine Republic made it its capital in 1796. The kingdom of Italy claimed it until 1815. In 1859 the Austrians, whose temporary rule had been so hated, were driven out, and now Milan prospers happy and healthy, as the bright and beaming star of revivified Italy.

If for no other reason, Milan should be visited to contradict the traveler's idea that ruin and inaction and beggars and dirt must be associated with an Italian city. Here is a neat, prosperous, busy town, full of energy and success; indeed, we were a little disappointed by its American air of business and thrift, for we were epicures of decay and in search of antiquity. The rail-



Garibaldi, from a photograph.

way station, for instance, is now as commodious and as modern as that famous one at Springfield, Mass. But, unlike that fine temple of movement, the Milan station is beautiful, and painted with frescoes. I can see before me now the lovely faces which the artist has given to the heads of Commerce and Industry, and it is certainly agreeable to have something pretty to look at while you are "waiting for the cars." The mind is aroused from its railway torpor, and the body from its fatigue and apprehension, and from that dyspeptic load of pain in the chest (if we lunch at the station) which we get at an American station; but not so in Milan. There is no dyspepsia in Italy.

The next shock of newness was the Hotel Cavour, a luxurious house in a new square. I daresay it has a dozen successors newer and more luxurious, but in 1869 this hotel was famous. In front of our windows stood the statue of Cavour, "the brains of Italy," a short, stout man in spectacles. But the delicate Italian fancy has placed at the foot of the pedestal a bronze figure of "Italia," writing in letters of gold the name Cavour. The flash of color, of sentiment, the beauty of the female figure, began to reassure us. We began to realize that we were not at any American "junction," and in another hour the cathedral came like a strain of music to soothe our wounded sensibilities, and we could afford, like good citizens of the world, to be glad that Milan was so prosperous.

The world is flooded with pictures of "this eighth wonder of the world, the Cathedral of Milan," but not one of them gives an idea of its majesty. In its rich, rare, unapproachable beauty, as it rises with its thou-

sands of statues, with its immaculate whiteness, into the bluest of skies, it seems like one of those snow mountains you have just left behind you in Switzerland—a giant of the North has wandered down to these sunny plains and yields himself to the soft enchantment of the scene, so purely, perfectly white, so finished and vast; whether you gaze at it from far or near, it never loses; it always gains. You summon your whole strength and mount the steps—five hundred of them. After the first hundred you emerge on the roof of some chapel, to survey the statues over your head; even here you must look at them through a glass. Three of Canova's masterpieces are pointed out to you. One of them bears the Roman impress of that modern Cæsar, the first Napoleon; you go on, and after three hundred steps you are allowed another rest.

Here you are among the statues. A frozen army—a procession of heroes, saints, apostles, martyrs, pass before you; every pinnacle of the elaborate Italian Gothic is finished with a human form. The church of Maria Nascenti blossoms, as it should, with the human race; and far above you, still in glorious majesty and clothed in brightest gold, is she who, first among women, claims this great church as her footstool, the Mother of our risen Lord! You are ascending, until one regiment after another of marble men is left behind you, until the great Cathedral seems your only world. Look where you will, blue sky and statues are all you see; still higher, and the fair city lies at your feet, and beyond is the soft landscape, and in the far horizon, dimly visible, is a superb outline of the Monte Rosa and the Alps. Here, while we were dreaming, our accidental Western

traveler acquaintance, with a group of many other travelers finds us out, and he remarked: "Considerable many of them, ain't there? Make a good Western town if they could travel; but I reckon they are fixed here [this with a sickly smile]. But it 's *some*, ain't it?"

The interior of the Cathedral is worthy of the exterior. Nowhere have I seen greater surprises of delicate color. As you gaze up at the cherub heads which seem to be looking at you from heaven, you gather new ideas of art and architecture from long aisles and shady alcoves; you kneel at the altars, your prayers mingled with the earthly delights of gratitude and surprise at all this beauty. This is the church of St. Philip Neri, and here he gave the name "oratorio" to the arrangement we love so much, such as "Mosè in Egitto," and other sacred operas, written by Rossini and others.

He found that the population of Milan was idle and mischievous in the afternoon of Sundays, so he arranged these musical plays in the *oratory*, which interesting bit of history I gained from an interesting book—the Rev. H. W. Haweis's "Music and Morals." In this church are the relics of Carlo Borromeo, a handsome, aristocratic young Prince, who took to himself the lesson which the Saviour gave to the rich young man. In 1576, when the plague was devastating the earth, and the fear of contagion was such that no minister of God could be found to bury the dead, Carlo Borromeo went forth barefooted, with his wooden crucifix, to pray with, and help these stricken creatures. He studied medicine that he might minister to them, and not only in his religious, but in his medical capacity, showed that heroism and devotion which were so rare in a bigoted and

superstitious age. He had better fortune than most men who are larger than their fellows. He was not persecuted or excommunicated. Insurrections of human intelligence cannot always be kept down. He had a princely family behind him, and he rose to be a Cardinal. They show the rich gold and jeweled tributes to him from the powerful lords, but to a man of his soul the prayers and tears of the people were more precious.

Write him as one who loved his fellow-man.

On Isola Bella, where their palace stands, the Borromeos have carved on their feudal walls the motto of their Cardinal uncle and chief, "Humilitas;" it is the purest pearl in their princely coronet. The famous Ambrosian Library in Milan was founded by Archbishop Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, another of this admirable family. While in the Ambrosian Library I looked at the love letters of Lucrezia Borgia, and saw a lock of her very red hair. She was a North of Italy blonde, apparently, although born in Rome. Roscoe says "that they are not love letters at all, but friendly letters to a paternal friend;" and I suppose he knew. She was dreadfully fascinating—that I do know; and I hope that she was good. Like all beauties she had unexampled misfortunes, and has left her fair fame for historians to play football with. Somebody else must settle the question. The Brera, a palace of science and arts, contains that famous statue of Napoleon, dressed as a Roman Emperor, with the little statue of Victory in his right hand, which has furnished a simile for so many a budding orator. It is by Canova, and very fine. Here, too, is the statue of a man who deserves a wider fame—the

great jurist Beccaria, who first called in question the justice of capital punishment.

Milan is not so rich in pictures as Bologna, nor half so rich as Florence, of course, but there are some good ones—Guido's "Peter and Paul," Guerchino's "Abraham and Hagar," and Titian's "St. Jerome," I happen to remember. But, oh, the Luinis! Luini is an artist seldom seen out of Italy. At the Church of Maria della Grazia there are some pictures of transcendent sweetness by this artist. The religious sentiment is exquisite. In the Church of St. Ambrosia is a fresco of his, preserved under glass, now made familiar by a beautiful replica. Here the Kings of Lombardy and the Emperors of Germany used to be crowned with the famous iron crown, made of the nails of The True Cross, now preserved at Monza. When I read this aloud from my little guidebook to our Western friend, he shook his head; he objected to the nails. "Too far off," said he; "there are some things which I ain't a-goin' to believe." There are some mosaics of the ninth century, older than those of Venice, it is said; after all, there is some antiquity left at Milan.

The Church of San Lorenzo at Milan is the oldest, and of great interest to architects; it is an octagon, supporting a noble dome. It contains ancient mosaics, which our Western friend did not find at all interesting.

Milan has eighty churches, and it would be a liberal education to see any of them, but human strength gives out, and we went to the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, which is simply, like the Passages des Princes in Paris, a nice place to go shopping in, to buy pretty jewelry, and to see the life of Milan. It seemed an immense structure,

reaching from the cathedral to La Scala, a length of two hundred and twenty yards. It had cost £520,000, and has a cupola one hundred and seventy feet high, lighted at evening by two thousand jets of gas. It was a brilliant, gay place; it was, in fact, a square of a busy city inclosed in masonry, where one could promenade at will. I wish we had such an useful inclosure in New York for a rainy day. It was built by Milan, to express joy for its emancipation from the Austrian yoke. La Scala was closed, to my infinite disappointment, for the glories of all the queens of song clustered around this famous opera house and seemed to halo it. Some weary travelers are often sheepishly delighted when some famous gallery or museum is closed, and they sit down to write letters and rest an aching back, but I felt no such disloyal sentiment at the closing of La Scala. Like Tony Lumpkin, "I could not abide to disappoint myself."

From Milan to Sesto Calendo is an easy railroad trip, and it takes you to the very spot where you can see Lago Maggiore best. No wonder the Borromeos have been so good here. They were born and lived around this enchanted spot. They own Isola Bella, an emerald which sparkles on the breast of this beauty, this Maggiore. The olia fragrans blossoms all the year round. It is the climate of virtue. Tranquillity reigns. One is in a perpetual state of apostrophe. The noble view of mountain and lake, the lovely villas on the banks, where poets, philosophers, and Princes (and rich Americans) have lived and do live, are all entrancing.

The Italian lakes! They blossom with happiness and peace. We drove to Orta, twelve miles back, where there is one of those singular things, a religious

mountain, a Calvary. From one expiatory chapel to another you go on and upward, if you are a devout Catholic, saying your prayers at each. Certain figures in terra cotta, memorializing experiences in the history of St. Francis d'Assisi, were well done. Some were ludicrous, but the little chapels, embowered in trees and blossoming vines, were lovely, and when we reached the top we saw Orta, a gem of a lake, with mountains wooded to the top, holding an island on which is a curious old convent. Oh, these convent bells! how their chimes float upward in the evening air!

We met Mrs. Kemble at Orta—the famous wit and genius, Fanny Kemble. She had crossed with us in the "Russia" earlier in the season. On board the "Russia" was her beautiful cousin, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, whom she called a "perfect miniature of the famous Sarah Siddons." Mrs. Scott-Siddons used to amuse us very much by her anecdotes of her great cousin. Mrs. Kemble was always a sufferer from seasickness, and kept her stateroom, with her gray hair floating over her dressing-gown. Sitting up in a rocking-chair she would declaim for Mrs. Scott-Siddons some of her famous parts, and especially would Mrs. Scott-Siddons describe her Julia in "The Hunchback." When she came to the "I hate you, Helen," she drew her watch out of her belt, threw it across the stateroom, and smashed it to pieces. "Did you not go on the stage too young?" asked Fanny of her cousin. "Oh, no; I was older than you were, Cousin Fanny," said Mrs. Scott-Siddons, humbly. At which Mrs. Kemble remarked: "I was a great genius; are you?" Mrs. Kemble, in her most tragic and blood-curdling tone was always terrible. Mrs. Scott-Siddons

was a great beauty and a woman of infinite accomplishments and most amiable, but she was not a genius, and that Mrs. Kemble knew.

Mrs. Kemble stopped to tell us at Orta that she had been traveling though her beloved mountains. Said she, waving her hand over the lake: "You showed your sense in coming here. Go to Lugano," she added; and we passed out of the spell of those grand eyes and that magnificent voice.

The drive home from Orta to Maggiore was most characteristically Italian. We saw the poorer kind of Italian villagers, the beautiful peasant women and children, whom the old painters loved; the old women bustling around with a distaff and driving oxen; the distant view of the Apennines, giving us the blue-green outlines used by Raphael, Leonardo, Guido, and Correggio. The children, with their intense physiognomy, each one looking like an infant Christ; all seemed to be the realization of a dream.

Lake Lugano is wild and picturesque, the mountains higher, nearer, more precipitious than at Maggiore; the shores splendidly fertile with grapes, olives, and walnut groves. At Murino we followed up our friend from Bernadino, a native of this place, surnamed Luini. We went to Santa Maria degli Angeli to see his tender religious frescoes. All of this was new to me; one of the pleasures of the ignorant is always finding out something new, and I pity those well-informed, stupid travelers, who know everything before they start. Our sail down Lake Como brought the familiar lines of "The Lady of Lyons" to our lips, and we could hardly keep from quoting poetry all the time. But we had deter-

mined that we would resist this natural impulse, so my husband talked to an old English lady about her gout, while I talked to her sensible daughter.

We were all going to see the Villa Carlotta and to be charmed with its statues, for there lies the "Cupid and Psyche," the cynosure of neighboring eyes, Canova's masterpiece. A gentleman brought an excellent copy to New York (I believe it is now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art) with much else that is valuable and beautiful. Como is irresistible. We went to Parma to see the Correggios, which were far more beautiful than we had imagined, especially that room frescoed for the unhappy Abbess who did not wish to embrace the religious life. These handsome babies, so familiar in real life, so familiar to us in photographs, are fading away, as if they missed their spiritual godmother, who loved them so well that she would not eat unless she were looking at them. We saw a ruined theatre, built for some royal occasion, which recalled the fact that Maria Louisa, second wife of Napoleon, spent the last years of her life here. She did not mourn the loss of the eagle to whom she had been mated by the politic Metternich.

Napoleon loved her well, and was much too good for her! Nor did she mourn that unhappy blond child, the little King of Rome, whom she did not see after his father's fall. She devoted her selfish life to Count Niepperg, her chamberlain, whom she afterward married, and her large family of Niepperg children blotted out the eaglet. We saw her uninteresting, fat face in several portraits. She was unworthy of her Parma violets.

"I reckon she warn't worth much," said our Western

friend. We never saw him again. He met a most tragic fate. He was drowned in the falls of the Rhine at Schauffhausen. It seemed as if there were not water enough to cover him, as he was very tall, and had come, as he was fond of saying, "from the Upper Missourah" and had an American contempt for the rivers and waterfalls of Europe. He was exactly in real life what Artemus Ward makes his heroes—ignorant, a greenhorn, but kindly and with a wonderful acuteness. He had made us laugh, and we regretted his tragic ending. These accidental acquaintances whom one meets in traveling reveal to us many a type of the American which, but for these episodes, would remain forever unknown; he has curiously enough got blended in with my recollections of Northern Italy.

Venice and Eugenie, Empress of the French

I consider it a piece of unqualified good luck that I saw the most fairy-like city of the world, Venice, and the most beautiful of women at the same time.

The month of October, 1869, found us at Venice, just in time to see the Empress Eugenie on her way to open the Suez Canal.

De Lesseps was her cousin-german, and she had always befriended him; perhaps to this relationship did the "great ditch-digger" (as his enemies called de Lesseps) owe the help given him by France toward this important work of his, important to civilization, the great canal which gives us an overland route to India. It was the most beautiful weather ever seen when we landed in Venice, if, indeed, one can be said to land when one leaves this earth and rows in a gondola off to Paradise.

There were no abominations then of steam launches in this city by the sea; when the engine which had brought us, stopped puffing, there was no further sound, all was stillness, excepting the dip of the oar in the water—sweetest echo of a sound.

"I always liked Venice because Mr. Chumley allowed me as many chandeliers in my gondola as I wanted,"

said our modern Mrs. Malaprop. She meant gondoliers, poor, dear woman, never mind!

But we had all the chandeliers of heaven, for Jupiter and Venus were both bright, that night, and Orion and the Great Bear took us under their magnificent patronage. We floated on to Danielli's, where our provident Italian courier had engaged apartments. Angelo was a great man and could wrest a parlor away from a Princess if he wished to. It was well he had done so on this occasion, for the house was overflowing with Italian, French, and Austrian officers.

It was very kind of Angelo to not tell us that the Empress was coming until we had the pleasure of the immaculate past for a week. He allowed us (this modern Machiavelli) to float in that ether of Venice, old Venice undefiled, by any other emotion; for at least three days we floated up and down the Great Canal, we saw the dear old things, like the Rialto, the Bridge of Sighs, the Church of Maria della Salute, the great square with St. Theodore in the Crocodile, and the Lion of St. Mark's, also the church itself, of that fortunate saint, the figures, and the still and the living life of Venice, which is all the arts, Music, Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry combined. We had visited seventy churches, and I had fainted in one of them, before a picture by Tintoretto, not from the picture, but simply from fatigue and emotion, when Angelo entered with his account book for Monsieur, and a suggestion that, as there would be illuminations and fêtes, would not Monsieur stay another week?

And then we knew our enjoyments were not to be alone Venice, Queen of the Adriatic, but Eugenie,

Empress of France, whom we were to look at, near or afar, a great surprise.

It was neatly done, for Monsieur had intended to move on, and I wanted to see Verona and Nuremburg, it was a crowded month, that we had before us. But Angelo wanted to stay in Venice. The idea of *Festa* was precious to his Italian soul, and he determined for us that we should stay (without saying so), and stay we did, for the most picturesque, distinguished fortnight of our lives.

Eugenie, Empress of the French, and Venice, too?

And what is Venice?

This jewel of art and architecture, this darling of the poet and the painter, this mosaic set in aquamarine, has the power to overwhelm the new comer with delight and amazement. She is the Cleopatra of cities, and "custom cannot stale her infinite variety," description cannot ruin her.

Silence, pure and perfect, is the first charm with which Venice steals your allegiance.

We too often forget the constant and unremitting service of the slave Fine Ear.

The eye we rest gradually and often. The nose is a pampered creature, and works only when pleased. So with the taste; unless one is Heliogabalus, the taste has an easy time of it. But Fine Ear must be ever on the alert, even in sleep; he must send a message to the drowsy brain if an alien hand touch the door-knob, or a mouse creep along the wainscot. Sometimes he takes a terrible revenge; all the nerves are his allies, and to them he communicates a tremor of overwork—even adding in that voice, the voice of the bore, which is

heard in the land, aye, in all lands, even this note is silenced in Venice, for the "Bride of Quietness" receives you with finger on lip and says:

"Con viso che tacendo dicea, Taci!"

—"with face that silently says, Silence"—she bids you go silently through her watery streets, to respect the genius of the place.

We alighted from the noisiest of railways, that which tunnels the Apennines; our heads were reeling with reverberation, when we became suddenly aware of the delicious repose of the Ear. We took our omnibus, which was a gondola, and with our trunks before us—wretched disillusion, for they breathed of the present—we began our Venetian experience.

Beautiful city above the water, and more beautiful city under the water, we sail through it and over it until we reach Danielli's Hotel, an old Venetian palace, with famous rooms indifferently clean. It looks out on the Grand Canal and on the Adriatic, and was quite good enough for us; we loved its rambling surprises, its rooms alternately low and lofty, and we liked the stone balconies, outside the windows, where we sat of an evening and watched the busy, picturesque life of the Quay, to wonder, to admire, to dream, to rest, to enjoy, always silently—these were our duties for the coming week, and we performed them bravely.

The siren wins you here; she wraps you in her soft, cool atmosphere as in a garment. The dip of the oar in the water, most musical shadow of a sound, alone breaks the charm. Venice leads you on through her majestic lines of palace and church, past her gloomy prisons,

never permitting you to tire of her beauty, originality, and richness. She has fused all ideas in her own overflowing fancy, and you feel inclined to apotheosize that wondrous town. "That city which, though flooded, utters no cry for help"—that city which shows you her "golden book"—who gives you her gorgeous ceilings painted by Paul Veronese, Bassano, and Palma Giovine, her walls covered with Titian's, Tintoretto's, Georgione's, and Bellini's masterpieces. Her architects who have produced the wonder of the world, the dream of poets and painters, the despair of later builders. In all other cities your sightseeing is a fatiguing process; in Venice it is the perfection of repose. The gondola, swifter than the fleetest steed, more luxurious than the best carriage, travels over the smoothest of roads in which there is no jolting. You sit upright or lie at your ease beneath the black canopy, which affords the most pleasing, necessary shade for the eye. Grandly, you allow Venice and her wondrous story, to float past you as you gaze on what her former industry and enterprise have accomplished—her wealth of Gothic, Moorish, Byzantine palaces, her churches in the Renaissance and Italian Gothic, her sculptures of heroic men and goddess-like women, her beautiful Palace of the Doges, her two granite pillars with the saint and the lion, and crowning all, more lovely than all, her Campanile, rising above the city like a glorified spirit of peace and repose.

The Church of Maria della Salute, which Ruskin abuses, is a strange, magnificent thing, "like a piece of white coral rising from the sea." I cannot imagine why Ruskin abuses it except from his horror of the Renaissance, which has its failures truly, but Santa Maria della

Salute is not one of them. This glorious church, rotund, grand, bristling with statues, with white angels flying from every pinnacle, pompous, magnificent, its domes greeting the morning sun, salutes you as you begin your journey through the Grand Canal, like the genius of Venice herself. The world cannot permit any carping critic to decide that it is not beautiful; as well try to decry the corolla of the night-blooming cereus, or the color of the cactus-grandiflora, or the perfume of a damask rose.

It appeals to a higher sense than that of criticism, the elective right of every human being to admire what pleases him.

So on through the Grand Canal, "that serpent of the apocalypse, shining with jewels." As I saw it illuminated later on, I shall always remember the house of Lucrezia Borgia in blood-red, the Maria della Salute in rose color, the Accademia in lilac, and the Rialto in every color of the rainbow. You take a walk to the Rialto. It is out of character to walk in Venice, still you can do it. It is a gay walk through streets full of tempting shops and of cheerful, swart Venetians who live out of doors.

You emerge on the Rialto itself, lined either side with shops with a broad street between them, over which flows a human stream perpetually.

Here walk Shylock, and Jessica, and Lorenzo, and Antonio; they are the real people, and we are the shadows; we shall pass away, but they will walk here forever. The square of St. Mark's is the core of Venice, the scene of its life and movement! What a place to "go a-shopping" is this famous square! Beads from Murano, Byzantine mosaics, turquoise ornaments

of Oriental fashion, gold chains of Venice; long, slender, and delicate goblets, with serpents wound round them; winged lions for your watch-chains; rings with *Ricordo di Venezia* (useless request—as if you could ever forget it!) for a legend; shops full of *bric-a-brac*, cabinets which belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, fans which Jessica may have once flirted, pictures, photographs, and all the prettiest, most Oriental, most original jewelry in the world. Take a pot of gold when you walk around the Piazza.

Alas the day, there are ninety churches in Venice! Churches are hard on the constitution and the back. One needs several lives and a spine that knows no weakness, where frescoes and marbles and immortal pictures and monuments to the doges alternately claim your attention.

The Frari, Gesuiti, Giovanni de Paolo, St. Mark's, Maria della Salute, and Maria dell' Orto, rich in Tintorettos, alone remain on my memory, that poor curtain over which these brilliant images pass so quickly.

The Frari is certainly a very beautiful church with its twelve pillars and lofty dome; there are some peculiar and valuable monuments to the doges deserving of study, if only from their queerness. One erected to the Doge Giovanni Pesaro looks strangely familiar to American eyes. Huge negroes in tattered garments—the black marble skin shining through the white marble clothing—the negroes bearing cotton bales on their woolly heads; over these, in stately repose, lies the marble effigy of the doge who, I suppose, "made money in cotton." This church is disfigured by two tasteless monuments to Titian and Canova.

The Gesuiti is sumptuously poor and magnificently ugly. Its curtains of marble, its verde antique columns inlaid with white, are marvels of labor to no purpose; it is all feeble and pretentious, but it owns an "Assumption" by Tintoretto, which is enough for one church.

San Giovanni e Paolo, the Westminster Abbey of Venice, is spacious and magnificent, filled with rich architectural monuments, lovely bas-reliefs, statues, and noble pictures.

In a chapel of this church, in 1867, was burned Titian's great picture of "St. Peter, Martyr," for which Venice refused an offer of fifty thousand dollars from the King of Bavaria.

San Giovanni is so vast that its treasures do not crowd it. There is still room for an army of worshipers.

As for St. Mark's, who can describe it? Imagine its one detail of five hundred porphyry and verde antique columns, its Saracenic gates, its horseshoe-shaped trellises!

There is a luxury and prodigality of ornament about St. Mark's; it is so suggestive of the reckless caprice of an Eastern monarch, who buries his favorite beneath purple mantles, caskets of jewels, perfumes, spices, and choicest fabrics, that its first impression is a confusing one.

But as you sit in the gay public square sipping your ice, and see the evening shadows descend, softening those five domes, those gilded capitals, the whole thing takes form and shape, and becomes forevermore the reigning beauty of your soul. I dare not go inside, where scarlet is lavishly laid on dead gold, where ame-



Empress Eugenie in 1869.

thyst rivals ruby. Language was made before St. Mark's, and the Tower of Babel did not suggest it. There are no words sufficient unto it.

Over that low, broad, delicious arch stand the famous bronze horses—the only horses in Venice, and these have traveled far. Once they reared their iron hoofs over Nero's triumphal arch; thence they followed Constantine to his own imperial city. From Constantinople the Doge Dandolo brought them to Venice. For five centuries they stood in this, their golden stall, when Napoleon harnessed them to his arrogant triumphal car and drove them to Paris, where they baited for a while in the Place Carrousel; but their nostrils snuffed the Eastern air, and in 1815 they trotted back to Venice, where now let them ever remain, adding another dignity to the proud old church.

Opposite St. Mark's rises the graceful Campanile, around its airy heights fly the sacred pigeons of Venice. These fat-breasted fellows, fed at the expense of the city, are like many of us, living on the virtues of their ancestors, for while Admiral Dandolo was besieging Candia at the commencement of the thirteenth century, some carrier-pigeons brought him important news from the Island, and he despatched messages of his success to Venice by the same winged telegraph. Since then their descendants have ever been the pampered favorites of the Venetians. They perch on the domes of St. Mark's, they are intimate with the two vulcans who strike the hours in La Torre dell' Orologio, and they flit undismayed about the granite column where St. Theodore stands majestically on his crocodile. They are not afraid of the terrible winged lion who, from the other column,

has watched this glorious harbor so long, and they add, by the shifting luster of their restless necks, and by the grace of their perpetual flight, another beauty to a spot which of all others in the world needs such aid the least.

If I had the tongue of men and angels I should try to describe the resistless charm of the Palace of the Doges, or the long line of columns which so splendidly holds up the Biblioteca Antica, magnificent structure of the sixteenth century, and the grand staircase where poor old Marino Faliero, in his eightieth year, was beheaded as a traitor. On the highest landing of these steps the doges were crowned.

All the world was a picture in those days. No wonder that Titian and Tintoretto were possible. They had something to paint, those old fourteenth century people, when the world was all agitation, noise, passion, tyranny, and tumult, emperors, popes, doges, Guelphs, and Ghibellines, when people dressed in purple and fine linen; when it was some dignity, honor, emolument, and grace to be a great man, either senator, soldier, poet, sculptor, or painter. No one can enumerate the treasures of these palaces and churches; Venice has been so unlike other cities in her form of government, her curious independent history, that long, remarkable story of the doges, her luxuriant school of art, it of course must be the casket of much that is almost incredibly curious. Venice was the home of the three arts of design; "while her streets, without noise or dust, are like the galleries of an architectural museum." Her workers in marble have covered the "stones of Venice" not only with immortal cherub faces and splendid statues, but with an outcropping of beautiful marble

vegetation which consoles one for the green things which grow out of the earth in other towns.

The Accademia delle Belle Arte is rich in Titians. The "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple" is wonderfully delightful.

A dear little girl of six years, with her pretty hair braided down her back, trots up the grand staircase, on which stand the gorgeous priests, the magnificent citizens, the curious lookers-on. She carries with her all the unconscious grace of youth, all the sweet, chubby outline of a healthy childhood. She must be taken up and kissed for her sweet sincerity, her utter artlessness. Such was the painter's idea of the Virgin Mary in her childhood.

The grand vista of the temple, and the glorious sky beyond, by the painter's art, suggest the greatness of her future as she mounts ever upward; but now for the moment she is a sweet, human child, better and dearer than anything else in the world. Here, too, is the grand "Assumption," one of the five great pictures of the world. It is the most religious picture! How the Virgin floats upward toward the majesty which dazzles and absorbs her! Copies are of no avail, they give no idea of such a picture. Near it hangs in somber contrast the "Entombment." Death found the artist at work on this picture. The pencil did not fall from those industrious and clever fingers until Titian was ninety-nine years old, when the plague carried off the still vigorous man. He has been described as the "most happy, most fortunate, most healthy of his species, heaven having awarded him nothing but favors and felicities; a man who worthily enjoyed his good fortune. Very courte-

ous, endowed with rare politeness, and with the sweetest ways and manners, he takes men well, and he takes life well."

Such a life seems to transcend humanity, it is almost God-like. Over this magnificent old age, however, the clouds began to gather. First, in the terrible sorrow of an unworthy son, the priest Pomponio Vicellio, who robbed him in his old age; secondly, as he saw his beloved Venice sink into that abyss of corruption and decay, so powerfully pictured by the wretch Aretino, in whose base life, the friendship of Titian seems the one redeeming thing.

The necessity of pleasure had extinguished the spirit of industry and enterprise in the Venetians during the century Titian filled, and nothing noble remained but their love of art. Titian must have been glad to die! Seeing his triumphant warrior city ending through "nonchalance and voluptuousness" in ruin, he knew that imagination would decline, that art would become insipid and circumscribed.

A modern writer speaks eloquently of that unique moment "between heroic and epicurean eras, when men, having conquered, stop to enjoy and adorn their lives."

At this moment "blossoms the transient and delicate flower of art." Then flourish painters and sculptors. All adornments are called in "magnificently to enliven the senses and the intellect." Then, too, often comes that enervating luxury in which art declines as surely as a flower fades in an overheated room.

Let us be grateful for those precious moments on the great clock of history which gave us Titian and Tintoretto.

One must go to Venice to appreciate Tintoretto, if indeed only to see the "Miracle of Tintoretto," one of those amazing pictures which are among the sensations of a lifetime. You need no catalogue to find it; it finds you, it runs to meet you. You need no extraordinary ability to admire, you are not required to have any knowledge of the art of painting, you are only requested to look, admire, wonder, and worship. It is the story of the deliverance of a condemned slave, by the intervention of the patron saint of Venice.

This picture, a crowd without confusion, and movement without hurry, is a miracle indeed of color, and power, and commanding vigor of execution. Also the "Madonna between Sts. Cosmo and Damian," a "Paradise" in the Ducal Palace, the "Last Supper," the "Marriage in Cana," a wonderful picture.

His best works are all at Venice. One comes here to see them. They call him the "Michel Angelo" of color, "Il Furioso," and a dozen other names; he is a hurricane, a tornado of genius, except that he has left no ruins, only beauty behind him. His "Heaven and Hell," a tremendous picture in the church of Maria dell' Orto, has in it an accidental likeness of Garibaldi in the seventh heaven, which delights the sexton, evidently a liberal Italian. It is said that even Titian paid Tintoretto the compliment of being jealous of him, but afterward became his admirer and friend. How serene, rich, and silvery is Paul Veronese after Tintoretto. It is like going from an American autumn to an English summer. He painted Venice in its patrician aspect. Those beautiful, calm women, so perfectly dressed, the splendid old men in brilliant robes, the gay scarlet housings,

his balconies, and his blue skies, give these pictures wondrous charm. His "Venice Queen" in the Ducal Palace is one of these priceless gems.

All these defy description. Some forty of his pictures adorn the church. Of all these the "Miracle" seems to me still the "Miracle"! Engravings falsify these pictures; copies almost ruin them.

Mind, warmth, movement, vigor, impetuosity, and overwhelming richness of conception give the pictures of Tintoretto a place in your gallery of sensations which is unique.

How many pictures Tintoretto painted is not given me to say.

One must live as long as Titian did, and possess the robustness of Tintoretto, to even form a conception of the treasures of Venice.

The accumulations of the Ducal Palace appall me as I attempt to recollect them.

Not that I am in danger of imagining more than I saw, but that I am in danger of forgetting everything, in such a treasure house.

That grand marble staircase, with its sculptures and its memories of processions which filled it with color and movement during the thirteenth and the agitated fourteenth, and the luxurious fifteenth centuries. Who can even imagine it?

The splendid state saloons with heavy gilded ceilings, whose upholsterers, and painters, and carvers were Tintoretto, Titian, Veronese, and Pordenone, where Venice recorded herself at her proudest moment, her "unique moment" between ripeness and decay—the Ducal Palace holds these and more.

I am glad to mention a disappointment here, for one emotion becomes tiresome. The veiled picture of Marino Faliero among the doges, which has pointed so many morals, is very unobtrusive and not at all impressive. You search a long time amid that line of dingy portraits before finding it. It seems to encourage us Americans to make treason a very insignificant crime, in which we need no encouragement.

We made several visits to the Lido, that home of Armenian learning and piety, and gave many a day to its renowned retirement. All readers will remember Lord Byron's connection with it; and the learned fathers include his handsome face with their own in their little photographic album of portraits. It was here that the energetic American traveler uttered the justly celebrated remark, "Show me everything you have got here in five minutes." Imagine the disgust of the old Armenian bishop, proud of his convent and its treasures! A man of learning so vast, that the age seemed to him scarcely long enough for inquiry, a man who regards Cheops as a modern incident, and the discovery of America as a fly on the wall—how must he have regarded this superbly impertinent visitor? Let us hope that he banished him altogether from his mind.

But it is not alone to the art of Venice, as illustrated by pictures, that the visitor must bow. Her enamel and her mosaics are quite as wonderful. We must follow up the art of glass and pay a visit to the factories at Murano. The first fugitives who fled to the Islands of the sea-girt city and who made salt from its lagunes brought the "art of glass" with them. An art which could be carried on the "tips of the fingers," and which depended

on fancy, dexterity, and a little sand, could be easily transported; much more easily, alas! than the delicate fabric which they produce can bear moving. In 1090 there are records of the skill of the Venetians in this delicate art. In 1291 the factories and furnaces increased so rapidly that they were banished to Murano, an island and suburb of the city.

The republican aristocrats dearly loved the achievements of the glass-blowers, and gave them peculiar privileges. The Council of Ten visited them officially day and night, but treated them with favor so long as they staid at home. A Muranese who taught his art to foreigners, however, was terribly punished. If he escaped with it to foreign lands, he was followed and put to death.

The daughters of the foremen were permitted to wed with the patrician sons of Venice, and the Muranese were allowed to follow first after the doge when he went out to wed the Adriatic. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Byzantine artists taught the secret of enamel to Venice. The mosaic work became then as famous as the blown glass. But this industry decayed with all else Venetian through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. About 1836 it began to revive, and to the well-known artistic lawyer, Dr. Salviati, who may well be translated "savior" of this beautiful art, does Venice owe the restoration of one of her ancient glories. Pictures are copied by these skillful workers in this imperishable material to the utmost perfection.

The Queen of England gave them large orders for the Wolsey chapel at Windsor, which they have filled with exquisite success, and for the mausoleum at Frog-

more. They are now repairing the splendid mosaics of St. Mark's, some of which are almost in ruins. The next undertaking is to be the "Apocalypse," which was the grand work of the mosaicists of the fifteenth century, from cartoons of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. For this work the Venetian government pays them twenty thousand francs a year.

The workers in glass have given a word to the language. Why is fiasco a synonym for failure?

Because, essaying to make a goblet, the workman sometimes fails, and burying his long tube in the molten glass he blows a flask, which requires only a poorer art, (flask in Italian is *fiasco*).

So *fiasco* (a flask) became the synonym of failure.

Salviati has given much of his genius to the revival of blown glass, and now every well-furnished dinner table can boast some proof of his cultivated skill. The authorities in antique glass maintain that Salviati can to-day give you all the wonders and all the beauties of the once lost "art of glass" of the sixteenth century. He can give you, at his famous shop in the corner of the Square of St. Mark's, chandeliers which bear flowers in natural tints, growing from their pendent branches, goblets of ruby and opal, roses of sapphire and turquoise, finger-bowls with roots of water plants trailing through their sea-green waves, dessert plates with opaque mother-of-pearl centers fringed with transparent ruffles of rose color, lily-shaped vases, ice-frosted flagons, mirrors framed in mirror, filigree decanters, and long-stemmed, flower-like glasses, with jeweled serpents climbing to the brim. We all know what Salviati glass has become, the prettiest in the world.

I must, however, enter upon memories more decidedly personal. Angelo had condescended, at last, to explain that we were to see Venice under the greatest and most singular advantage, under, indeed, the only mantle which can improve the Queen of the Adriatic, that of illumination, and that he had gondola and permit, all ready for us, yes! We were to follow her, and catch her beautiful profile all along the Grand Canal! A thing to see! And a place to see it in!

So the end came, and we were not so far from the royal cortége but that we could see Victor Emmanuel, with Eugenie at his side, float by in the track of the ages, through that long night of music and lime-light, and gondolas. The ugliest King and the most beautiful Empress in all the world! It was a fairy tale! We had seen her before, on the deck of the Aigle, yes, Eugenie in all her beauty, the proud Empress of the French, had been moored on her yacht, the Aigle, in front of Danielli's Hotel. We saw her plainly walking up and down on its deck. One Royalty after another had gathered there to accompany her to the opening of the Suez Canal. In the evening Victor Emmanuel gave a fête in her honor, and we were allowed to follow in our gondola. The glittering procession, accompanied by music, airs from Otello and I duo Foscari, which breathed of Venice and her old renown, preceded us. It was a prolonged opera. "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," was the exquisite remark of Jessica, little ducat-stealing apostate, to her lover Lorenzo, under the "*patines* of bright gold." I felt, as the children say, like crying all through this splendid night, when the palace of Lucrezia Borgia shone in blood-red light, and the Rialto



Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial.

was hung with jewels, and Santa Maria della Salute blushed in rose colors, and the lofty tower of St. Mark's and the statue of St. Theodore were in lavender. It was brilliant with the beauty of night, and even all that was left in shadow, the waters of the canal, a mirror for all this loveliness, gave us back a strange ideal city, under the water! It was indeed "Italian *festa*" as a model of the old Bucentovo, after one with which the old doges used to wed the Adriatic, preceded the Empress, the fair woman who was so soon to bless the wedding of India and the West; nothing that was symbolic, nothing that was eloquent was left out of this night. Poor woman, poor Eugenie, where is she now? Our Lady of Vicissitudes! She, in one year after all this splendor, was a fugitive from her throne, and I saw her again in her weeds, a childless widow, in London at the time of the Queen's Jubilee, with a face on which sorrow had set its seal. Did she remember that brilliant evening at Venice, or the more imperial one at Ismailia when, dressed as Catalina Cornaro, she opened the great ball with the Viceroy of Egypt. She had that splendid dress made in Venice from the famous picture.

What days! We had followed up Titian and Tintoretto, and had spent hours in exploring the palaces of Venice, and doing or being done by its churches. Every hour in Venice is a *festa;* it is all music, picture, charm, and, as we began with Eugenie, we topped off with Frederic, Prince of Prussia, going to Suez, and many another prince, now gone over to the majority. I am glad to have seen Eugenie in this supreme moment of her brilliant career. She is framed in my memory with that glorious Venetian company who have filled history and

the drama, and none will have a stranger story to tell on the banks of the Styx than Eugenie, Empress of the French.

We were glad when that brilliant night was ended, so full was it of memories, we dreamed of Desdemona and the Moor; we seemed to see the doges wedding the Adriatic; we went over the sorrows of the prisoners under the Piombi, we visited the terrible letter-box, "the lion's wreath." Before us, gleaming, was the Lion of St. Mark's, with his paw on the world, and near him St. Theodore on his slippery crocodile. All around us was Venice, in interest, and charm, and novelty, unequaled on earth.

Later on I was to hear from Lord Houghton's lips his account of meeting the beautiful Empress at Port Said, where she asked him on board her yacht.

The Empress Eugenie and the Emperor of Austria were the most distinguished guests of the Khedive on this occasion, but the Eastern Monarch had asked Lord Houghton also to be his guest, and had given him a house and carriage at Cairo, paying all his expenses.

In entering de Lesseps's "great ditch," the Empress led the way on the Aigle. The Empress said she only regretted not being able to go on to India, which has been the dream of her life.

"Ah! how can your Queen have such a delightful dominion and not go there," she said to Lord Houghton.

Abdul Kedir stood behind the Empress at the religious services. These had to be somewhat composite. A Moslem pulpit turned toward Mecca and a Catholic altar, the Moslem began the prayer with covered heads. The Catholic service followed, all heads uncovered.

Only one pretty sentiment was uttered: "Our enterprise has but two enemies, sand and space."

"This fête at Ismailia could not have cost less than two hundred thousand pounds," says Lord Houghton, "but the Viceroy has six or seven millions sterling of income, so he can stand it."

It was poor Egypt that had to stand it!

"I saw the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean meet. Their respective fishes must have been rather astonished to make acquaintance with each other," wrote Lord Houghton.

"How many wives has your lordship?" asked of him the many-married Sultan.

"I never had but one wife, Your Majesty, but she was so nice I wished she was half a dozen," answered Lord Houghton.

No one could appreciate the Empress Eugenie better than Lord Houghton, and he described her as a gifted and amiable woman.

"I belong," said she, "to the family of the Cid and the family of Don Quixote." She, however, did not know English literature as well as Spanish, for she told Lord Houghton that she admired his works more than those of Shakespeare!

She was deceived in political matters, but he thought her errors were caused by noble and generous sentiments. Her great sorrows have been courageously borne, she has been on a level with her misfortunes.

Her starry dream changed into a horrible nightmare, but no woman, deprived of her only child, has shown more dignity in her sorrow. The very excess of her misfortunes has disarmed criticism, and when she passes

through the city where she reigned with such consummate grace, there is a "truce of God," as one of her biographers says, "between all parties and all the journals to avoid distressing her."

Truly Spanish in character, impassioned for religion and glory, she loves all that is beautiful and chivalrous. She is very dear to Queen Victoria and to the Princess Beatrice; her clear, firm handwriting does not even tremble beneath her weight of woe. She finds her present life almost that of a religious recluse, but she remembered the world and its duties well enough to send the pearls of Hortense to the Princess Letitia on her marriage to the Prince Amedéo, Duc d' Aosta, where I saw them worn at the wedding.

How will Eugenie be remembered by posterity?

"As the Bride of the Notre Dame? As the most beautiful woman in the world? As the Chatelaine of the Tuileries? As the courageous heroine of Orsini's bombs? As a Sister of Charity at the Hospitals of St. Antoine? As the Juno reigning over an Olympus of Emperors and Kings at the Exposition of 1867? No, as the mother who weeps and prays for the young boy who fell in Zululand." Such is the magnificent *resumé* of Saint Armand.

But I shall remember a beautiful, tall figure, standing alone on the deck of a yacht, framed by Venice and the Adriatic, a Queen of Beauty in her glorious prime, in a frame, unsurpassed, in the year 1869.

And I shall remember a sad face, framed with white hair and a black veil, in 1887, which still bore the peerless contours of that countenance which had once ruled the world of fashion, the fair, noble face of Eugenie.

Orleans and Turin

When I read in the papers of a duel between the young Princes, Henri d'Orléans and the Count de Turin, I can but remember that I saw the latter and his brothers, the sons of the Duc d'Aosta (Amadéo, King of Spain, youngest son of Victor Emmanuel), at perhaps the most picturesque moment of their lives, and it was a curious occasion, too, for it was at the wedding of their father to his niece, Letitia Bonaparte.

And it was whispered that the Prince Emmanuel, as he was then called, was himself in love with his cousin, who was soon to become his stepmother.

I imagine here an Anglo-Saxon son would have sulked. Young men in England and America seldom assist at their father's second nuptials.

But these amiable Italian boys made themselves the masters of the revels, and nobly led off in all matters of decorating the city, and the plans for making the wedding correspond to the ideas of old Italian *festa*, in Turin. I rose early one morning to look out of my window on an Italian sunrise, which had for its *piéce de résistance* Monte Rosa, whose ivory peak the sun gallantly kisses the last thing before he retires for the night and the first thing in the morning. I was repaid for this matutinal duty by seeing in the streets of Turin a spectacle of almost equal brilliancy and of more human

interest. It was the young bride, to be, Letitia, on horseback, coming in from her mother's residence, about two miles from Turin, to take up her residence at the Palazzo Madama, in the city, whence she was married the next day. For escort she had one hundred young horsemen, the gallant nobles of Turin, headed by the sons of Amadéo, her cousins. She wore a scarlet habit and black hat with plumes. It was a mediæval picture. In spite of all the magnificence I was to see afterward, this picture remains untouched in my memory.

But these young horsemen had another surprise in view. After the wedding breakfast, the programme read that all the bridal party and all the Kings and Queens should drive in state through the city to the Square Vittorio Emanuele, where a lofty platform had been erected in the shape of an immense basket of flowers, the arched handle of which was covered with roses. Seats for thirty thousand people were built around this immense basket, on the top of which seats were prepared for the bride and the Queens. On a daïs behind them stood the groom, the King, and other gentlemen, the royal family of Portugal, and the Bonapartes.

Here the Syndic of Turin was to be received as he offered a bouquet and a loyal address to the bride and groom. We secured seats in the best places on one of the platforms, and gazed our fill at the exquisite floral decorations and the rosy balloon floating in air, held by ropes of roses.

But down the streets came a royal cortège led by Prince Emmanuel. Two hundred young horsemen dressed in the costume of Prince Eugène approached. Oh! what a pretty sight it was! They wore powdered

wigs, the little three-cornered hat which fits so gracefully on the head, green velvet coats, embroidered in gold, with full skirts, knee breeches, and silk stockings, a gala body of the pride and glory of Italian youth. Two hundred had escorted the King, who drove after them to the foot of the daïs. They drew up their horses in a hollow square, while he descended from his carriage and then mounted to the daïs.

When lo! more music and two hundred men in coats of blue, arrived as escort to the Queen, who, amid bravos and vivas which shook the air, ascended to the flower basket.

And then two hundred more; this time their coats were of bright red, the Napoleon color. These last two hundred arrived escorting the bride, who ascended her temporary throne.

Then the three *Gardes à Reine* took up their position, so that their coats of green, red, and blue interlaced the colors of the Italian flag. We, who looked on, saw to our delight that the Queen, in delicate lilac, sat on one side; the bride, who wore a bright prawn pink silk dress, looked a very Bonaparte, and on the other side was the Queen of Portugal, in a delicate mignonette green, a lovely creation of Worth, thus making another combination of color which had been evidently carefully considered.

The Queen of Portugal, youngest daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is a red-haired Princess. I thought her very pretty, and admired her taste in dress at the wedding, in which she shone in deep blue and a sapphire crown. She is very fond of dress, and is blamed for her extravagance, but she always looks charmingly, and has the

courage of her race. She has saved two lives from drowning with her own right royal white arm.

But we who looked on were also listening to the most charming music and were watching the King of Italy talking to his brother-in-law, King of Portugal. The bridegroom stood behind the chair of his bride. The Queen smilingly talked to the Princess Matilde, while "Plon Plon"—otherwise Prince Jerome, father to the bride—stood gloomily behind the Queen, knitting his brows in the Napoleonic, impressive manner.

It was a glorious masquerade for these young Princes, and admirably done. After it was all over, and the six hundred soldiers on horseback had turned, and had melted into the Italian sunset, we still gazing at the afterglow on Monte Rosa, I was joined by an Italian gentleman, who told us that a party of the young *Gardes à Reine* would dine at our hotel, and that we could see them at shorter range.

So we saw the beautiful Italian eyes flashing under the powdered wigs—it was very becoming, that dress—and afterward the Marquis d'Azellio pointed out to me Prince Emmanuel, him who appears in our picture papers of to-day as wearing a helmet such as the one Achilles wore when he sat "sulking in his tent." He is very handsome, tall, and stately. They have all (these children of Amadéo) inherited their mother's beauty, as well as her immense fortune. She was remotely of Dutch blood, and the greater spread of their stalwart figures is due perhaps to this inheritance, for Amadéo, although rather tall, was extremely thin and looked very delicate.

But their courageous blood showed in all of them,

these children of Victor Emmanuel, as long as they had body enough to carry around their souls. Fortunately, these young Princes have height and breadth and thickness proportionate.

The death of the bridegroom, Amadéo, one year after his marriage, at the early age of forty-four, left the eldest son, the Duke d'Aosta. He is heir presumptive to the throne of Italy, should the Prince of Naples die childless, but whatever may be his fate, or his costume, I doubt if he ever looks as handsome as he did on his father's second wedding day. Nor could any one appear more amiable than he did.

I have a photograph before me of that painful statue in Turin, the group of the dying horse falling under the Duke of Genoa, which is always avoided by strangers, but adored by Italians, as a memento of that unfortunate Prince who so felt his defeat at the battle of Novara that he died of a broken heart—Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa. He was the father of their beloved Queen, their Marguerite of Savoy, and every cab-driver takes off his hat to this gentleman soldier. His brother, the King Victor Emmanuel, loved him intensely. They have strong family affections in the Italian royal family. They are a noble race, and, although the late duel was a foolish affair, one cannot but be glad that the noble cock sparrows fought it out.

There is but one descendant of this warlike race—Don Carlos of Portugal—who seems to prefer peace to war. He is fat, like his father, inert, and pleasure loving. He has a very vigorous spouse, daughter of the Count de Paris. Her sympathies go with her cousin, doubtless, the young son of the Duc de Chartres. So

one fears that Don Carlos has to listen to some curtain lectures just about now.

But the Count de Turin probably felt the blood of the Re Galantuomo kindle in his young veins, as, with his noble followers, Colonel Aveogardo de Quinto, Colonel Vicino Pallavicino, Count of Avegliana [how splendid and musical these names are?], he reached the field of honor. No wonder that the Italian blood has leaped wildly at his victory, and that the royal family of Italy has been congratulated,—first, that no life was lost; secondly, that the so-called insulted honor of Italy has been avenged.

We, of the cooler blood, the Anglo-Saxon blood, do not think that possible to thus avenge honor, nor, if it were, that two young men, gallant and courageous, could mend the matter much by fighting each other. The blood of the Orleanist has proved its valor on many a well-fought field, that of the Sardinian has never known the meaning of the word fear; therefore it would seem as if apologies and explanations might have served in place of cold steel.

The duello belongs to the age of Prince Eugène, in which romantic and becoming dress I first saw the Count de Turin; he must have been scarcely twenty at that time, a mere boy and a very handsome one. I observe in the papers that he went to the duel in a very different dress, a black frock coat with a white waistcoat, and had his trousers turned up *à l'Anglaise* upon patent-leather shoes. He wore a straw hat, which is by no means a helmet.

Oh, shades of chivalry! Why, if the duel must be fought, did not Henri d'Orleans wear the glorious white



George P. Marsh in 1864.

cockade of the Bourbons? Why did he not rehabilitate Louis XV, with his "powdered curls aflying?" Why did they not both dress out of one of Dumas's novels?

Prince Henri d'Orleans "was dressed in a suit of blue serge, and a white waistcoat also, with a straw hat and tanned shoes."

There is something mediæval and fine, however, when we picture the two kingly youths stripping off coats and waistcoats, as, while facing each other, they listened to the terms of the duel, read by Count de Leontieff, addressing them as *Mes Seigneurs*.

"Prince Henri attacked immediately with fiery impatience" [it sounds like Amadis de Gaul]. That is fine.

"The Count de Turin, the taller man of the two, had his sword attached to his wrist by a leather thong; he fenced in the Italian fashion, keeping the sword in a straight line, with the arm stretched to its utmost limit."

It might have been Emanuele Filiberto facing Francis I.

It was evident that the duel was to be a fierce one from the first, *a l'outrance!*

Now we begin to sympathize with this insult to chronology.

Courage and hot young blood, they are the same in all the centuries. Women smile and weep and wave their handkerchiefs. Poets sing of the combat, and the trumpeters sound the "Tra lira lira." It is the old, dear story of Roncesvalles, of the seige of Orleans, of Solferino, of Waterloo, of Five Forks, of the Charge of the Six Hundred, of the "men who fired the shot heard round the world"—yes.

No matter how or where, no matter what shaped hat

or what weapon or what cause, courage is always beautiful. His Royal Highness, Prince Victor Emmanuel of Savoy Aosta, Count of Turin, America salutes you. You have leaped into fame, you are worthy to wear the livery of Prince Eugène, you are doubtless worthy of that Re Galantuomo who leaped from the saddle to a throne in the Quirinal. But we cannot but hope you will take a better way of showing these splendid traits, the inherited valor of your noble blood. Keep that strong right arm of yours intact to defend United Italy. Be worthy of Garibaldi, the saint and savior of Italy. Think of him as he landed in 1860 at Marsala. Remember how he saluted Victor Emmanuel at the Volturna as King of Italy. Remember Rosalino Pio, Cavour, Mazzini; be statesman as well as soldier.

Prince Henri d'Orleans, remember your young father, who, in 1862, offered his sword to the cause of liberty in the United States; remember your great uncle, the Prince de Joinville, who, in his letter to General McClellan, said these most memorable words: "My nephews, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, desiring that first privilege, that last touch to the education of a Prince, to draw their swords in a noble cause, desire to enter the service of the United States as aides to General McClellan in the field."

And no knights of the days of chivalry, no heroes of the round table, or of Agincourt, were more brave, more patient, more soldierly, than these two Princes of the House of Orleans. There was not a private in the field, fighting for an idea, for home and country, who might not have taken a lesson from them.

And so we float from the straw hat back to the

châpeau bras of Prince Eugène, and conclude that valor is of all ages, the friendly hand clasp at the end (as the two old friends ended their gloomy spell of lunging at each other) shows that good blood and brave hearts are first to forgive and to forget.

Prince Henri d'Orleans, lying wounded on the ground, stretches his hand to the Sardinian, and says: "Monseignor, permit me to take your hand."

It is not quite tragic enough to compare it to Sir Philip Sidney and the glass of water, but if it reminds us of that gallant chronicle it has not happened in vain.

We can think coolly, now that neither young life was lost, of how glad we are that it is over, and hope that they will never, never do so any more.

Legends of Aix and Miolan

The year 1888 was a very full and gay season at Aix, and memorable to me for many reasons. The Queen Marguerite was at Courmayeur, on the Italian side of the Alps. We often heard of her heroic ascents, and we seemed near to the charming creature. We were ambitious to go on later to the royal wedding of Amadéo, which we did, and we threw in one bitter experience at Miolan.

From Aix-les-Bains to Tresserves is one of the most charming drives possible. It is also an agreeable walk along the fields through vineyards and chestnut groves. There is a fine park at Tresserves, and all sorts of beauties combine to make it ever attractive; fresh rivulets run through the green grass; hedges of beechnuts through which scamper rabbits shut off the grand villas of the rich proprietors (whose grounds are elegant to the last degree of luxury) from the farms of their humble neighbors, and above the road hangs a redoubtable precipice, around which hangs a pretty legend, the spur of the higher mountains; beyond this a precipice gives sharply on the Lac de Bourget, and from it once leaped a maiden. Her name was Brigitta, as common as Bridget in Ireland. She was affianced to a young shepherd whom she loved, but an elderly, rich widower pursued her with his unwelcome attentions.

One day as she was feeding her flock at the top of the mountain this disagreeable person appeared; but she ran away from him, and, evoking the protection of the Virgin, she flung herself from this tremendous height.

An hour later her agonized parents, who had espoused the cause of the elderly adorer, sought for her mangled body below, and they beheld Brigitta calmly smiling, sitting unhurt a thousand feet below, where she ought not to have been, alive. When she threw herself into space she said that the Virgin came with a fleecy bank of cloud and saved her from the arms of the widower and from death. She was deposited safely at the foot of the mountain, and gave her name and legend to it in perpetuity.

The range of mountains called the Bauges, famous for cheeses and milkmaids (who are eagerly sought for as servants), being a healthy, hearty race, are near enough to Aix for excursions. The mountains are retired from the world and full of legends. One is interesting, as it presents an arithmetical problem.

Three travelers, named Peter, Paul, and John, passed the night in a simple auberge, or inn. The next morning, having paid their little "scot," they took leave of the landlady, and gave into her care a box containing a thousand ducats, with the promise extracted from her, under oath, that she should not give it to any person or to either of them unless all three were present. Some time after Monsieur Peter appeared and claimed the box, saying that his friends had sent him. The hostess, forgetting the principal condition imposed upon the restitution of the casket by all three of the depositors themselves, gave it to him alone. He took the casket, went off, and

never has been heard of since, although that was eleven hundred years ago. Meantime, as might have been expected, Paul and John arrived and inquired for the box. They blamed the landlady, and had her arrested and taken before the Court on an action of restitution of damages. The charge ran thus: "While this dame has received the casket from three depositors with an order to only deliver it to three, and has falsely delivered it to one, who has carried it off to the detriment of the other two, the defrauded claim damages; and may it please the Judge to estimate the damages high. The defrauded claim the eyes in her head." So wrote the angry Paul and John.

Now, as the landlady had very pretty eyes—they were all that she had, and of great importance to her—she naturally demurred.

The tribunal, however, condemned the landlady. She had, alas, no friends, when a black counselor crept up and whispered in the ear of the judge:

"If Peter, away from Paul and John, had no rights, what right had Paul and John away from Peter?"

This turned the tables, and the landlady kept her eyes; so they call this "Auberge Les Yeux de Saint Clemence."

There are, however, many other legends. I went to call on a friend, Lady Whalley, who lives near Aix in a house called Le Tour et le Maison de Diable. One half is a formidable tower of the Middle Ages; the rest is a modern English mansion. As we were drinking our five o'clock tea on her piazza, looking over the vine-clad valley toward the snow mountains, I saw this stern tower cutting the sky. I asked her the origin of the legend.

"Oh," she said, "if the devil had never done anything worse than to build that old tower! It keeps the wind off us in Winter; it is an admirable place for old boxes! Will you ascend it?" And I went with her up winding stairs through the heavy old stone architecture of the day of the Robber Barons. Some old feudal lord had essayed to build this for defense, but the serfs were slow and stupid. "I will give my soul to the devil, if he will finish my tower," he incautiously remarked. So the next morning he looked up, and lo! the tower was finished, but as he attempted to enter it he fell dead on the threshold. The passionate landlord was taken at his word.

I think the tower of Chambéry at the old château six miles from Aix is one of the most beautiful bits of florid Gothic I have seen. It has an airy flying-buttress which is as delicate as a lady's lace handkerchief. It is whispered that the devil had a hand in building this tower also, no man being considered clever enough. What price his satanic majesty claimed for this I do not know, but doubtless a great boon, for, as says one old chronicler: "Mais ce qui caractérise le diable, c'est qu'il est inaccessible à tous les bons sentiments."

I am afraid he is rather inaccessible. So is the tower. I have never been able to climb up to its highest turret. Far more accessible is his satanic majesty in some of his more recent works.

We determined to do the historical a little at Aix; not all its memories are so sunny or so joyous as these I have described. We determined to go to see a remnant of the tyranny of the Middle Ages, horrible old Miolan.

A gloomy old ruin is that of the Savoyard Bastille, called Miolan. It was once a feudal château, in the commune of St. Pierre d'Albigni, the chief place of the canton in the neighborhood of Chambéry. It is situated on a promontory two hundred and fifty metres above the valley of Bourget, on a grand route which follows the road from Chambéry to Albertville. It looks down on the valley of the Isère, where it meets the Aec. It is by nature defended on one side by the mountains of Fieterive, which shut it off from the plateau of Beanges. The approach is by two stony roads, one from St. Pierre, the other from Fieterive, and Mont Blanc looks over the shoulder of the mountain of Fieterive like a great white nose. The interior of the walls of the château covers fifty-seven acres. This includes bastion and fort, courts and gardens, château, chapel, and fortress. In the first court is a vast fountain, the ruins of a lordly habitation. In the second are the terrible dungeons where many brave men passed many years of their miserable lives. A vast moat or ditch surrounds this gloomy place. There are different rooms in this prison, called variously Paradise and L'Enfers, Purgatory, etc. In the part of the building which was used as a home for the noble family who once lived there, afterward for the Governors and Lieutenants, one can yet distinguish the vast kitchens and salons and noble rooms; on the other side the chapel of the prisoners, the subterranean cells, damp and dark, places of torture, also cellars for provisions, and at the southwest a high tower still exists where, it is said, that unlucky creature, the "Man in the Iron Mask," was once buried, as he continued always to be buried, alive.

The religious history of the chapel gives us some dates. It was an important bishopric in 1381. When Miolan became a State prison, which was just before the days of Louis XIV, the curé was charged with the spiritual care of the prisoners. The chapel owned some important relics; one of them was three thorns of the chaplet which our Lord wore at His crucifixion, brought by one of the Grand Seigneurs of Miolan on his return from the Crusades. These three thorns, lately, were once more transported to the Church of the Augustines by one of the ladies of Miolan, and then there were several great battles for the sacred relics. Sovereigns and Popes fought for these thorns. One of the Miolan family became a Pope in 1058, under the name of Nicholas I; and so they go on, for many years, being bishops, priests, and monks, Benedictines, Franciscans, and Jesuits, as it happened, as well as soldiers, politicians, crusaders—a great powerful family of the Middle Ages. Then they ran out, as all families will, leaving their château behind them.

We come down to an interesting man named the noble "Anthelme de Miolan," who rendered homage to the great Count Edward of Savoie in 1324, and gave him the château with all its appurtenances, its rights, roads, farms, treasures, vineyards, laws, the "mixed empire of justice" (which meant a right to hang, maltreat, and belabor all the peasantry, send them to wars, make them slaves, in fact), also brooks, rivers, and forests, "a right royal gift," and his feudal lord ennobled him and gave him "one piece of game from the noble royal hunt." Anthelme also continued to live at Miolan, and from him it passed to his nephew, Anthelme de Bonvillard.

These feudal transactions finally brought this fine property into the hands of the Dukes of Savoy—as we should say "it became the property of the State"—or the Duke of Savoy (some say) cheated the noble Claudine de Miolan of her rights. Here the chronicle is vague, but somehow the Kings of France got possession of the château. They made it, in 1529, a prison—a State prison. The barony was retained in the family, but the house, alas! became a scene of torture. What an awful history of human woes was to be enacted there for three hundred years!

The name of Miolan in Savoy is as terrible as that of "Bastille" in France. This prison was used as a hiding place for all men who were dangerous to the reigning favorites. What a terrible State prison it was. In the memoirs of the Count of Sardinia, by M. Blondet, Chargé d'Affaires de France at Turin, during the reign of Victor Amedee, we find these words: "Unhappy the man for whom the doors of this fortress open! He will never escape, he had better die!" They were shut up there—and forgotten. Tortured and starved while alive, they died maniacs or committed suicide. Allowed only a pallet of straw in a dark cell, deprived of air, without proper clothing, heavily laden with chains, these miserable men, priests, noblemen, educated, refined gentlemen, lived or died, unregarded, unpitied, the innocent victims of an odious age.

One cell was called L'Enfer; it was in the cellar—cold and damp, the sun never entered it; its one window opened into the ditch whose frightful odors gave the prisoner fever and sickness. Here were put innocent men when the prison got too full. The shrieks of one

man in his cell so haunted one of the Governors that he no longer placed his subjects there. Fortunately, his superstitious fears saved them.

The prior of Canibus, a most holy man, sent to Miolan in 1687, had not only no fire in his room, but he had no clothing proper for the celebration of the mass. He borrowed a cloak of the Governor, that he might appear decently in the chapel. The Count Rubat, hidden in the prison at the same time, begged that his wife might be allowed to bring him a change of linen, as his was covered with vermin. It was refused, this modest request for a clean shirt, to a man who was a magnificent Seigneur. It is difficult to even dream of the horrors of this prison. These men in gloomy solitude, deprived of paper, ink, or books, of every comfort, grew mad and blasphemous. Is it strange that they sought to escape? To murder their inhuman keepers? One of these poor wretches, named Charles Roux, carried for three years a chain weighing fifty pounds on his feet for having attempted to escape. He was, it is true, a dangerous man; three times he nearly evaded his cruel keepers, three times he was retaken, loaded with iron, staves, whipped, and put in the cell called "L'Enfer." A noble and merciful Governor, called Claude des Fauyrs, found him in this darksome cell and mitigated his suffering, but his reason was gone. His temperament could not stand such suffering. It left him completely mad, and he imagined himself the Son of God. He died in 1576, after twenty years of captivity, in horrible anguish.

Others lost their health, and when, in 1743, the Spaniards came to occupy Savoy, and the doors of

Miolan were thrown open, for a short time, the five miserable wretches who were found there were not able to support the journey to Aosta. The air of liberty came too late, and their lungs, ruined by the detestable malaria of tyranny, brought up blood instead of breath. Hope and happiness broke the lacerated hearts, and they died, as the prisoners of our War who escaped from the Southern Bastille, without fingers, without toes, with fatal disease, the disease of starvation—died when they tasted the good soup which it was hoped would revive them.

The suicides were many. In a violent paroxysm of despair some, preferring death to long agony, threw themselves from the ramparts. One poor wretch who thus attempted to end his miserable career was caught by his chains in a tree, was retaken, and tortured until he died, a year after.

Some of the Governors of this prison were merciful, some were inhuman brutes, who loved to maim, to starve, and to kill. A certain Governor, Pierre le Blanc, who held the office from 1713 to 1734, was one of these monsters who delighted in cruelty. He never lost sight of his victims, paid them visits at extraordinary hours, even in the night. He looked on at their miserable meals, depriving them of knife and fork, plate and spoon: they were obliged to tear their meat like dogs. He invented new tortures for them, sent the disobedient and those whom he hated to the "Enfer," loaded the young men with chains; he had them whipped, he insulted them. He writes all this himself in his reports, and rejoiced in the name of the "Pitiless."

And we may now ask, what had these men done to



Princess Marguerite of Savoy.

deserve these terrible sufferings? Were they murderers? No, they were principally disobedient priests, men perhaps like Martin Luther, who had too much courage; or they were noblemen who differed from their sovereign on some petty interpretation of the law; or they were dangerous political offenders who perhaps doubted the divine right of Kings. All were of gentle blood; it was a distinction to be sent to Miolan; no plebeian was put in this pandemonium; that is to say, at first. No doubt after these tortures, this horrible solitude, their fierce and gloomy wrongs, many a man became dangerous. No doubt the poor creature, Chiafrelli, an unfrocked priest, who was chained, arms and legs, and whipped, who lay in his irons until he was covered with vermin, who was finally fastened with three fetters so that he could not knock his head against the wall and kill himself, blasphemed and cried, and called the Governor a "dog." It was an insult to the poor animal, a compliment to the Governor, but he got only more punishment and so died.

Sometimes a more merciful man came; whose kind heart made him too lax for the place. Such a one was the Governor de Launay, who allowed his prisoners pen and ink, and color boxes, and food and warmth. Interpreting too largely the instructions of the Commander General of Savoy, he gave to the Marquis de Sade his liberty or allowed him to escape. Of course, such a Governor was soon removed.

One of the curious anecdotes remains of the ingenuity of a prisoner who made ink of the juice of tobacco in his pipe, caught a bird and pulled a quill from his wing, and found a morsel of paper in the stuffing of a chair. With

these materials he wrote a note and threw it to the hat of a visitor. For which crime he was sent to L'Enfer, where he died.

Some young men were sent here because they were disobedient to their parents. If they paid a certain sum they were afterward comparatively well cared for, but many of these men were forgotten when a change of government came, and they languished out a long life of miserable captivity behind these gloomy walls. When a prisoner of state died it was promised to his friends that he should have the right of sepulture, but this was often denied him. Their bodies were thrown to the dogs, and a ditch is still shown where this last act of inhumanity was practiced.

The Père Monod, who had been a Jesuit and who became a Protestant, a faithful, humble servitor of the Duchess of Savoy, spent a long time in this prison. Finally dying here, he left to "Madame Royale" his memoirs and the pictures he had painted in his captivity. Many of these details are drawn from his papers, now preserved at Chambéry.

Le Père Ballard was also confined here for a long time because he had some state secrets which he would not divulge. After great suffering he died in convulsions at the age of seventy-seven.

The cord, the rack, the "question," the torture, were applied to all these poor men.

But enough of these horrors. From 1555 to 1789 these now ruined walls continued to be the scene of horrible cruelty and wrong.

The history of Miolan as a State prison stops in the year 1792. The château, evacuated after the occupa-

tion of Savoy by the French army under Montesquion, was abandoned. For a time Napoleon proposed to keep it up as a prison, but it was forgotten. It was not sold during the revolutionary period, and the Sardinian Government took possession of it in 1815.

To-day Miolan is a picturesque ruin, serving the purpose to the gay visitors of Aix-les-Bains of an afternoon excursion. It is a contrast worthy of note that, after one hundred years, one goes from a spot where human infirmities are mercifully relieved to look with wonder on the spot where they were enormously intensified.

Our visit here came very near having a gloomy and tragic end, as one of our party wandered off and got lost. We feared that she had fallen down an *oubliette*, whence she could never be discovered; but after making us suffer an hour, she walked back by another route smiling, and we all drove back to cheerful Aix to a gay supper.

Palaces Kings have Built in Bavaria

I have been in Munich three or four times—the last two against my will, for one sight is enough. To be sure, I came there once from Florence, that flower of all cities and city of all flowers (and nothing can take the taste of Florence out of one's mouth); and again I came to it from Nuremberg, that gem of the Middle Ages; and again I reached it from Innsbruck, also very unbecoming to it. A lovely daughter of the consecrated Past is Innsbruck, with natural scenery the most noble. What a lift of snow mountains!

I somehow never forgave Munich for its long, flat plain, its artificial air, its assumption of being a little Rome, its cold, forlorn climate, until I went there to and from Ober-Ammergau. That made me at peace with all the world—even with Munich!

And yet, when you come to think of it, Munich is the greatest wonder of them all. More ambitious than the great Prince of Condé, who only built Chantilly; more cheerful than Philip II, who built a monastery, palace, and tomb, and called it the Escurial; more hopeful than any of them was Ludwig I of Bavaria, who aspired to build a city, and from 1825 to 1848 worked at his modern Rome. He had enthusiasm and money, and with these two arms one can sling the sledge-hammer and build almost anything. This city grew up amid the marshes

of the River Isar, in the wild forests of Bavaria, as if by magic.

This little forest-girt mountainous Bavaria has been the treasure-house of the traveler since the Emperors Trajan and Hadrian built strongholds from the Lake of Constance to Mayence, and from Mayence to Kelheim, on the Danube. But the irrepressible barbarians broke through, and the four great Teutonic tribes broke through and founded some of the most quaint and interesting cities of mediæval Germany—towns which make Munich look new and fictitious. From their geographical position the Bavarians have thus a strong mixture of Celtic, Italian, and Saxon blood. They seem a different nationality from the Germans.

A sturdy race are these settlers of the fruitful plains which fill the mountain valleys of Bavaria. They are satisfied with their lot and ready to defend their beautiful country. They are full of music, of dramatic perception. They have the contrasts of their scenery, where grim, dark forest and mountain give way and reveal fairy lakes and valleys full of cherry blossoms—an exquisite contrast.

In the days of Charlemagne the Bavarian people became merged in the great empire which Pepin had founded; for this small father of a big and famous son fell in love with and married a daughter of a Duke of Bavaria, who became the mother of the "Carlo Magno" of the opera, the Charlemagne of history and the world, who could neither read nor write, but who has made his mark on the world—this great man and his paladins.

We will skip eleven hundred years to save bother and come down to Ludwig I, successor to Maximilian I.

This Prince found Munich an unimportant, dull place—a plain, provincial city. He left it full of palaces and a museum of the world's choicest art treasures, and the head of a school of music. He restored at enormous outlay, the cathedrals of Bamberg and Regensburg, and erected a Pantheon unequaled in the world.

Although his artistic and classical tastes, as well as his genuine patriotism, made him popular, he was more of a dilettanté than a King, so that he had no very strong hold on his people. He had a fatal facility for falling in love. Fanny Elssler and Lola Montez finally ruined him and drove him from his throne. The Bavarians drove the spoiled favorite out of town with whips, and the gentle-hearted King was impotent to save her. He gave his indignant subjects such a Constitution as they wished, and then retired to an intellectual seclusion, giving his crown to his son, Maximilian II, who died in 1864, leaving the crown to Ludwig II, a boy of seventeen.

The Glyptothek and Pinacothek remain to praise the taste and the prescience of Ludwig I. The visitor fresh from Rome and Florence again dreams of the Vatican and the Uffizi Gallery. This trend of the arts toward the North found out and left improved those great workers in bronze for which Bavaria has been famous. Bavaria was the natural channel north, the highroad by which the arts traveled.

Ludwig I attempted to do the work of centuries in fifty years. His work lacks charm. Perhaps Count Rumford made it rather Yankee in character. His singular visit to Ludwig, his admirable management of the poor, his invention of a stove which still bears his name,

his rise from plain Benjamin Thompson, of Concord, N. H., to Count Rumford, the friend of the King, should have impressed me more than it did. I do not go to Europe for useful ideas. I go for antiquity and art, the beauties of nature; and where can one find them better than in Bavaria?

Poor, crazy King Ludwig II, "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," interested me far more than any reminiscences of Count Rumford, and when I passed the Lake of Starnberg, where he drowned himself, I felt the deepest sorrow that a creature so gifted could not have kept his wits. Handsome, gifted, beloved by his people, he was seized with melancholia, and gave himself up to solitary concerts with Wagner, and he has earned my eternal gratitude that he finally wore out Wagner, who got bored with himself—Wagner, who has so often bored me!

Then he took to building and to ornamenting the many beautiful palaces which one can now see and admire, although the hand which built them lies still in death. Ludwig I built in his own royal "Königsland" an imitation of the Pitti Palace at Florence. The Hall of the Marshals is a repetition of the Loggia di Lanzi. A magnificent gateway and the Hall of Fame are models of pure Greek taste. These we owe to Ludwig I.

There is a fresco by Schnorr illustrating the "Nibelungenlied," that great national epic. It is superb, as are the frescoes by Kaulbach. I am afraid that I am not making out Munich as disagreeable as it is! Here you see how, in the times of the great Italian republics, the commerce, the art, and the civilization of the south made its way to the world north of the Alps. Bavaria

has ever been a stopping-place for artists, architects, and designers. What were earlier shooting-lodges and hunting-boxes for the warlike Dukes became, after two centuries, the palaces of art-loving Kings.

After seeing the great drama at Ober-Ammergau, and returning to Munich, a party of us took a driving tour from Munich to Innsbruck, through Partenkeichen and Mittenwald, to enjoy the stupendous and wonderful scenery of the Bavarian highlands, and on our way to stop and look at the folly of many an art-loving King. Such a palace is Hohenschwangau, restored and rebuilt by Maximilian, and added to by Ludwig. Hohenschwangau, the "home of the swan," was a historic pile in 1540, and lies at the foot of a great sombre mountain, with a placid lake in front. Here, in great seclusion, that stately bird, the swan, increases and multiplies. The waters of the lake are white with beautiful forms, which "float double, swan and shadow." This romantic castle is the home of the mythical and heroic story of Lohengrin, and all its walls are painted with that story. The view from the oriel window of the King's room over the pure, glistening Alpensee and the dark, pine-clad mountains is so peaceful that one can well believe that he sat there night after night saying "Here I can find peace."

This and Linderhof, and Neuchwanstein, near Ober-Ammergau, were the favorite homes of Ludwig II. The royal gardens, the three handsome fountains, the walks and drives up the mountain, are all kingly in their arrangement. A palace in a solitary amphitheatre of richly, forest-clad mountains, and between two beautiful lakes is not to be found every day. The sleeping-room

of the poor King, simply furnished, possessed a sad interest. It looks out on the snowy Alps.

I could write forever of the pleasures of this drive, which took us through the cherry trees from which the Kirschwasser derives its delicate bouquet. We went through these flower-laden valleys and over the picturesque points of Bavarian forests with scarcely a drawback to our pleasure. In the early hours we would start from some comfortable inn, after a delicious breakfast, with our easy berlin and with fast horses, seeing on the way the handsome peasant lovers springing with rapid, light steps up the almost precipitous heights, caring for their herds—the man in an embroidered shirt, hussar jacket, and green felt steeple hat covering his thick black curls; the girl in her blue and red petticoat, embroidered jacket, and white chemisette. These Bavarian men are mostly foresters, of great fame as to the care of trees: the women are excellent dairy women.

From the haunts of the Alpine rose we would drive to some magnificent castle, whose custodian was willing to show it to us for a fee, ready to point out a fresco and to tell us the story of Siegfried and the dragon, or "Siegfried and the worm," as they called it, and by the wayside we would see the crucifix, which has replaced to these Old Catholics the more cheerful Madonna and child of Italian lands. These so-called "Old Catholics" seem to look at man's sin rather than at God's forgiveness. The legends of Judas, the blighted tree, the three sorrowing Marys, the vision of Jesus as He hangs on the tree—these are their favorites. We love Him as He lies in the cradle, with His sweet mother hanging over Him, or, better still, as she stands with Him in her tender arms.

For a man of such exalted temperament as was the crazy King, the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau appealed with intense force. To them he gave a magnificent group in marble of the crucifixion, with the three Marys kneeling, and the noble figure of the Man of Sorrows copied from their great actor, Joseph Maier. For their costumes he opened the treasure house of Munich, giving Caiaphas the high priest a breastplate of real jewels, such as are mentioned in the Bible.

The high religious enthusiasm with which these peasants garner in their hearts their sacred vow reached the heart of the unfortunate King. His fairy château of Neuchwanstein, remote and lonely, stands on a high bluff, while three precipices fall from its three sides, its Gothic towers throw themselves bravely up in the air, while behind it rise the savage summits of the Tyrolese Alps. It is approached on one side through a long, solitary forest. Across a gulf is thrown the aërial bridge, the Marienbrücke, while the Lakes Schwansee and Alpensee add their mirrors to the landscape. From an intense solitude this bit of Gothic stands out in all its elaborate magnificence, gargoyles, carvings, towers, and machicolated roof, while a Venetian loggia ornaments the façade, filled with stained glass. Within, what frescoes! what furnishing! This fine palace was left unfinished, and the Bavarian people have yet to pay for it. Here are fine pictures by Piloty, Hauschid, and Spiers, the subjects from Wagner's operas.

From the dining-room of the King we got the most beautiful view of the ravines and mountains. The hangings are of rose color, embroidered in gold. The walls are dedicated to the Meistersingers. The King's bed-

room was consecrated to the delicious memory of Tristan and Iseult. This room is of blue and gold. The royal bed was of carved wood, richly incrusted in gold. The oratory opens out of this room, and the *prie-dieu* showed signs of frequent kneeling. It was under a picture of the Virgin.

Other rooms had hangings of purple velvet, embroidered with peacocks. The grand salon was consecrated to Lohengrin, and here was a bust of Louis XIV of France, a man whom Ludwig II admired and sought to emulate. We seem to hear in this room the Wedding March and Elsa's song, that unconscious apology of Wagner for his many long disquisitions into the algebra of music. To Tannhäuser the King dedicated his working-room, his council chamber.

On the other side of the château is the throne-room, a marvel of Byzantine splendor. It is surrounded by a double gallery of arches, and enriched with the rarest Oriental mosaics, and supported by pillars of porphyry and lapis lazuli. The floor is inlaid with choice marbles. A vast elevation in white marble was to have held a throne, but that remains unfinished. But in this *Château en Espagne*, this dream house, he finished one room, the *Salle des Chanteurs*. His opera house, his theatre, was always built. And at Neuchwanstein this is a fairy vision, delicate yet superb, with a vast circular tribune for great people, a pit for humbler guests, full of crystal chandeliers and most gorgeous upholstery, *capitonée* with red and gold and purple, vastly more splendid than any theatre which we have in New York. This complete empty theatre is dedicated to Parsival.

This house was his *bonbonnière;* it has not the *cachet*

d'antiquité which Hohenstauffen has; but it is exquisite. It is now being pillaged, and it will soon be a royal ruin.

It was at Linderhof, however, that all the contrarieties of his queer insanity next showed themselves. One must cross the Austrian frontier to reach Linderhof, over one of the grandest of Tyrolese passes. The route becomes almost lost in the vast depth of the forest. One hears the sound of the zither and of the cattle bells, and nothing else.

As the world will turn its face toward the "Passion Play" at Ober-Ammergau in 1900, the traveler should arrange not only to see Munich well, but also these wonderful houses, and should approach by Zurich, which gives a fine view of the Bavarian Tyrol.

Nor should any traveler neglect to drive, if possible, to Innsbruck to gain that vision of the country which, in June, lighted up by the cherry blossoms, has a beauty and a fragrance which, although unlike the charm of the other Alpine passes, has a delight quite peculiar to itself.

Ober-Ammergau

It presented a curious antithesis of human character and human curiosity to see the crowds rush, in the Summer of 1889, to Paris, to look at the World's Fair, at the rate of 350,000 a day, and, in the Summer of 1890, to see them all rush back to the remote corner of the Bavarian Tyrol, to watch a few peasants play in that immortal drama which is, to Christians, the most important story in the world; but in this age of unbelief who could think that even skeptical Germans, French, and English critics, French actors, Roman Catholic clergy, English bishops, Mohammedans, priests of the Greek Church, and, of course, the globe-trotting Americans—all would be on the move for Ober-Ammergau? Yet so it was.

Now, what had stimulated this vast curiosity? A Miracle Play can be seen in many an old German town, and has always been occasionally on the programme of European amusements; many more mediæval and curious than this one.

Ober-Ammergau has, however, been fortunate in two things: First, in the fact that sixty years ago a man of genius, the pastor Daisenberger, himself a dramatist of some distinction, a learned Monk, from the neighboring monastery of Ettal, one who had translated the Antigone of Sophocles, came to live at Ober-Am-

mergau. He seized the opportunity, finding how deep a hold this play had on the religious sensibilities of the peasants, he re-wrote it yearly, obliterated what was vulgar and profane, and introduced music and trained the peasants in the arts of elocution. For many years, unknown and unsung, this poor man labored for the love of God and the intellectual delights of this highly creditable work, until about 1840 William and Mary Howitt happened to visit Ober-Ammergau and wrote such delightful sketches of this wonderful thing that the world began to look behind the Kofel, their mountain screen, and every tenth year since that time, Ober-Ammergau has become an objective point, to the lover of the drama and to those who respect the high religious enthusiasm which these Suabian peasants garner in their hearts.

No one who has not seen it, can begin to understand how magnificently the play is presented as to costumes, scenery, and artistic effect. Remember, they have been always near Munich, that home of art; also they have been for forty years patronized by those two art-lovers, the King Ludwig of Bavaria, who made Munich, and later on by the Wagner-loving King Ludwig, so unhappily crazed, and a suicide, in the Lake of Starnberg.

Ober-Ammergau has also been very fortunate in its eulogists. Helen Hunt wrote one of her charming papers after seeing it in 1870. The first year that Josef Maier played his divine part Dean Stanley touched it with his glowing pencil. I cannot enumerate all who have described it.

Let me give you a plain, unvarnished tale of how I reached there; what I saw, felt, and suffered; and I wish that I could tell you all I enjoyed.

There was nothing talked of in Paris, during May so much as "How shall we get to Ober-Ammergau?" Two rival ticket agents commanded every route and every bedroom which could be engaged. Strange stories of hardships, sleeping in barns, etc., were circulated—all of which were absurd. Ober-Ammergau is a large, comfortable German village, and they continued to "put up" five thousand people a day very decently. In a rainy day it would be very gloomy, but in the bright sunlight in which I saw it seemed transcendently beautiful. The physical discomforts of which we heard so much belonged to that earlier Ober-Ammergau, when they were not prepared for visitors. The fatigue of sitting, for ten hours, to see the play, is a serious matter; but of that more anon. I saw it on the 22d of June, 1890, and I consider it one of the greatest privileges of my life.

I found myself in Munich on June 18th, having bought my tickets of Cook a month before. I went by way of Geneva and Zurich, by far the best way if one happens to be in Paris, for on the road between Zurich and Munich the peculiar character of the scenery bursts upon one, and the pictures and images by the wayside of Christ on the Cross, which take the place of the usual Shrine to the Virgin and Child, prepare the mind for the eminently devout and religious ceremony which is to follow. Here were the early Christians who did not celebrate Christmas, but began their teaching with Christ crucified.

At Munich I went with some trepidation to the office of Cook to see if my tickets really entitled me to a carriage from Oberau and a room at Ober-Ammergau.

I found that my German maid and I were as carefully recorded as if we were the only people arriving—a great feat of system, when one remembers that twenty thousand people a week have been to see this play all Summer. The short railroad from Munich to Oberau only took some three hours. At the end we found our carriage amidst many others. Irate Englishmen were quarreling, and threatening to "report" everybody; but Cook's agent remained unmoved. We drove off over a splendid mountain pass, through forests of fir, under precipices, by waterfalls, and glorious distant views, through fields of Alpine roses and blue gentian, to the town of Ober-Ammergau, which is on a plateau. We passed the Monastery of Ettal where lived the learned Daisenberger, the man to whom the Ober-Ammergauites owe so much, and several small villages; finally, turning around the edge of a strange mountain called the Kofel, we entered a large and comfortable Alpine town, with many houses and an air of prosperity. What a scene was that! As we entered, forty carriages in line were we, and the streets were swarming with people, pedestrians, peasants in a hundred costumes, English men and women (unmistakable everywhere), many Roman Catholic clergymen; Bishops, Priests, and Deacons of our church; the Sultan of Lahore, a black Mussulman with his dusky followers all covered with jewels, wearing turbans and the Eastern robes; many Americans, easily distinguished by their neat and natty clothes; Germans, French, Italians; and even a few dark Arabs from Tangiers, eager, intent, swift,—by hundreds and hundreds they pressed in. It was like the movement of armies. The only thing to do was to sit still and await my time.

By and by my carriage arrived at the door of Bürgomeister Lang. I handed my card and Cook's tickets. I asked Caroline, my German maid, if she would go in and interpret for me; but before she even could descend, a very respectable old gentleman came out, and, with an air of authority, said "Frau Sherwood and maid, drive to Spigel's." A little girl, very pretty and with long hair, jumped on the box, and telling me that she was "Lena and that she owned me," we drove on.

Nothing but the movement of an army could possibly have resembled our progress to the house of Spigel, but once arrived there we found good rooms, a fair, clean table, as good as we should usually find in a country inn in Germany. After some necessary ablutions and a supper of roasted goose, venison, fresh eggs, and coffee, I seated myself outside my bedroom window on an overhanging balcony and watched the motley groups: young peasant men with the Alpine hat full of Alpine roses, the women in high headdresses with magnificent silver ornaments and brocaded jackets mingled in the crowd. Presently around the corner came a strain of martial music; then a hurly-burly of children: beautiful boys with long hair, and bright feathers in their ragged hats; active little girls with floating long ringlets, all rugged and happy; the fire company, dressed in high helmets, marched by, executing with ceremony and music the introduction to the morrow. It was so like the scene in the opera of Faust when the soldiers return, that I was sure the author of that beautiful music had seen just such a demonstration. Then the sun went down, bathing the top of the giant mountains in a red light; a cannon was fired; and as the little new moon rose over the

Kofel I left my exalted position and came in to have an audience with the housefather. Caroline introduced him with much ceremony, and I found him very polite. He informed me that he had two tickets for me at ten marks apiece: I could sit out in the open, if I preferred, for five marks apiece, but I told him the "rheumatism would cost me more than twenty marks," so I paid the highest price. This rather feeble witticism pleased him very much, and he proceeded to tell me "that I was wise."

I asked him what part he played. He said, with true dramatic instinct, "Oh, I am one of the money-changers driven from the temple. I am also one of those who reviles our blessed Lord; but I dress the hair of the Christus [he was the village barber], and Lena," said he, "is one of the angels and a bridesmaid; she appears in all the tableaux on account of her beautiful hair."

He then advised me to go to bed, for I must be up at five in the morning; a cannon was fired at that hour. Such a noise of five thousand people moving in all directions can scarcely be described. All the people who were to play were going to the church, first to take the communion, only the Housemother and one maid remained to give us some breakfast. My maid took a little luncheon and a bottle of wine with her, and we were in our seats at eight o'clock. The housefather conducting me with much ceremony. Never did I find myself in such a pack, such a jam, yet the seats were most comfortable, high, broad, large armchairs.

Off in the open, as far from our covered shed as across Fifth Avenue, stood the theatre, a pretty building with a centre stage drop-curtain, and all the belong-

ings of a theatre, with two immense wings stretching either side, giving suggestions of a street of a city, and a palace for Pilate later on. This is on the Greek model; and as the chorus singers emerge, eighteen in number, dressed in beautiful Greek costumes, and sing delightfully, you seem to see the chorus of an opera; also, as it is all in the open air, you get an idea of the Greek drama. Then they retire and fall back in a sort of half-moon circle, and the curtain rises upon a tableau.

This closed part of the theatre is the only part which has a roof over it. In other parts the rain falls or the sun shines on these hard-working actors as it does on all the spectators who have only paid five marks, and who sit in the open air. The birds fly about and cast their fitful shadows on the actors, as they once might have done in Judea. The Kofel rises in spendid majesty behind the theatre. It is an indescribable mixture of noble nature and the highest art.

I had taken a powerful opera glass with me, and I needed it as the curtain rose on a tableau in which I recognized my friend Lena. These pictures are directly typical, and intended to be prophetic in the scenes in the life of Christ which follow. They are rendered with marvelous effect. I could not see a muscle move, even in the smallest child's face. There were two tableaux presented, one after the other, in which the actors were motionless.

Then the curtain rose on the living drama. Of a sudden the whole scene was filled with the streets of Jerusalem, and down one of them came a man riding on an ass, led by a young adoring disciple. The populace shouted and threw palm branches. It was the entrance

of our Lord into Jerusalem. One glance was enough; from that moment the play became entrancing. It was something above and beyond humanity; it is opera, drama, tableau, and something else, something higher.

Josef Maier, the Christus, is one of those exceptional men who seem to have been made for the part. He is very tall, graceful, slender, and the side face beautiful, the hair long and silken, the hands fine, white and meant for a benediction. He is dignified, so superb that one takes him at once into that most sacred temple where one keeps the vision of the Savior. His voice is refined, low and thrilling; it is impossible that any man could play this part so intensely trying unless he were influenced by real religious enthusiasm. One's natural credulity as to the possibility of a humble and unlettered peasant being able to play this most sublime rôle disappears from this moment. The whole lesson of Christ's life, the whole lesson of Christ's death, are shown, taught, impressed with a vividness which one must be callous not to feel, and the mind that can remain antagonistic to the end, and declare this an impious or irreverent personation, is not to be envied. Indeed, looking at this as a merely dramatic spectacle, a matter of acting, of pictorial effects, it is to my mind more powerful than any sermon, more impressive and more useful than most ceremonials in church — and I believe that I have seen the grandest ceremonials of all, in every country where cathedrals and cathedral services are at their best, from London to Rome.

The stage open to the sky, a background so ingeniously arranged as to give a good representation of several streets of a city, was crowded by a roving mass of

five hundred people, waving palm branches and singing hosannas, the central figure being Jesus. The versimilitude to an old picture was astonishing; the splendor of the colors was dazzling—it was like our Autumn woods in North America.

The whole five hundred were acting as if each one were the central and prominent part. It was so natural that it was not acting, and this is the grand distinction of the play. The interest is so intense, and the movement so rapid, that you scarcely notice that the Christ has descended from his beast; John has led him away. The crowd has melted, and the money-changers are picking up their coins in the temple, when our Lord charges upon them and drives them out. I noticed my little landlord; he was strangely transformed by his wonderful dress, right out of Rembrandt, but he acted his humble part as if he had been Salvini. There is a native and long trained dramatic instinct in these people. While the Saviour is on the scene every eye is fixed on Him. The strain would be too great if infinite tact were not shown in this long drama, which is interrupted at every act by the chorus and by the two tableaux, which help to carry on the Old and New Testament story.

The recess opens, the curtain rises on the council of the Sanhedrin, the assembly of the High Priests of the Synagogue, which is a magnificent picture. They remain quiet a few minutes that one may see it. Then they begin to talk, to argue, and reminded me very much of other grand assemblies of law-givers whom I had seen in Congress and elsewhere; they became tedious, they were long-winded, and as the Scotchmen say "contra-

deectin." It was, however, a grand display of acting on the part of Johann Lang, who enacted the part of the despotic and irritable High Priest Caiaphas in a masterly manner.

Then we see Christ's departure for Bethany, his farewell to his mother, his relations with his sorrowing disciples; which all lead up to the Last Supper, the climax of the morning's performance. This scene introduces Judas and his avarice. He starts as he sees Mary Magdalene breaking the pot of precious ointment. It is curious that the vice of avarice has been permitted to play so great a part in the tragedy of Humanity. Murder comes first in the history of Cain. False-hearted jealousy comes next in the story of Joseph. Perhaps we should put curiosity first, as betraying the promptings of human passion; but even these are all nobler than that miserable greed which was the sin of Judas. Perhaps it was to be the curse of the Jews for all time, as their easily besetting sin, to thus put on record the fearful effect which this one pot of ointment has had on their race.

Judas was played by a man named Zwing, a most powerful and wonderful actor. His very dress of two shades of yellow velvet was magnificent but repulsive; his fiery hair stood in tangles over a low, mean brow. He seems to love his Master, he looks at Him a great deal, he is devout until his love of money comes in; but from the moment he sees money wasted to the end of his tragic career, when he takes his own life, his remorse and despair are superb. Face, attitude, voice, action, are grandly true to life. Nothing can surpass the subtlety of this conception. He makes you at once, like,

hate, and pity him. It is not a malignant, willful treachery, but pure, unrestrained avarice, which seizes his soul with a fiendish hand. He holds himself, poor creature, in detestation, and the gesture and look with which he flings down the bag of money, in the presence of the Sanhedrin, is a triumph of the dramatic art, never to be forgotten.

Only the profoundest religious fervor could carry Josef Maier through the scene of the Last Supper. The curtain rises on the well-known Leonardo da Vinci picture which we know in our Prayer Book. There sits the Man of Sorrows with His disciples about him, next Him the beloved John, whom he constantly appeals to, embraces, and seems to lean on. John is played by a beautiful youth who is destined to be the next actor in the divine part.

In this most holy and affectionate ceremony, where he washes His disciples' feet and gives them the bread and wine, Josef Maier rises to his highest excellence. It seems almost wicked to call it acting, it is so near the divine ideal; he was so graceful, so winning, so saintly, so tender, that everyone wept. The Sultan of Lahore who sat in front of me, and his dusky Mohammedan followers, wept aloud; many women fell on their knees and crossed themselves; even he who has played this part many hundred times was visibly affected, his voice and gestures betraying his emotion. I shall never hear the words, "Remember that Christ died for thee," without recalling this scene with a depth of feeling rarely experienced before.

The scene "Over the brook Kedron, unto a place called Gethsemane," that eventful garden, was very

beautiful, solemn, and heart-rending. Oh, the disappointment in his face when he saw that even His beloved John was sleeping and His human heart-throb as He proved the insufficiency of human friendship! All was portrayed in a manner so subdued, so powerful, so actual, and so almost divine, that it brought the audience into a state of most intense sympathy. "Could you not watch with me one little hour?" says the lonely man.

That dear human weakness which our blessed Lord showed, as He knelt three times and prayed that this cup might pass from Him, has been the support of many of us in hours of superhuman anguish, and this vision of that kneeling figure in the Garden has brought Him nearer to us than any act of His divine life.

Then followed the wild tumultuous scene, the discovery of treachery always so horrible, the confusion of the Judas kiss, the soldiers seizing and binding the Saviour, and the terrible grief of the impulsive Peter, the heart-break of the youthful John,—all finish the human part of the Saviour's life on earth.

From that moment an intense solitary grandeur seems to envelop Him. He is no more with John, no more with Peter, no more with the loving Luke or the hospitable Mark—they have all left Him. Henceforth He, the God-man; He, their friend and brother; He, the Redeemer of our race—is alone with his enemies, to be scourged, tortured, insulted, and crucified.

Happily for our poor human strength we were here permitted an hour's intermission. Four hours had we sat, unconscious of time. We went back to our hotels to

get a dinner; to rest; to prepare for an afternoon so full of emotion that as I look back upon it I wonder how I could have endured it. Actors as well as spectators went home, and the villagers resumed their homely functions. My host waited on his own table and Lena washed the dishes. Herod and Pontius Pilate and Caiaphas and Judas and the angels took to cooking, sewing, and so on. Here the domestic, funny side of Ober-Ammergau comes in.

The firing of a cannon on the Kofel, however, announced to the six thousand spectators and the five hundred actors that it was time to go back to the play.

The singers commenced again. The tableaux preceding "Christ before Caiaphas" were, appropriately, "Naboth stoned to death on false accusations" and "Job in affliction derided by his wife and friends." Both were very impressive.

The scene of Jesus before his judges is one of the most stirring of the dramatic incidents. The stage is crowded; everyone is excited; old Caiaphas throws off his splendid breastplate, his robes of office, so he can harangue with greater ease. He is an old busybody; he is nervous; he talks and laughs with his next neighbor; he is in a great hurry, and wants to get it all over with. Jesus stands unmoved, His eyes on the ground. He is there, but not of it. The soldiers abuse Him, hustle Him about, remove Him, but He does not change countenance; He is far away.

In the scene where Peter denies Him, he starts, and then, as Peter catches his frowning gaze and weeps, the Saviour stretches His hand toward the poor, weak, old man, in blessed forgiveness. Here Josef Maier again

reaches the highest point in the dramatic art; it is the grandest achievement; he *is* the part he personates.

It seems almost cruel to attempt to describe the captive, bound and helpless, naked, bleeding, treated with every ignominy, bearing the brutal blows of the soldiery with calm courage, firm nobility, and elevated dignity; he is The Christ; no mortal could do this thing says the heart; it is the King of Heaven who suffers; he is a lofty victor through it all. The soldiers sing low and vulgar songs, deride Him, push Him from his bench, but he seems neither to see nor to hear. Until interrupted by a messenger from Caiaphas (a dramatic necessity which for the moment removes the Christ from the scene), the despair of Judas, his suicide, relieves the horrible tension of our sympathy. Judas raves, tears his hair, and hangs himself to everyone's satisfaction. Here ends the rôle of Iscariot as to the play; but the modern Judas does not hang himself! No, he goes on 'Change, becomes a money king, and is admired, courted, beloved, and feared forever after; he gives laws to kings, rules society, makes war, and overturns or builds up thrones on this still unregenerate earth. The scenes of Christ before Pilate are all superb; the majesty of the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate, his real kind-heartedness and desire to save the Galilean; the gorgeous Roman soldiery, mounted on pure white horses; the "S. P. Q. R.," that insignia of the power of the great Roman people, which no one even yet can see unmoved; the power of Cæsar, even in this remote Jewish province—all was splendid contrast indeed to that noble, mournful, lofty figure, wearing the crown of thorns. The difference between him and Barabbus, the mean-looking thief, was

admirably managed, and the little conversation, Pilate standing high on the steps of his palace, the Galilean below in the crowd, was wonderfully telling. It was all managed with the most perfect and telling simplicity.

That question which has never been answered—"What is truth?" and the episode of the dream of Pilate's wife—were all exciting to the immense crowd, who were standing about listening; the excitement when, at the suggestion of Caiaphas, Pilate concludes that "this Galilean is not in his jurisdiction" and hands him over to Herod, is enormous.

Caiaphas was especially good; indeed, four actors, Lang, Zwing, Thomas Rendl (the Pilate), and Josef Maier, are as great as Salvini—as great as they can be. Thomas Rendl as Pontius Pilate was in the most consummate good taste; he was astonishing in his excellence—a dignified Roman governor.

The women played very subordinate parts, as they did in Judea; they were none of them pretty or particularly good, except the mother of Jesus. This part (played by a daughter of Lang, who is bürgermeister, stage-manager, and everything) was very touching however. She is a pretty woman. But nature has denied to these Bavarian peasant women the high type of beauty which she has bestowed on Josef Maier. Their singing was remarkably good; it is a requirement in the village of Ober-Ammergau that the schoolmaster shall be a musician, and they are all taught music.

Then came that mournful procession; the Saviour falling three times under the load of the cross; those last dreadful scenes. How can I describe them? But they are immeasurably dear and valuable to the Christian.

As the curtain goes up on the scene of the crucifixion, the two thieves are already hanging on their elevated scene of punishment, but the principal cross is on the ground; they are driving the nails in His hands and feet! The cross is raised by invisible machinery. For twenty-two minutes, this man hangs thus suspended. However well supported by mechanical means, it is a terrible strain; he is, by measurement, an inch shorter when taken down—temporarily, of course. The seven remarkable sayings, the scenes of the parting of the garments, the three Marys at the foot of the cross, the mother's heartbreak—it is all there. At length the soldier thrusts his spear in His side, and blood runs out. They give him vinegar to drink—then a horrible shudder runs through His frame, and all is over.

The descent from the cross is managed with great skill, and is a perfect copy of Rubens's great picture. It is slow, majestic, sublime, terrible.

I am glad of the stately sorrows of that day! It was profoundly affecting and hard to bear, but it has given me an inspiration to live a nobler life, and I hope its lessons will not forsake me on the bed of death.

No amount of atheistic indifference could carry any man through the part of Josef Maier. He has played it four times—in 1870, 1871, 1880, and 1890. He says he cannot play it again, as he is now fifty years old, and he feels his strength abating. He is teaching his beloved apostle John to take the part in the year 1900, if the Pope permits them to play it again.

And now let us look for a moment at the history of this wonderful performance and the record of the Miracle

Plays. They were to the masses during the Dark Ages, what the public-school and the Bible is to the youth of to-day. Very few, even of the Kings, could read. There were no books. The monks carried about with them all the learning there was. Something to amuse and instruct the people must be thought of. The Miracle Play was the result. It was sacred and profane at once; often degenerating into coarseness and obscenity, it yet, in its way, taught the people religious truth. In the early plays the Devil was a favorite and gymnastic character. Jonah and the whale were also much introduced, and a manuscript copy of the first text-book of this very Ammergau play is still preserved in the Lang family, with long speeches by both these characters.

Miracle Plays, after the Reformation, were generally thrown out and forbidden. In Chester, England, one of their strongholds, they were played for the last time in 1574. They have lingered however, here and there, in remote districts. But this did not reach the Bavarian peasant; and when the plague came, he knew no better device to stay it than to vow to God the performance of this play every ten years. It is as holy a thing to the Ober-Ammergau people, now as it was in 1662, and no one should look at it without a recognition of this great fact.

In 1845 they had the great good fortune to secure for their priest and father, Daisenberger, who was educated at the monastery of Ettal, and who saw the Passion Play in 1830. He was a dramatic author, as well as a good, religious priest. He saw his opportunity; retaining the good parts, he struck out the Devil and all his works, for the Devil was always a coarse, comic, and rather laugh-

able character in the early Miracle Play; he struck out all else that was unworthy, wrote and re-wrote the parts, and trained the actors. A half-century's training under the guidance of so learned and dramatic a writer, who added to his fine faculties profound spirituality and a passionate adherence to the faiths and dogmas of the church, might well create the excellence we find in this now highly intellectual drama. We must remember that the subtle influence of tradition and the acting of plays is the one recreation of their lives, hard-worked, sombre, and stern as must be the life of a Bavarian peasant. It has been their one channel for the two greatest passions of the human heart—love of approbation and the instinct of religious worship. To win fame, please his priest, and to honor God by playing worthily some part in the Passion Play has been the ambition of an Ober-Ammergau peasant for three hundred years. If a man be chosen once for a part, and is found unworthy of it, he suffers terribly and can hardly bear it. As my housefather said (as if they were synonymous terms) "He would either commit suicide or emigrate to America;" he could not stay at home to meet his shame.

Now, as to the preparation of the play. The election of actors takes place in December, one year before the production of the play; and the members of the Committee, before going into council, attend a mass in the church. In regard to the seven or eight principal parts there is rarely any disagreement, but in regard to the seven hundred minor parts there are doubtless antagonisms and jealousies; but when the votes of the Commit-

tee are made public no dissentient voice is heard. One of the older actors is appointed to take charge of the rehearsals, and from his authority there is no appeal. Thus, as they rehearse five times a week, the year of a Passion Play is very hard work; except for their constant familiarity with stage routine, and unbroken habits of stage representation during the intervening years, they could not stand the strain.

It is a thankless return for their hard work that some travelers call them a set of mountebanks acting for money. The truth is the individual actors receive very little. In 1880 Josef Maier got only £60, or $300. In 1890 he only got three times that, while the proceeds were twenty times as much in that Summer. Every dollar of the money goes into the hands of a committee selected by the people. After all expenses are paid, the profits are divided into four portions, one of which goes to the church, the school, the poor; another for the improvement of the village, repair of highway, public buildings, etc.; a third is divided amongst the taxpayers who have incurred the expenses of preparing for the Play, buying the costumes, etc., which are very expensive; the remaining fourth is distributed amongst the players, and as there are seven hundred, their individual gains cannot be great. Every one, except the babies in the tableaux, gets something; fourteen marks to one of these was the smallest sum paid in 1880.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the costumes. They are gorgeous in fabric and color, have been carefully studied from the best pictures, and one who goes to see this Play, even remembering the resources of the Théâtre Français, will be astonished.

The splendor of some of the more crowded scenes is rarely equaled; such a combination of severe simplicity of outlines and contours, classic models of drapery, with brilliancy of coloring, is not to be seen in any other play now acted in the world. These peasants have had other assistance than Daisenberger. The King of Bavaria, Ludwig II, he who made Munich a second Rome or Athens, who loved art so well, and his nephew, the Wagner-loving, crazy King, both had great interest in these humble actors. They gave them every assistance to see and learn what was to be seen in Munich, and sent them valuable stage properties. The breastplate of Caiaphas, which is made of real and very valuable jewels, was a present from the second Ludwig; and a beautiful statue of the last scene, the crucifixion, in marble, which stands near their theatre, was the gift to the town by the unfortunate mad King who drowned himself in the Lake of Starnberg.

From 1814 they had a schoolmaster named Rochus Dedlar, who was a man of almost inspired nature as to music. He was a Wagnerite, no doubt, and composed all this very beautiful music, these choral chants which are the expression and setting of the Play. They resemble Mozart's masses in a way, and are full of solemn beauty. Every day the school-children are drilled in chorus-singing and recitative; with masses and other church music they are naturally very familiar. At their meals each humble family sings a grace most harmoniously. A daughter of this Dedlar is still living in Munich, and the pious Ober-Ammergauites send her a yearly sum of money as a token of their gratitude for her father's services.

I wish I could make you see that beautiful group of chorus-singers—"schulzgeister," as they are called, or guardian angels—who first come on the stage. It lifts the play to its high plane of dignity and beauty at once. They are eighteen men and women in strictly classic costumes,—a full white tunic, with scarlet or gold or purple peplum, embroidered in gold, with bands of gold across the breast. They have crowns, or tiaras, on their heads. The women allow their long, luxuriant hair to float on their shoulders. The men are some of them very handsome. The rhythmic precision with which they enter, take their places, sing their strophe and antistrophe, then fall back to the right and left, is a marvel. Their motions are slow and solemn, their expressions exalted and rapt, their voices beautiful. Just before and just after the crucifixion they come in solemn black. I wondered very much how their dresses stood the drenching which they occasionally get —the rain and the sun is free to fall on them or scorch them, neither of which moves them at all, but all looked perfectly fresh the day I saw them, which was a fine day. They are always in the open.

In any opera house in the United States I wish we could see so perfect a set of chorus-singers as these were. There must be many a soul, I am sure, which has felt nearer to those who are gone before, nearer to those spiritual existences, nearer to our own guardian angels, while listening to these inspired singers.

After the crucifixion came the "rolling away of the stone," the Lord appears, and there is an ascension, which is as perfect a picture as all the rest.

Many were disappointed at not seeing the youthful

Christ, the scene in the Temple "Disputing with the Doctors," but this the learned Daisenberger did not attempt. The play begins, as we have said, with Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

Thus the Passion Play is opera, tableaux, and drama all in one. As a literary work it is of the highest merit. It is divided into eighteen acts, and takes eight hours; but how incomparable were these effects as heightened by the background of mountain and sky, fine distances, and vistas of mountain and meadow, with the canopy of Heaven overhead, with birds flying in and out, while great banks of white clouds gathered and rested and dissolved and floated away as the morning grew to noonday, and the noonday wore on toward night. This closeness of nature is an accessory of illimitable effect, and adds to the last and crowning charm.

And so I listened to the story which to all of us has the most profound significance. How study has refined and educated these poor peasants! What a mine of talent, capacity, dramatic and musical, does this remote mountain village put forth, all because there was one guiding brain and the stimulus of a great idea to lead on and upward the talent which lies dormant in us all.

I should not wish, in this age of doubt and apathy and atheism, to have this Passion Play brought away from its present sacred shelter; but I do wish that in every mountain village there could be the same thorough, careful, and artistic training which these people have had, which has made their faces "to shine like the face of an angel;" they do not look like peasants.

What were our sensations, you will ask, as we witnessed this terrible realism? We forgot that we had

any sensations; we were elevated as we are by the bed of death, in a shipwreck, or in hours of great emotion; we were awed and stilled; and it has occurred to me since that to us who have enjoyed the blessing of being Christians all our lives, daily readers of the Bible, and attendants of church, whether the very familiarity of these blessed truths has not blunted our sensibilities to the wonderful dramatic poetry of this great story. In this play there is no allusion to the infancy of Christ. They are the "Old Catholics" who never keep Christmas, but who celebrate, not "the Mother and Child," but the gloomy crucifixion. Every one who can go should see this play in 1900. And let no one be deterred by the fear that it is an irreligious performance.

Feudal Châteaux on the Loire

I approached Chambord after a contest and a bloodless victory over my courier which put me in that frame of mind with which one should visit the more blood-stained Château of Blois later on.

Couriers, however well mannered, have always one obstinate point which must be combated. They do not intend that their employers shall go where they wish at the time they wish. So long as you are wax in their hands, and "will be taken," they are the most valuable servants; but if you say "I will go to St. Peter's" when the courier has ordained that you shall go to St. Paul's, not all the powers of earth can prevail against them.

Fritz was fatigued; he wished to stay at Blois, where is an excellent inn, and not to show off the glories of the house of Valois until the next day. So there were no horses to be had. Touraine is a fertile province, but to hear Fritz hold forth when I summoned him for his orders after the mid-day breakfast, one would imagine that the equine race had disappeared from France. One would have supposed that the Houyhnhnms had been Protestants, and that a tyrannical Catherine de' Medici had cut off all their heads, to hear Fritz lament the lack of horseflesh to drag us to Chambord.

It was a glorious afternoon. We were not at all tired, although Fritz declared that we looked exhausted.



Prince Napoleon.

There was the spirit of '76 in us, and the more we were told that there were no horses the more we determined to have four, if need be. I saw an amused gleam in the eye of the landlady, and I beckoned her to come to my room. She came. Her neat cap was very much on the top of her head, and triumph in her bright eyes. "Horses?" said I. "Oui, Madame," said she, "many horses. Much horses." Soon a neat Victoria and pair stood triumphantly at the private door. And there, in high hat, *de rigueur*, stood the discomfited Fritz. I had disdained to mention to him that he was expected to do his usual service.

And in that way, by hiring a *valet de place*, I had broken his proud spirit. I willingly paid two francs and a half for this Roman triumph. Never did so little money buy so much victory. Fritz would no more have relinquished the pleasure of informing us all about Chambord than would Sidney Smith have given up the pleasure of talking down Macaulay. "Valet de place," indeed! "It is strange," said I, contemplatively, "that *I* can always get horses when you cannot, Fritz."

But this was most ignoble. As the discharged *valet de place* trotted off on half-pay, I rose to the situation and gave myself up to dreams of Francis I. If ever there was a King worth dreaming of, he was the man.

I had been dreaming of him during my journey through Feudal France, from beautiful, fortified Carcassonne, through Toulon, and Narbonne, and Avignon, Pau, etc., up to noble old Bordeaux, and here I was within an afternoon's drive of the house he built in his gay youth. Do you wonder I wished to circumvent Fritz? Touraine is always lovely, and history in all its

most poetical amplitude lay about me. Here I might follow up the story of the most gallant boy of all those three gallant boys who began to reign before they were twenty—Francis I, Henry VIII, and Charles V. They kicked kingdoms about as to-day they might kick football. I should recall the footmarks of their contemporaries. Their spiritual father, Pope Leo X, was only thirty-six, and was walking about, laying his white Medicean hand on the shoulders of Raphael when Francis was picking up Titian's brush, and art was religion to them all.

And I could remember the other famous contemporaries whom time had not yet revealed — the gay Don Ignace, who was playing a guitar to some beautiful señorita, and who afterwards played on the heart strings of men as Ignatius Loyola; and I might give a thought to the little German monk who was composing "Old Hundred" for us to sing four hundred years later on—one Martin Luther. And where were the three Marguerites, of Valois, of Lorraine, and of Navarre? Could I not reanimate Catherine de' Medici, Diane de' Poictiers, Mary Queen of Scots, and was even Joan of Arc, in her armor,

> "Thou fairest lily in the shield of France,
> With heart of virgin gold,"

to be seen?

You see I got into better company than Fritz long before I reached Chambord. Yes, there it lay before me, serene and beautiful, the handsomest empty, useless house in France, lying serenely on its vast green plain. Nor can I give its surprising effect upon me as I gazed at its many gables, turrets, ornamental chimneys, vast

sweep of front, noble stone platforms and loggias. Oh, how lovely it looks as it stands there alone, a rectangle five hundred feet long, in pale gray stone! It is a type of a vanished age, a powerful voice from a powerful past when Might meant Right. Here grew up, to gratify the caprices of the most romantic of lovers, a grand flirt on a grand scale, this exquisite Italian palace fortress.

Francis I, when young Count d'Angoulème, had here fallen in love with the Countess de Thomy (Chambord had become Crown property under Louis XII, but it was simply a hunting box for the Counts of Blois). He found it a ruin, he left it a palace. He began to improve it in 1525, just after his return from Spain, that sad captivity. He spent 444,570 livres in building his folly before he died, in 1547—an enormous sum when labor was so cheap, the masons getting only five cents a day.

Stately as is the outside, the inside of Chambord is even more superb and wonderful. There is the famous spiral staircase, two corkscrews following each other, soaring up two hundred feet, until one emerges in the lantern, where Catherine de' Medici consulted the stars with Ruggieri, her astrologer. This colossal *fleur-de-lis* on the roof towers above a forest of pinnacles. There are twelve staircases at Chambord! It was intended as a home for a royal retinue; and well it served its purpose. Who could give any idea of its architectural anatomy. There are five hundred spacious rooms, many vast salons, once filled with rich furniture, rare books, costly pictures, and all the elaborate frescoes, stately sculptures, which their art-loving King gathered around him. Here once assembled the wit, poetry, and intel-

lect of a cultivated age, surrounding Francis in his beautiful dress, the trunk hose and slashed doublet, the broad hat trimmed with jewels, one of the handsomest men of his day, in spite of his too large nose.

Francis was always beautifully dressed. He had the Italian sense of costume, formed perhaps from his friend Leonardo da Vinci, whom he brought to France. This enlightened, gay flirt and unfortunate warrior—for he was always beaten by Charles V—founded the Collége de France and the École des Beaux Arts. In fact, he was the father of the Renaissance in France and was the most magnificent builder of fine houses. Chambord was, however, his greatest achievement in building; and as one comes down to the great donjon, which is divided on each floor into four *salles des gardes*, one sees how admirably this château is arranged for defense. This was a fortress as well as a palace. A hundred separate lives, the soldier-King, lover, poet, student, and monk, a hundred beautiful women, in brocades and diamonds, might have lived here and have seldom met. It is an enchanted palace, guarded by Titan towers, and as we drove away, its pinnacles and spires, under the light of a new moon, looked like a fantastic army of plumed knights.

In 1547, Francis I, the gallant Captain of Pavia, died, and the bright light went out of Chambord. It was never so gay again, although always a royal residence (until the days of the Terror), but was not again destined to so glorious a scene of royal frivolity as during the period from 1515 to 1540, the days of the imperial power of Francis. The little monk and the Spanish soldier became the rulers of men's thoughts, and the

struggle for religious ideas began. Persecution also was to reign for a couple of centuries. It gave name and title to the disappointed Henri V, the last of the Bourbons. He never even visited it. The phantom of feudal power had passed. Chambord is the Don Quixote of palaces. And with persecution comes up the name of Catherine de' Medici, who lived much at Chambord.

We drove back to Blois to sleep over it, and the next day attacked the Château of Blois. Right in the city it stands, for ages the residence of Princes and Kings, the haunt of bigotry, the stage of direful tragedy.

It is a picturesque assemblage of the architecture of three great epochs—the thirteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. It was destroyed after its occupancy by the Valois Kings, but Duban restored it. It is built on the site of a Roman camp, at the conjunction of the Loire and the Aron. Here was born Louis XII of France, called the "Father of his People." Almost all the political acts of this great, wise, and good monarch were performed at Blois, where he always lived excepting when off with his army in Italy.

He had magnificent taste, and enriched this palace with a valuable gallery of pictures, and gathered books which became the foundation of the great library of Paris. Here one sees the fretful porcupine, the device of Louis XII, on the ceiling, walls, and tapestries—a curious emblem for this peace-loving King. Here died Claude of Lorraine, the wife of Francis I, and here died Anne of Brittany. And here also lived cruel Catherine de' Medici. Here secret duel and assassination were the order of the day; here magnificent fêtes and pompous

ceremonials were constantly happening; and here, on December 23, 1588, the Duc de Guise, head of the Catholic League, was foully murdered, and the next day was assassinated his brother, the haughty, unscrupulous Cardinal de Lorraine—all because they stood in the way of Catherine de' Medici. The Loire ran red with blood. This castle is picturesque, as what is not picturesque in the Valley of the Loire? As a mediæval curiosity, enlivened for us all by the novels of Dumas, Blois is interesting.

Fritz had forgiven me, and so he made no trouble about horses when I told him that we would drive to Amboise and to Chenonceaux. A pretty drive from Blois brought us to Amboise, now the property of the heirs of the Count de Paris. A charming park, well cared for, surrounds it for several miles, and, standing high on a bluff, rises this vast and powerful citadel. Enormous towers ninety feet high and forty-two feet in diameter are at either extremity. A carriage road cut through the solid rock took us to the top, whence we saw a picture of romantic beauty.

The chief attractions of Amboise are its eighteen centuries of historic associations. Here occurred tragic scenes, sieges and battles, bloody butcheries, and Machiavellian plots, pompous ceremonials, and sumptuous fêtes. Noted births, deaths, and marriages all occurred here. Here was born Charles VII, and here he was accidentally killed. Here Francis I spent his idolized youth. Here he received his cruel jailer, Charles V, and, with a magnanimity which nothing could surpass, gave him free pass to his own fair city of Ghent. Here Francis II and the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots spent

their honeymoon. Here occurred that effort of the Guises to get the young King away from his Jezebel of a mother, which she answered back politely but succinctly by cutting off all their heads. So they were naturally silenced. Catherine had a little way with her which was most convincing and saved discussion.

Here as a prisoner, in 1842, came Abd-el-Kader, and one can see the blood of the sheep slaughtered for his dinners on the stone floors. But Amboise has a little Chapel of St. Hubert—most lovely, worth coming to France to see.

Only ten miles farther on stands Chenonceaux, unique in its situation, construction, and history. It is still as fair and beautiful as when Diana of Poitiers combed her black hair, looking up and down the river. "I throw my wishes out of one window and my regrets out of the other," she wrote to her royal lover, who had built her a dressing-room right across the river. This most beautiful of all the feudal châteaux, a monument of the Renaissance, spanning the river, and confronting us with memories of mediæval days with its picturesque mass of lofty walls and hanging balconies, bold buttresses, pillared arches, graceful doorways, and pointed turrets, is a most exquisite thing. Its principal rooms look up and down the Loire. Words fail to describe this château of Chenonceaux, this darling of architecture. After having been the favorite of Francis I, Diana fascinated his son, Henri II, husband to Catherine, and Chenonceaux was purchased for Diana, and became a royal residence. Diana continued the building by extending the bridge to the north bank of the river and erecting thereon a handsome gallery

and rooms. Thither her royal lover would join her after hunting. Her initial, "D," with a crescent, is joined to his everywhere. Here she spent eleven years. I wonder Catherine de' Medici did not poison or throttle her; but, in the midst of her luxury, her tasteful embellishment of the château, and her lawns and flower gardens, came the disastrous news that the King, Henri II, had been killed in a tournament. Catherine made no bones of turning Diana out, and gave her the alternative of going to the gloomy Château de Chaumont.

Then came in a residence of thirty years at Chenonceaux for Catherine. She made it the arena of festivities, pleasures, and artistic work. She took Francis II and Mary Queen of Scots there after the bloody butcheries of Amboise.

It is curious that a deserted wife could bear to live in a house which bore the reminiscences of a husband so faithless as was Henri II, but Catherine did not mind them. She enriched it immensely with her splendid Italian taste. She made the most lavish expenditures on park and garden. Here she lived with her forty beautiful women—"her forty fair frailties," as she called them. The old wretch! She used them to fascinate Protestants and Catholic alike, and lived through three decades. She would have triumphal arches, monumental columns, and statues erected, with leaping fountains, antique altars, fireworks and the thunders of artillery, and all kinds of devices and poetic descriptions to give her fêtes the stamp of magnificence, novelty, and refined art. The long gallery on the bridge, filled with pictures, became one vast banquet hall, and the songs and jests of courtiers replaced the



Prince Louis Napoleon in 1869.

wishes and the regrets which Diana of Poitiers used to throw out to the fishes. There was Marguerite, the sparkling daughter of Catherine, whose love match with Balafré, the Duc de Guise, she broke up because old Catherine wished her to become the Aspasia-wife of Henry of Navarre.

But here one invades the great province of the novelist. Alexandre Dumas will tell you in his gay pages all that story better than I can.

Taine, André Theuriet, Mme. Adam, and Some Others

In the Summer of 1887 I had a great bit of good fortune in seeing in his retirement, at Annecy, the author of those splendid compilations and critical essays on the English dramatists, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, the most accomplished writer of his day on literature.

To go to Annecy was of itself a treat, the most beautiful of all the old Savoyard cities. Situated on its own beautiful lake, sacred to the memory of François de Sales, this exquisite town is the dearest of all the resorts of the antiquary within the radius of a day from Aix-les-Bains, which is saying everything.

My cousin, the Countess Gianotti, had taken a villa there for the Summer, and had asked me to pay her a little visit. It was but a short distance from Aix by train, and I gladly accepted. She promised me not only a view of the lake, but a visit from André Theuriet, the author of "Amour d'Automne," the most delicate, pure, and flower-like of modern French novels, and she added on to the attractiveness of her welcome to the pretty villa where she rested with her beautiful young daughters for the Summer, a visit to Taine, who, with his wife and daughter, was her near neighbor.

I had just been reading Taine's tribute to Ben Jon-

son, and I could not but ask him how he could so well understand that somewhat incomprehensible genius. He pointed to his wife, an accomplished Englishwoman, who he said was his English teacher. Taine was a tall man, afflicted with a determined squint, but otherwise good-looking, and of quiet, not demonstrative address. He had the charm of a scholar, the free, flowing, almost ceaseless, way of talking, which reminded me of his writing, in which he never seemed to get to the end of his knowledge.

He talked to me very much of our American writers; thought we were rich in historians. "Your Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Irving; your poets, Bryant, Halleck, Willis, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier; your novel writers [he went on with ceaseless rapidity]; your Mark Twain, where shall I put him?" He looked at his wife for help, for he spoke no English.

"Humorist," said she. "Universal genius," said I. "*Oui, oui,*" said he; and he talked long and well about Mark Twain.

Had he ever read "Joan of Arc," by that versatile author, he would have been most enthusiastic and more astonished.

I was astonished that he could have understood Mark Twain, but on asking Mme. Taine, she said that "type had no secrets from Taine."

As he talked with enthusiasm of the calm and quiet of the retreat by the Lake of Annecy, "a good place to write," he said, we rather took that as a hint to go, so left the great critic reluctantly.

But the next morning he returned our call, attired in a soft felt hat and loose Summer costume, which rather

recalled Tennyson, and charmed me with his simplicity and gentleness and his wonderful knowledge.

André Theuriet came to luncheon with us. The simplest of men, with an air of such ease and indifference to outward things that it was impossible to believe that this country gentleman was the man about whom all learned Paris was at that time quarreling as to whether or not he should have a chair in the Academy.

He was elected, however, and is one of the Immortal Forty. He was very much pleased with my enthusiasm over "Amour d'Automne," and gave me leave to translate it. I found, however, that some one else had forestalled me here.

He spoke of the Lake of Annecy as a perpetual inspiration. Its gemlike atmosphere, the sun always going down in opal tints, and the rose light, inseparable to that neighborhood south of Mont Blanc, to its ample flora, those wild flowers of which he always makes such use in his beautiful stories.

"And then, antiquity so near," I ventured to say. "It always seems to me that Time stands here, with finger on lip, saying, 'Respect some of my best work.' "

"That is true of all France and of all Savoy," he added. "That is a great help—one which your American novelists have not."

"No, we have too much Present and no Past."

"The Present alone is ours," said Theuriet.

I have just come from the Feudal Châteaux on the Loire, the ever fascinating scenery of Touraine, and we talked much of them and their builders, particularly of Francis I, who, he said, was reading enough for all time. "It would be delightful to be able to write

one's romances in stone and mortar, as he did," said Theuriet.

"Do you remember what D'Israeli said of Munich: 'A poet on a throne has realized his dreams.' "

"Yes," said Theuriet, "I have always wished that Louis of Bavaria had been better worth that noble saying."

"But it is much more the great privilege of genius to lead a little girl out of the fields and make us her slave."

He bowed low to the compliment, and with the grace of a French gentleman said: "You bring honeyed words from your great country."

He was very curious about America. He said the more he read about it the less he understood it. I told him that the confusion and the noise, the labor question, and the fight all floated across the Atlantic, but that the charm of the American home was silenced: that did not travel, but that was a fact.

"But the American travels. I see many of them in Paris and Aix-les-Bains, and they seem so prosperous, so serene, so untroubled. Madame so sympathetic [he bowed to us American ladies]—Monsieur not so much so."

We laughed and told him that he should come to America, where we found "Monsieur" so very attractive. "No, too afraid of the sea," he said; and then he began talking, as all Frenchmen do, of Edgar Allan Poe.

I think I never talked with any Frenchman who had not this stereotyped remark of his lips: "Did you know Edgar Allan Poe, and what was the secret of his existence?" As I did not know him, I used to whisper "Absinthe," with a look of mystery. Then the French

questioner would nod his head, and seek no farther. This answer conveyed the idea; but there was a woeful lack of local color, for I suppose poor Poe had to put up with American whisky, and perhaps had never tasted the fatal green fluid so well known to Frenchmen. But I struck on a subject as full of *ennui* to Theuriet as Edgar Allan Poe was to me. I asked him if he had known Eugène Sue, who lived at Annecy once on a time.

I think he told me that he had gone to school to him. At any rate, he said that Sue had taught some boys at Annecy, after he was compelled to fly from Paris for his political heresies, and that no one suspected him of being a genius, although he had wonderful eyes. When I told him that I had known Sue's half-sisters, the little "Rose et Blanche" of "The Wandering Jew," he seemed to take an interest. "That makes him human," he said. Evidently he did not care much for Sue, but gladly heard about the little twin sisters, the daughters of Dr. Niles, who married Eugène Sue's mother. One has lately died in Europe; the other became Mme. Adam Badeau, and is, I believe, still living.

They could tell me very little of their distinguished half-brother, whose enormous genius as a story teller once affected the world as only Stevenson has done since. When I told André Theuriet that I cried half a day over the murder of the poor white horse who was to save the twins, in my youth, as I first read "The Wandering Jew," he laughed and said, "That was indeed an embarrassing situation."

He evidently found Eugène Sue as great a bore as I found Edgar Allan Poe, so we relegated these two to

their immortality, while we talked of St. François de Sales, ever a present and interesting topic to a resident of Annecy, where they regarded him with so much tenderness that it was made an article in the treaty by which Savoy was ceded to France in 1845, that his remains should not be removed from Annecy, where they have reposed in the Cathedral for centuries.

What struck me in Theuriet and in Taine was the quiet absence of any appearance of ambition. There was perfect tranquillity, such as one never sees in any American man. That hope for something better in the future, that earnest unrest so characteristic of our men and women, to whom the future is so full of possibilities that brain, which Dr. Howe used to say "made so many Boston people go crazy," is not so uneasy there as here. To be content to be poor, comparatively unknown, living humbly, seems to even the most celebrated men and women in France their natural fate. A tranquil and safe livelihood they all desire, and most of them attain, but they are not envious of the Rothschilds. They do respect the *ancien noblesse*, but when Louis XI put an end to the feudal power he did not rub out that feudal influence, born and bred in the French people. This contentment with a little, this making so much of every day, this mediæval pleasure in doing one's work well and in tranquil ease waiting for it to be appreciated, is so un-American that it is, or was, to me a perpetual study.

I noticed it very much in Mme. Henri Gréville, a literary queen, whose romances are a joy to all contemporaneous French readers, and highly appreciated all over the world.

Mme. Gréville is a disciple of George Sand at her best—the George Sand of "La Petite Fadette," "La Marc au Diable," those lovely and pure romances, the white alabaster stone in Sand's variegated monument. I found her a very agreeable and most unpretending woman, living simply on the other side of the Seine on the Quai Voltaire, that interesting part of Paris where we Americans go so seldom except to buy books and curios, or to make our infrequent journeys to the antiquities of Paris, and there was a silent renunciation of the distinction which she might have claimed which was most beautiful. She became a great friend of mine. I hope that she remembers me with half the pleasure that I remember her, as, seated in her pretty salon, with the floor covered with fur, a taste she must have brought from Russia, where she spent many years, she told me so many interesting things which had happened to herself.

"But tell me," I asked her, "why you never by any chance gave us the story of that dissolute and fascinating creature known as the Russian Princess in all the novels, of the period? The Nadeje of Balsac and the Nadine of the younger Dumas? You have no Dame aux Camélias in your Russian stories."

"It was not for lack of material," said Mme. Gréville, the woman getting the better of the artist for a moment. "But I owed everything to those noble Russian women who were kind to me, and I lived in religious families and saw what never gets into the novels, a side of Russian life most respectable and orderly and good, that I have tried to depict. There were many other pens at work with the Dolgorukis and Suvaroffs. It is a

great part of the life of a romance writer to know what to renounce. I never loved or envied the lurid side of life."

Here, I thought, is the reverse of Ouida.

We talked of George Sand, and she attributed her inspirations to Jean Jaques Rousseau.

"But," said I, "did not Balzac inspire Flaubert, and both inspire George Sand?"

"Oh, no! She inspired herself, and back of her was Rousseau. She was a woman inherently noble, and her later novels were written to excuse her 'fantasies,' by which she was crowded into a path which all her natural instincts abhorred."

I tried to make Mme. Gréville talk of "Elle et Lui" and "Lui et Elle," but she would not. She seemed to hate and to despise all that sort of criticism and not to love the author of "Une Nuit d'Octobre."

The last of these immortals whom I was to see in that year was Mme. Adam, the editor of the *Nouvelle Revue*, of whom I had read such enthusiastic accounts, as the "beautiful Juliette Lamber," whose tender eyes, wreathing lips, and exquisite physiognomy had inspired this account, when she first started the *Nouvelle Revue*.

"The vocation of Mme. Adam is for politics; of that fact there has never been a doubt in the minds of thoughtful men in America and Europe. Her clear judgment and trenchant opinions will soon find their natural and untrammeled outlet in the pages of her magazine. She is a living power in the intellectual pageant of the times, and many a politician whose ambition for self-aggrandizement exceeds his desire for the good of the race [*sic*] will receive his deathblow from

those rosy fingers armed with the stiletto keener than an Italian's dagger, the pen of a woman editor."

This writer went on to say, I remember: "Looking at Mme. Adam and hearing her talk is occupation so delightful and satisfying that one has little opportunity to desire to take in her outward surroundings; yet while she presses the hand of a friend at the door as he departs a great light in contemporary French history, or while she rapidly scans the cards which are brought in unceasingly, one's eye travels over her noble editorial room," etc. "But those who have penetrated the heart of the rose find out how charmingly feminine, how nobly artistic are the private tastes of Juliette Lamber," and so on.

She was doubtless a beautiful woman, stepping from a high position in the fashionable world to the function of dictator in a great paper. She became, it was said, the Egeria of Gambetta.

But it was not my fortune to see her until twenty years after. I never saw those editorial rooms in the Boulevard Poissonière which she made so famous. I was taken by an American friend of hers to her quiet, handsome house (in the Avenue de l'Alma I should say, but I do not remember where), and introduced to a fine-looking old lady with white hair, who presented to me her granddaughter. A Frenchwoman's dress always fits well, no matter how old she is, and I noticed the neat little feet in black satin boots. The address and welcome of Mme. Adam were dignified and courteous. She offered us a cup of chocolate and a biscuit, and some very good music was being played by the composer from an opera which was to be produced that evening.

On the walls were drawings by Bastien-Lepage, the artist of Joan of Arc, and she showed me a very funny note from him, with a hastily drawn pen-and-ink sketch of himself and his brother as they returned from fishing, two of the wettest, most bedraggled figures; it was his way of declining a hasty invitation to dinner, she said. Some one talked to me of the amusements going, advised me to see George Sand's "François de Champi" at the Comédie, the splendid spectacle at the Gymnase, "Les Femmes Nerveuses" at the Vaudeville (perhaps the title attracted me), and "Le Roy d'Ys," which I had just heard at Aix—Mme. Adam making funny comments on all this catalogue. Then they all began talking of a piece which M. Vacquerie was to bring out at the Gymnase called "Jealousy."

They were all excited that a man who had hitherto written only classical pieces for the Odéon and Théâtre Français should descend to the Gymnase. And he, it was said, had answered that drama was banished from the house of Molière, and that it was no disgrace to bring out his work at a house where "'Le Maître de Forge' and 'Serge Panine' had been played."

I was immensely amused at the seriousness with which this question was argued by all present, and thought it typical of that interest in the drama and in music which is never absent from the French mind.

Then a wit present told a story of a *nouveau riche* who wished to buy a picture of the "Curiaces," those three noble brothers whom we remember in "Viri Romæ."

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Three thousand francs," was the answer.

"That is too high," she said. "Ah, could you not sell me two Curiaci?"

That sounded rather American, and I was glad when the composer struck up again a waltz from his new opera, which was wildly danceful.

Mme. Adam, in her gray, well-fitting gown, her still handsome face, her delightful conversation, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, still keeps her hold on that *ésprit de Paris*. She grows old gracefully. To her come all the artists, musicians, and men of letters. Fascination is a gift of the gods. It knows no limitation of youth or age. It is a quality as hidden as electricity. We are drawn to people we know not why. Mme. Adam was perhaps sixty-six when I saw her, and she had advanced boldly to meet Time, asking no concessions, yet I think she was enjoying life as well as she did at twenty-six — perhaps far more, for she had her own library of well-filled books to draw upon in her own brain.

She has said some good things; such as "We need the friendship of a man in great trials, in momentous epochs; that of a woman in the affairs of every day."

In speaking of Ouida, whose talents she greatly admired, she said:

"Ouida is like Doré—she requires a large canvas."

She has always been a great admirer of Gladstone. She was charmed "that after two thousand years he found something new to say about Homer." She is herself a good Greek scholar, and has a profound appreciation of those mines of literary treasure.

Her house is full of paintings, statues, bric-à-brac, and tapestries, books everywhere, and on the tapestries

hung in little frames the letters, autographs, sketches of nearly every celebrity of the last forty years.

It has been her good fortune to make a friend of Miss Helen Stanley, who has translated many of her articles for the American magazines, for Mme. Adam has never learned English. She knows her own tongue so well that perhaps she should be forgiven for not learning ours. The importance of other vocabularies did not seem great to women of her epoch. Now nearly all young French people speak English, and it is taught in the schools by a national edict. She is fond of Americans and always treats them graciously.

Bernhardt, Coquelin, and Others

It was in 1880 that I saw Sarah Bernhardt, on her first visit to America. She was met at the theatre by a most superb and attentive audience. This modern Parisienne, born for "Frou-Frou" and "Marguerite Gautier," made a lamentable failure in "Phèdre." That masterpiece of Racine was too large for her. Even her poetic admirer, William Winter, declared that there was neither "majesty nor tenderness in her impersonation, and that the nameless agonies of self-contempt, the remorse for degrading and remorseless sin, she did not feel."

Now, as this is about all that there is to "Phèdre," this was a most discouraging criticism. The "rhymed anguish of the great Racine" wore out even William Winter. Measuring her with Rachel, she was a failure, but as an emotional, clever, dramatic artist of the second class, superb in depicting the modern morbid (which is a school by itself, not the antique morbid, which is another school), there was a versatile cleverness and power in her which won admiration and wonder. Her beautiful voice, her exquisite French, caused her to become a real teacher of that wonderful language. The singularity of her appearance, so thin that she was said to sleep in an umbrella case; her long arms, accentuated by spotted sleeves, looked like snakes; her fondness for disagreeable animals—all these eccentricities were pub-

lished by her advertisers, until she had to deny some of the things said of her in print. "No, I do not sleep in a coffin," she wrote. "I prefer a bed. I do not eat stewed cats, lizard's tails, and peacock's brains. Do I like to play at croquet with skulls? Perhaps! I have the skeleton of a man who died of love for me! Perhaps!

"No! You ask me what my theory of life is. It is represented by the word 'Will,' just as my art is represented by the word 'nature.' *Quand même*, you know is my device."

Sarah Bernhardt is the daughter of a Dutch Jewess mother and a Parisian Catholic father, the latter causing her to be brought up in a convent at Grandchamps, as a Catholic, until she was fifteen. After that her Jewish mother took her from the nuns, who were distracted with her pranks, and declared that she should be an actress. She was presented for examination at the Conservatoire. To gain admission she had to recite a piece of poetry. All she knew was the "Deux Pigeons," by Lafontaine. Auber presided on the occasion, and as she boldly trotted up on the stage he said he saw all her future in her strange eyes—"comedy, tragedy, drama, and a bit of madness."

"Assez, assez," said Auber, "you have told your fable very well, and are admitted." Instructed by Prévost and Samson, she made her *début* in "Iphigenie en Aulide," in 1862. She did not make a success; Sarah has never been classic. She forsook the "Maison de Molière" for the "Gymnase," from which she ran away to Spain; re-appeared at the Théâtre Port St. Martin under an assumed name; played the part of the Princess Desirée in the "Biche au Bois"; and even sank

so low as to sing in the choruses. Afterward she made an engagement at the Odéon, where she appeared in 1867, on Molière's birthday, as Armand in the "Femmes Savantes," and began to be famous.

Here in the next five years this original and eccentric woman produced "Zacharte in Athalie," her first theatrical success, to be followed by a great day of triumph by the creation of Zanetto in François Coppé's "La Passant," in 1869, and in "Ruy Blas," in which she played the part of the Queen of Spain, and showed herself an artist. These two pieces attracted the attention of Perrin, the reconstructor of the Comédie Française, who offered her an engagement. This, to a French artist, is the culmination of human hopes. She, however, made two failures—first one in "Delila," and the other as Cherubin in the "Mariage de Figaro." But Octave Feuillet's "Sphinx" brought the extraordinary powers of this fine, passionate, gifted actress to the fullest development; and although, after her, Croizette, who appeared in the same piece, gained the greater applause of the multitude, Sarah always commanded the approbation of the critics.

I have seen her at her best in Théodora, a part absolutely made for her, and at her very worst as Joan of Arc. I can conceive of no greater power of failure than she displayed in this familiar story, in which she was dwarfed by her dress, by her monotonous monologue, which William Winter found so tiresome; nor anything so consummate as her success in the wily wife of the learned Justinian, where she jumps from the feeder of the bears to a throne, the great Théodora. It was immense.

She can die better than any other actress on the stage. I once saw her die from slow poison. I forget the name of the play, but she hears, as she is losing sight and hearing, the voice of the man she loves seeking to enter. Her groping for her lost senses, her effort to shake off the clouds of the insidious draught, the final sudden drop forward dead, as her lover enters, was perhaps the finest dramatic death ever seen. It is horrible; it is bad art to represent death on the stage; but if it must be done, let Sarah do it. She has a terrible gift that way.

At times she is very pretty, exquisitely graceful; her soft brown hair curls in fringes about her forehead, she can be as feminine, as alluring, as coquettish, as sweet as she pleases.

She made capital out of her defects, and made her thinness so attractive that she was sought for by all the artists in tea gowns. There were one hundred and fifty full-length portraits of her in the Salon in twelve years.

Of her curious taste in animal pets I once had an illustration. I was staying at a hotel in St. Louis. She came along in her private car to play an engagement in that city. She desired to take up her quarters at my hotel. I think it may have been the Planters' House, but she declared that she must bring her beloved snakes, a box full of them, to sleep in her room. All the ladies in the house protested, and the divine Sarah and her snakes slept in her car.

She also pets a scratching wildcat, which tears her hands. Here comes out that character which she assumes so well in Théodora—of the daughter of the bear trader. She dresses her parts superbly. "Wedges

of gold! great anchors, heaps of pearls, inestimable stones, unvalued jewels." Splendid, brilliant, fantastic, odd, Sarah Bernhardt is an exceptional creature, a new departure of the human race. She is very rich, she saves her money—here her Jewish blood comes to her rescue, although French actors are apt to be provident; Berthelier, whom some one called the Lester Wallack of Paris, died, in 1887, very rich, leaving two large houses and a splendid collection of pictures. He had played an enormous number of rôles and died universally respected. I saw him in "Le Dragon de la Reine," very handsome and gallant, just before he died.

Sarah Bernhardt is said to have given her son, Maurice Bernhardt, a handsome dot, 50,000f, when he married the Princess Jauboulouski, who was a fellow student of some American artists at Julian's, in Paris. They described her as "pretty but dangerous."

A very handsome actor in Paris, named Damala, is called "Sarah Bernhardt's husband." I believe that she went through a marriage ceremony with him, but soon divorced him. When I saw him he was playing "The Ironmaster" with Jane Hading, one of the most beautiful women I ever saw on the stage. They were neither of them such great geniuses as is Sarah.

This distinguished woman has now grown rather stout. She is not her old self, but she is something very fine still. Born in 1845, she is but a little over half a century old, and has twenty years yet before she will reach the age at which many a French actress has made a conquest of her public.

All good Americans who have been to Paris will feel a pleasant sensation as I name Coquelin, prince of the

great dramatic art. I had the pleasure once to cross the ocean with him, and to talk of the curious tribute to him paid by the Comédie Française when he tried to leave it. He was just then returning to Paris, out of which he could no more live than a humming bird could live out of a flower garden. He was a Boulevardier in his heart, but he had enjoyed America and his great American triumph. He had never been more admired or appreciated.

I showed Coquelin what had been written about all this and about his coming to America. He laughed and refused to talk of it, but he acknowledged its correctness.

Coquelin argues that he has served his time out; that he has made them laugh a quarter of a century, and that he has been but poorly paid. It is evident that he was sighing for some of our American dollars. No one can deny that Coquelin has been one of the most active and useful of all the workers at the Comédie. What will it be without him? He is the best comedian in the world; no one can speak too highly of him. To see him play "Le Parisian" is to see the dramatic art at its culminating point. But will he be so good out of his setting? There are thus two sides to the question. What has the Comédie Française done for Coquelin?

Among his celebrated contemporaries are Delannay and Got. The former, it is argued, does not claim his right to leave, and does not go to make money in the provinces of his renown gained at the Française. Got is still in his place, although legally he has won the right to "retire into the cheese." Public opinion is against the literal interpretation of the legal contract which enables an actor to retire after twenty-five years' service with a pension, and also to commute, so to speak, his vacations, taking them all in one lump. That is to say, so intensely do the Parisians desire Coquelin, so immensely do they appreciate him, that they do not intend to give him up.

Still, no one can compel Coquelin to play at the Comédie any more than we can compel a nightingale to sing. He will go to America if he chooses; and happy shall we be to get him. Coquelin cannot reproach the Comédie with any neglect or inattention. He has the

highest position which an artist can desire. They have put him in the best place, the highest rank. He is the first comedian of his day in the city where theatrical fame is most considered and most to be desired. Indeed, people have stopped praising him, as no one speaks of the light of the sun—it is an established fact. His presence has made the fortune of the Comédie; his absence threatens it with ruin, and even the public asks, almost plaintively, "Can you forget, Coquelin, all our flowers, all our praises, all our tears, when you were sublime and inspired—all our smiles when you were funny, all our applause when you were clever? Of all our applause does no souvenir remain in your heart?"

They urge that an artist has, above all, his moral contract with the public, and that every great artist respects it. I was much touched to hear the message which old Alboni sent in before she began to sing at Aix. She was so lame and so heavy that she could not stand, but she sent a polite message that she "trusted her audience would forgive her, and would not think her disrespectful if she sat during her song." Now, that was the feeling of the true artist, respecting herself and respecting the public. The Parisian press feels aggrieved at the cool manner in which Coquelin takes the key from the door and shuts it behind him, as if it were a house he had hired, and now leaves, without a regret for the house or for the public or for his comrades or for his friends. They remind him that for him the authors have written important rôles, that for him they have all worked, that the French dramatic literature has been influenced in his favor, and they claim that he simply balances himself upon his "talon wage"—great toe—and says, "De quoi te mêles, tu, faquin?" They are wounded to the quick!

But they must remember that Coquelin has rescued Molière for their répertoire; that indeed upon him has fallen the mantle of his distinguished predecessor. The renown of a comedian is never, however, his own property; he has to consider his author, his public, his collaborateurs. Again, if he does not wish to play here he cannot be forced. "He is not Mascarille, between two gendarmes." Genius is always free—alas! it is sometimes freaky!

It is doubtful whether his marvelous diction, his exquisite fun, his superhuman cleverness, will be as much appreciated in Buenos Ayres and New York as it is in Paris, where people go to the theatre every night and make the dramatic art a study—and a profound one. These admirers claim that if Coquelin thinks more of money than of his fame as an artist, that it is a sign of approaching decadence. In

fact, the critics try every possible art of satire, of abuse, of suggestion, of advice, of threat, even, to make Coquelin stay here with them. They say if he comes back hungering and thirsting for his Paris, as he doubtless will, that they will then not receive him.

Paris is an exceptional city as regards theatricals. There are no such audiences elsewhere. A Parisian audience will mark the slightest shade of the delicate art of the comedian. It is a city of artists. Its bourgeoisie live at the theatre, and, as one of the papers wittily says, there is a subtile agent in the air, a sort of microbe, which enlarges the mind for the critical faculty, which excites the fancy and improves the taste. It is this neat decision which gives an artist the "médaille d'or," the appreciation of Paris. Ask any painter, musician, or actor if he feels the same inspiration out of Paris that he does in it. He will tell you that away from Paris he feels no inspiration; that he does not work with the same energy or spontaneity. When Coquelin, after dining in the Rue Lafayette, goes to the Théâtre Français he is full of this Parisian fever—he burns to be superior to himself.

This is so unlike our way of looking at things in America. We do not hold the dramatic art in the same esteem. I was one day talking with a lady, eminent in literature, of a high social position in Paris, whose daughter had gone on the stage. She said that an eminent tragedian in America, whom we all knew, had just broken his contract with her daughter, treating her very badly. That she intended publishing all the letters. She said that the one evil the young lady had not been warned against, the utter unreliability of managers, was the great evil attending the dramatic art in America, and that it was a most severe evil for the young artist. She quoted, with some decided expressions of approval, the better system in France, by which both parties are bound.

After enjoying seeing Coquelin and his son, who is his image, play together on the steamer some charming farces, I had the pleasure to see them together at the house of Dr. Brachet in Aix-les-Bains, a hospitable house always open to actors. We went to picnics together, and Coquelin brought his old mother, to whom he was most kind, like all French sons. Coquelin Cadet, his brother, was of the party, and as funny and as awk-

ward as he can be on the stage when he prefers to play the gawky. The pretty little Reichamberg was with him, as soft and sweet an *ingénue* as ever smiled on an audience.

I once saw, at Mrs. Mackay's, in London, Coquelin Cadet and Mme. Reichamberg play in a little comedy, of two people who had been left by the train. They did not know each other; they were left there for the night. The only stage property was the lady's trunk, which she sat upon. Coquelin Cadet attempted to share her seat, but she immediately rose. He then shouldered his umbrella, as if it were a rifle, mounted guard, and marched up and down to protect her. He finally asks her if she is married, and her "Non, Monsieur, Je suis veuve" was accompanied by such a look of supreme modesty and ladylike caution that the whole audience shrieked with laughter. Out of this very slight material these two great artists, imported by Mrs. Mackay, at an immense expense, to amuse the Prince, kept us laughing for an hour.

I saw Mounet-Sully's Hamlet, which struck me as hysterical. I never could admire that actor. Indeed, it seemed to show what a great dramatist Shakespeare was, that he could draw two characters so diametrically opposite as Booth's Hamlet and Mounet-Sully's Hamlet. As in portrait painting, it is not the person painted, but the artist who paints himself. Therefore,

> "This is the Jew
> That Shakespeare drew"

cannot be exact: it is the actor's interpretation of the part. It is Irving's Jew or Mounet-Sully's Jew.

Coquelin impressed me as a very remarkable person,

of great common sense and some learning. Unlike most actors, he was a very good talker, and eloquent in his own words besides those which were set down for him.

I once asked him why he never played Romeo. He said:

"Nature decided that question for me by putting my nose, on my face, the wrong side up."

Yet with all the turned-up nose and the plainness of his features, Coquelin can look like anybody — hero, general, gentleman, poet, priest, and lover. His face is a willing mask, obeying the impulses of his versatile, original, and remarkable brain.

The most famous of Coquelin's successes is doubtless "Mascarille," in the mingled wit, impertinence, and glorious rollicking humor of this king of dishonest varlets. The French will go to see him play it twenty times in one Winter, and if he varies a hair from his well-known impersonation they will hiss him. He loves this demand; it shows such appreciation.

The part of the drunken man in "L'Aventurière" is again the triumph of genius, as he sits in a chair in a sort of drunken sleep, yet, by his wonderful facial expression plays the whole comedy. Equally perfect is he in the "Gendre de Monsieur Poirier," as he assumes the suddenly rich Parisian grocer. Far greater and more delightful is he in these parts where he can indicate the noblest emotions; for Coquelin is a true artist, and he knows that, as much as his audience may laugh with him, it is well to give them a good heart thrill occasionally.

Coquelin and Some Others, Again

In my little paper published in "The Times' Review of Books and Art" of Nov. 6th, I mentioned that "we guests at Aix often went to picnics with Coquelin." I have received several letters on that subject, asking what I "meant by a picnic."

The people of Aix, being composed of the inhabitants of all nations, many Italians among them, and having all about Aix the loveliest places to visit, often formed a combination party, each one invited by Dr. Brachet for an excursion of seven or it might be twenty miles to dine at Chambéry or at Annecy, or even a much longer excursion to the Grande Chartreuse, or to the neighboring Chatillon, where we got an excellent dinner, and saw the exquisite sunset on the Dauphinoise Alps, driving home in the still evening air, and choosing a favored guest for our carriage group. Then, if we wished, we would sup together at the Grand Hôtel d'Aix, insuring an afternoon and evening of great pleasure, each one paying his or her proportion of the expense. That was our picnic.

One can imagine what a piece of good fortune it was to capture Coquelin, or old Toole, the English actor, for such an expedition—men who were both really and professionally bound to be amusing.

I remember that Lady Sefton brought Toole, the actor,

who was very funny, to one of these *al fresco* entertainments, and we ate and talked on the stone terrace which runs out into the Lake of Bourget. We took a drive of several miles; we ascended and descended the famous Napoleon road, over the Mont du Chat, that curious peak which looks as if its varied outlines had been cut out by the scissors. All these queer mountains, which are near Mont Blanc, have the jagged outline, as if nature had tried to get down from that perilous height by a series of gigantic stairs or steps.

This formation of hill in the Jurassic limestone is unlike anything which I have seen elsewhere, and, ascending from the tropical verdure of Aix toward the snowy giants of the Jura and the Dauphinoise Alps, it is most wonderful and picturesque. The Lake of Bourget has a peculiar peacock blue which is really unrivalled for curious beauty, so that it was pleasure enough to look at it by the dying sunlight and to breathe the soft air without also having Coquelin and Toole to keep one laughing; but we had both, sometimes, at these *al fresco* dinners, also the delicious Italian cookery to complete our pleasure.

The Italians are very fond of *al fresco* entertainments, their fine climate making them possible, while with us over here they would be dangerous. Many pictures have been suggested by them, such as illustrate the stories of Boccaccio, up to the beautiful sketch of Tasso at the Court of Duc d'Este, where he worshiped Leonora, and will occur to every one. A distinguished fête given by Dr. Brachet to the King of Greece could have made a dozen pictures. We were taken down a deep, sunken river, the Gorge of Grésy, on boats, by torch-

light. This was almost a subterranean progress; thence by carriage to Lady Somers', who hired Dr. Brachet's château at Grésy, where we spent the evening, until his amiable Majesty chose to leave us. I remember meeting at this *fête* Mrs. Wemyss, now dead, a most amusing woman, whose daughter married a son of the Duke of Westminster; also Lady Augusta FitzClarence, and I know not how many very agreeable scions of the aristocracy of England, France, and Italy.

Our favorite picnic was to Chambéry, the ancient capital of Savoy, which is in itself well worth a vŏyage across the Atlantic to see. Its mediæval architecture, its beautiful situation, the memories which cluster around it of Jean Jacques Rousseau (for one can go to see the pretty villa where he lived with Mme. de Warens, and to visit one of the wonders of this volcanic country, his favorite waterfall called Le bout du Monde), and coming home after a long drive through the lovely scenery, and with memories of Emanuele Philiberto in one's mind, the dinner at the inn in Chambéry is a treat for the gourmet.

The excellence of Italian cookery is beyond compare. The same drift of talent, a due sense of proportion—which shows itself in all their art; that art which built St. Mark's at Venice and the Duomo at Florence, Palladio's churches, and the Cathedral at Milan—comes out in their cookery. Their cooks are Michaelangelos and Leonardo da Vincis in a humble sphere.

They, of course, can cook macaroni as no other people can cook it. They apply cheese admirably. *Choux-fleurs aux Parmesan* is a different conception in Italy from cauliflower with cheese here. It is not that it has

been translated, but that when we eat it we are translated! Oh! how good it is at Bologna, that city of learned women, professors of Greek, and fine pictures. They have the Parmesan at hand, and the melting deliciousness with which it enters the very soul of the macaroni or the *choux-fleur* is enchanting. They have the only perfect sweet oil in the world. No cotton-seed abominations, but the golden liquid, full of Italian sunshine, with no marked taste. It simply lends a "lambent richness to the whole."

They cook game—especially their own *beccafico*—well; but I would rather hear these little birds sing than eat them. Their cookery suffers no loss of flavor from the fire. They do not dry up things. Their roast lamb with pistachio nuts is right out of the Arabian Nights; nor do I dislike that flavor of a clove of garlic added to roast mutton.

For all sorts of dishes, with truffles, cockscombs, mushrooms, and olives, added on to *filet de boeuf*, chicken, game, and fish, they are unrivalled. They have learned, owing to their sense of proportion, that the onion and garlic are to cookery what accent is to speech. Nor do they make either *trop prononcée*. Their *frittata* is excellent, and one gets a good one in the humblest inn. Even the porter at the door of a great house sits eating a *frittata*, also a dish of frog's legs, which are so well cooked and of such a delicate brown that the hungry American envies him. With his flask of Chianti and his loaf of excellent bread, the Italian porter does not look unhappy.

They give you, in country houses, for an Italian midday breakfast, a bit of soup, very savory, probably made

of chicken; then one *plat*, possibly liver or kidneys; then a huge dish of macaroni with meat through it; and after that a white curd species of *blanc mange*, covered with powdered sugar and cinnamon, very good; some excellent pastry, a bottle of Vino Santo, a cup of coffee or chocolate, and bread of unrivaled whiteness and lightness, and butter which is like glorified cream.

Our mid-day breakfasts at Aix were cosmopolitan gems—steaks and chops for the Americans, cold meats and salads, always cold roast chicken with the delicate, delicious salads, pastry absolutely perfect, and the wine of the country, also strawberries every month in the year, and figs and apricots.

Thus we picnicked with Countesses and with Coquelin, or the King or the old Emperor of Brazil, or the Princess Louise, or with that most attractive of Russian Princesses, of whom there are always many at Aix (I reserve my best story of one, a real romance, for some future number), we had at Chambéry a really grand dinner. Our parties were often fifty people. The suave host of the Lion d'Or must be a Rothschild by this time. The gentlemen would order many wines—as the Falernian from the Bay of Naples, the wine of the poets; the Lacryma Christi, from the loose volcanic soil of Mount Vesuvius; the dark Grigno Vino from the vineyards of Artesan and Monferrato; the Montepulciano, Victor Emmanuel's favorite wine. "Montepulciano d'ogni vino el Rè" was always quaffed by the Italians at our picnics. Its brilliant purple color, like an amethyst, the aromatic odor, its sweetness, tempered by an agreeable astringency, leaves a flattering flavor on the tongue, so I am told. I have never been able to drink wine at the

rate of more than half a glassful—"half of one per cent." —on account of rheumatism, so I describe them from the lips of others. I am like a blind man who describes beauty, or a deaf man who thrills with the melodies of Mozart, when I attempt to describe wine, but I delight in their beauty—and Italian wines are beautiful to look at, in their exquisite bottles, with a drop of oil on top to keep the wine sweet.

We can all of us remember Hawthorne's description of the "wine of Monte Beni," when Kenyon visited Donatello; and if the wine was half as good as the description, looking at it must have been enough:

> The lustre should not be forgotten among the other admirable enchantments of the Monte Beni wine, for as it stood in Kenyon's glass, a little circle of light glowed on the table round about it, as if it were really so much golden sunshine.

So I got the golden sunshine of the Italian wines, as I picnicked with Coquelin, with Anne Richmond Ritchie —the dear Anne Thackeray; with Italian Princes, with many of the gouty Dukes of Great Britain, with Lord Aberdare, with Sir Victor Houlton, with Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, with charming, gentle Lady Somers, with Lady Doneraile, with much goodly company, and my dear friend Mrs. Wellesley.

I remember with pleasure a friend, now dead, Miss Ricardo, the niece of the great political economist, a London society woman, who knew everybody. She was small, white-haired, brilliantly dressed. She looked as if she had stepped out of the "Siècle Louis Quinze." She was most amusing, most kind. Together we drove that I might see the spot where Lamartine wrote "Raphael," and to the Falls of Grésy, where Hor-

tense, the mother of Louis Napoleon, erected a monument to the young friend who perished there. Together we drove up to the "Tour de César," and picked up Roman coins and bracelets, for it is full of Roman remains. The famous Tenth Legion camped in battle here ten centuries ago. I saw much of Miss Ricardo, for she never got tired of my mediæval craze; her conversation was most agreeable; also that of the Marquise de' Medici, an Italian lady who had lived at Courts, and used to come to my rescue, if I was, by any chance, sitting alone at the picnic, and tell me stories of Victor Emmanuel (Savoy is at heart still Italy).

The King was a mighty hunter, and had a mighty appetite; so he used to dine alone, and satisfy his hunger before sitting down to a state dinner. There, with sword in hand (he always leaned both hands on the hilt, which was jeweled), in full uniform, tightly belted, his breast covered with orders, this most kingly King sat at the head of his royal table and talked to the man next to him (generally our own Mr. Marsh, who was the Dean of the Ambassadorial College), but never touched a morsel of the splendid dinner which the best cook in the world served up to him. These royal banquets are generally dull to every one else, for the presence of so great a man has ever a depressing effect. The guest must then fix his mind on the glorious past of Italy, or its present excellent cookery, or on the magnificent furnishing of the table, such as cups from Benvenuto Cellini, the vases and ornamental pieces of Capo di Monte, with superb porcelain, the gift of Kings, from Louis XIV, and so on, down to the Venetian glass like imprisoned sunshine.

At parties in Rome and Florence it was not the fashion to offer much refreshment—a cup of tea, some light wine, and a macaroon were all that were offered, even in American houses in Rome. A lady in Florence wrote: "I have been within the walls of four Italian houses at evening parties; no conversation, cold rooms, floors imperfectly covered with drugget; topics—theatre, music, personal slander; and only in one house, whose mistress was a German, tea was handed."

Well, I never had such bad luck as that. I frequently was cold and shivered, for there was never any fire; and the Princess Barberini sat with her hands in a muff when I went to see her, but her conversation was delightful. I must say, however, that the Italians are not hospitable in our way; they do not feed you overmuch, although their dinners with the national dishes, the *aqua dolce* (being wild boar cooked with sugar and pine cones), the turkey fully truffled, the delicate *entrées*, the delicious artichokes, the little birds, the truffles in a thousand ways, the fruit, the *confetti*, the *pâtisserie*, cakes and ices (*tutti-frutti* is an Italian invention), all seemed to me delicious. The music of their composers reminds me of the work of these confectioners (the Italians have so much genius!). It is so universal that they leave some to be thrown away on the ornamental, and they can afford to allow a humble Rossini to crown the feast with an edifice in spun-sugar occasionally.

However, I have wandered far away from our picnics. Savoy is not a poor country. It is not often that one sees a hungry beggar there. Go where we would, we could order an omelet, enriched with morsels of kidney and bacon, *frittata*, a bottle of the wine of the coun-

try, and fish, often from the lake, sure to be good and well cooked. Were it an auberge of any size, the man of the house was an artist, a cook. He might have been the *chef* of some Russian Duke, and his wife did all the rest. Often we trusted in luck, and drove off to dine on the sunset, if we could get nothing better. Sometimes we came home hungry, glad to find Mme. Guibert of the Grand Hotel d'Aix, who smiled when we said "Vite, vite, Madame! Oh, Madame, que j'ai faim." "Certainement, Madame," she would answer, scornfully, for she thought us fools—and we were, to leave her exquisite dinners (her husband had been *chef* to the Grand Duke Michael). However, she forgave us, and in fifteen minutes a feast of Lucullus would smoke on the supper table.

Give an Italian a chestnut and he will make you a dinner. In Southern Italy poor people have not always even frogs or mushrooms to eat: they have only chestnuts. In Southern Italy one sometimes sees a massive house looming up in mediæval grandeur, with shafts of marble, columns of porphyry, lonely, unspeakably desolate, infinitely impressive, wonderfully grand. Some members of a ruined family shiver within these walls. Around this time-honored house cluster the tenants, shaking with malaria, pale and half-starved. They live on chestnuts. Perhaps that is the reason they have learned to make such perfect stuffing for a turkey out of this nut. At a farmhouse near Florence one could get a fat capon, a chestnut sauce, a *frittata*, a bunch of grapes, a bottle of Poggio Secco, the sweet Italian wine; but what one could get near Naples, excepting macaroni, I do n't know always fruit and fish.

I was generally astonished near Aix by the quickness with which our demands for a picnic dinner would be met in the humblest of inns. A table would be brought out, covered with a coarse, but clean cloth. Glasses, knives and forks, bottles of wine shining in the fading light of a Summer's sun; soup, tasting delicious; a roast chicken (the chickens are hatched roasted, I think, near Aix, and already stuffed with truffles); the clever, neat-handed *patronne;* the obsequious waiter; the salad—it all came and disappeared like a scene of a pantomime.

And so we went picnicking with Coquelin and other celebrities. Of course, the acquaintance grew quickly. We parted when we reached the hotel; perhaps we never were to meet again, but the day had been most happily and innocently spent in the most beautiful climate and the choicest scenery in the world. Aix is only two hours from Geneva, and we could drive from a point where we could picnic with Mont Blanc looking over our shoulders, a wonderful view, and see (bad luck to it) that horrible old prison of Miolan, one of those torture holes of the age of Louis XIV, the Conciergerie of Savoy. It is a ruin now, with its oubliettes and its *enfer* and other diabolical types of cruelty. But to sit reading its history of a Summer evening at its gates did not improve my appetite for dinner.

Sometimes we picnicked on a side hill, carrying our baskets. I did not enjoy these so much, but I met very good company on these occasions; Hamilton Aïdé once, with his cousin, Miss Tennant, now Mrs. Stanley, and her brother. The history of the company of one Summer at Aix would include all the celebrities of the world. I saw an old, tall gentleman and an old, short

lady wandering through the vineyards as the leaves grew red. They were the Prince de Joinville and the Princess Clementine.

The Autumn at Aix is most lovely. I drove to the Grande Chartreuse on a glorious October day. It is one of the finest drives in Europe. I twice met Queen Victoria at Aix, but I did not go picnicking with her—I only saw her go by. I dined with some members of her suite. I knew very well Lady Ely, her intimate friend, who told me that she had herself carried up in a chair to the Chambottes, a high peak, to see if she dared trust the Queen. But the Queen declined even her testimonials and footed it up resolutely. The Queen then liked to walk. It was before her lameness.

The cycleman flourishes at Aix. Everything flourishes at Aix—even modest merit. The flowers are of the choicest, both flowering trees and the beautiful wild flowers, from the cowslip to the wild orchid, and the purple colchicum, like a crocus. The peasantry are well-mannered, and the most healthy, rosy, white-toothed people, masséing everybody with impartial justice, from the American Countess up to a Countess Nesselrode, whose great-uncle is immortalized by a pudding which will long survive his flimsy schemes. They massé Kings and Queens, judges, deacons, actors, nuns, saints, and sinners impartially, to the great benefit of the masséd.

The fashionable doctors lead a very amiable life, in which principalities and powers are represented by the great leveler, rheumatism. To the discreet and evidently prudent brain of the doctor all people confide their secrets and their sorrows. He is a judge also of dancing

and deportment, and often leads the German cotillon, and watches with impartial interest the beginning of a brilliant career or the sad and sorrowful blight of an unsuccessful one. Men of society in the fashionable world, greeted in London, at Nice, and at Rome, with enthusiasm, these Aix doctors who lead off the picnics, might well keep bound volumes of their experiences and knowledge with the dates in letters of gold.

Several Seasons at Aix-les-Bains

AIX-LES-BAINS, August 5, 1886.

This is a remarkable place for many things, in none more than the possibility of meeting distinguished people. I have met here, in twenty-four days, Coquelin Aine; Toole, the English actor; and last, not least, I have heard Alboni, the great, the inimitable cantatrice; she was the Alsace of "Semiramide," the Rosina of the "Barber," the Anna Bolena, the Fides of the "Prophete," the Page Urbino of the "Huguenots;" for whose glorious voice Meyerbeer wrote his immortal cavatina; the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini was written for her; Verdi's Mass as well. The theater of the Cercle was filled to overflowing, as the great elephantine woman came slowly down the principal entrance. She had not been heard for a dozen years, and every one was on tiptoe. It was a kind of solemnity.

She sent in an apology, regretting that she must sing sitting in a chair. She weighed nearly four hundred pounds, and was very lame. I sat near her in the *salle à manger*, and can testify to her having had an immense appetite. Nevertheless, she gave up her dinner for the concert. But the illustrious cantatrice had but to open her mouth to cease to be a woman. She became a *great church organ*. Her first song was from "Romeo and Juliet." Her second, the well-known "O mio Fernando," and her encore was something of Meyerbeer's.

Of course, her voice had lost its freshness, but the style was incomparable. Alas! a sudden breathlessness overcame her at the end. She was, however, the last of the giantesses of a great school. This admirable cantatrice, one of the most remarkable artists of our day, lent her fine talent to the cause of charity on this occasion. The concert was in favor of the employees of the baths. Although Mme. Alboni retired definitely from the stage long ago, she cannot refuse to sing occasionally for a good cause, and I can testify that she sings to herself much of the time, for I have had the pleasure of hearing her. She says that her remarkable organ is not a contralto or a soprano, but a mixture of both, a sort of alto; but certainly, for perfection in purity of tone, for extraordinary richness it is quite unparalleled. Jules Janin said that "she was an elephant who had swallowed a nightingale," a very witty, correct description; she weighed three hundred and eighty pounds. The enthusiasm of the public was something wonderful. "Brava, rava, rava," rang through the house, flowers bearing her monogram, all sorts of plaudits followed her. Her physicians told me that she cried all night after this triumph, saying: "Is it not too bad that I have had to give up all these years of triumph!" It is a shame that a superabundant deposit of adipose has kept such a wonder from the operatic stage. It is a marvelous souvenir to add to the many reasons which I have for loving Aix-les-Bains, for here I have heard Alboni. In private life Alboni was the wife of a humble-looking Swiss gentleman, who seems devoted to her. She was never handsome, having a full-moon face, wears glasses, pins her napkin under her chin as she eats one of Mme. Guibert's

very good dinners, and was a very jolly, laughing person, talking loud; an enormous woman.

The concert at which she sang brought together the good company at Aix, Lady Augusta FitzClarence, Lord Lamington, Count and Countess Lakens, Colonel Eden, Marquis and Marquise d'Adda of Milan, Comte de Vaureal, Count and Countess Brettes Thurin, Comte de St. Clair, Chevalier Bezzi, Viscomtesse de Thorsy, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne. Never was there a more distinguished, cosmopolitan society, than the company at Aix.

(Alboni died, I think, in 1892. She was a great sufferer from rheumatism, and her enormous mountain of flesh, which she tried in vain to get rid of, was always a dreadful burden to carry.)

We had also, at the concert, the pleasure of hearing one of the principal ornaments of the "Comédie Française" declaim, Mme. Favart. She gave us Victor Hugo's "Pour les Pauvres," and "Le Missel" of Sully Prudhomme.

She is a handsome woman, but I did not like her style. It was too theatrical. We also enjoyed the fine music of Colonne's orchestra, and heard his daughter, Matilde, the daughter of Irma Marie, sing very prettily. (Irma Marie was one of the first of the French opera bouffe singers to come to this country.)

A very funny practical joke was a recitation called "Solo de Flute," by M. Huguenot, of the Théâtre Français, in which he seems about to play the flute, but never does.

One evening we had an open-air concert, and some splendid fireworks. I made an excursion to a high

mountain, from which I saw Mont Blanc, the Rhone valley, the Dauphinoise Alps, the Jura, the Lake Bourget, by the glorious light of a red sunset, in unrivaled view. These are but a few of the delights of a sojourn at Aix-les-Bains.

At the Casino Villa des Fleurs, which is not *my* casino, but another, they enjoy one of the most superb gambling rooms in the world. I went in to look at the gambling one evening. The play was baccarat, and play runs high. Every evening poor, crippled men and women are brought in in chairs, or by their guides, nurses, or maids, and seated at the tables, where they play until they are exhausted, purse and all, then are trundled out. There are many gamblers who are not crippled; young and beautiful women, young men of every grade; and Mme. Ratazzi, neither young nor crippled, but still pretty, although in her fifty-eighth year, and married to a young man, a woman of remarkable celebrity, or notoriety, as the case may be, and still a desperate gambler. She is a cousin of Louis Napoleon.

They give grand opera at the Villa des Fleurs. It is a pretty, *coquette* little theater. They have just given rather a careful representation of "Lucia." There is a Miss Aline Jacob, who sings the *rôle* with perfect taste, charm, and simplicity, in the crazy scene especially touching. M. Massart is a good Edgardo; he sings these passionate accents with Italian fervor, has a rare power and a sympathetic fire. M. Manovey is an artist of merit. He gives his songs with authority, with science, and with perfect taste. M. Hyacinth is the first of the second tenors, and adds to the general success.

The chorus is well-dressed and well-trained, so in this far-off place, in a little casino theater, we hear "Lucia" better sung than it often is in New York.

We were destined to hear of the death of Wagner at this famous place. It dispersed the German crowd. The Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess Victoria have gone to Beyreuth to attend his funeral.

What a singular history! The French papers are full of the scene at Beyreuth, as the dead master lies in his modest house, Mme. Wagner at his feet, princes and grand dukes bring flowers to lay on his coffin—a noble tribute to genius.

His face has been copied by several sculptors, and it will be a noteworthy one to preserve; large, fine features, a superb brow and the mouth of a genius, retiring, small, sensitive, with the underlip somewhat protuberant. He was born in 1811, at Raidix, in Hungary. His father was a friend of Haydn, of Cherubini, and of Mozart's pupil Hammel, so he was, as to music, born in the purple.

I meet constantly here, people from the various watering-places and from Switzerland. The crowds of English tourists which usually flow thick and fast into Switzerland at this time have been interrupted by the elections. They are now coming like an avalanche to Aix-les-Bains. People are delighted to find a new spot. The Valasian valley, St. Luc, is the latest enthusiasm this summer. From the Weisshorn Hotel may be seen two hundred and thirty of the principal mountain peaks of the Alps. From the Dent du Midi to Monta Ross, from Mont Blanc to the Jungfrau, all is embraced in that immense panorama. The Matterhorn and its chain of

Alps block the horizon at the end of the valley; three glaciers, the Duraud, the Bella Tolla, and Touete Mague are all within easy walks. The air is almost always cold. The Hotel de Luc, fifty-five hundred feet above sea level, is said to be a good one. So, when I have finished my cure, I intend to go and have a look at it. The most recent American traveler reports that the principal hotels were empty everywhere but at Lucerne.

Homburg is full, however; Vichy is full, at Aix-les-Bains there are recorded 12,248 visitors up to this date. About three or four thousand are here now. The little city of Aix is crammed, and I was amused yesterday, in paying a series of visits, to see what hardships and in what curious nooks and corners, people are willing to bestow themselves who certainly live better at home. Only the fine weather and the lovely gardens could compensate for these crowded, unpleasant quarters, to which some people subject themselves.

To have coffee out of doors, to sit under the shade of trees, to hear a passing strain of music, to look up at a snow Alp, however, compensates them. At the Europe, the Grand Hotel, and the Splendide, the comforts are as great as they can be anywhere, and Aix is always most amusing with its cosmopolitan crowds. And there is much more amusement and less fatigue of dressing than at Saratoga or Newport. One gets that variety of companionship, the glimpse of famous people, the hearing of good music, the fun of "going a-shopping" to buy curious bibelots, which is left out of our American watering-place life.

I had a long talk with Lord Lamington, who wrote "In the Days of the Dandies," after a dinner at Dr.

Brachet's. He had become an old man, but was most delightful, and told me some new stories of the famous Lady Vassell Holland.

AIX-LES-BAINS, August 23, 1888.

To-day we are taking our share of rain, and from my window, which commands a view of the Mont du Chat, I see nothing but clouds, yet Aix-les-Bains is so full that nobody can get a room who has not written, and written, and written. A more brilliant season has never happened here. One of the journalists says: "Unless the tourist will hide himself in a cloud of vapor from the hot baths, or in the plantations of the park, he could hardly remain over night. Even Sara Bernhardt could not get in. She, however, might wrap herself in a cigarette paper." They are never tired of laughing at Sara's extreme thinness.

Truly this season is the most brilliant year known. One could begin with the great names of the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, and go on with the Duc de Montpensier, the Count and Countess de la Perouse, the Baron d'Ariseos, Minister of Brazil; the Count and Countess Causacchi, the Chevalier Pacchiotti, General Mezecappo of Naples, and old Mancini, the first Minister of King Humbert, dying, poor man, of cancer of the lungs. Numerically speaking, the Italian nobility are here in greatest force; to be sure, some of them do not date back to Philip V, quite, who, when he mounted the throne of Spain, made a little journey of popularity in Sicily, and, to attach the title-loving to his throne, created a hundred dukes and princes. Charles III made three hundred; Francis I made two hundred Sicilian dukes.

It is true that dukes and princes are less rare in Italy than barons and counts. Many have been added on by the popes, who have titles to sell. The popes are very much encumbered by this aristocratic merchandise.

There is even a story told, apropos of this, of a Monsieur Godet, in 1814, who was formally presented at one of the receptions of Louis XVIII, to a very magnificent Sicilian prince, loaded with orders and embroideries, who rather patronized Monsieur Godet, of whom he wished later to purchase some stuffs. "Please to remember, Majesty," said the latter, "that I am a Bourgeois of Paris," which he thought an older and less disputable title than that of prince.

I hardly know when Aix is the more beautiful, in the glorious fulness of the vintage, or in the spring when the fruit trees are in blossom, when the nightingales are singing, and the wild flowers are in blossom. The primroses are yellow on every hillside; the cowslips and the oxslip are their neighbors. The yellow kingcups are like Danae's shower of gold, and the pretty little purple grape hyacinth keeps them company, while the fields of lilies of the valley open on every side. I have never experienced greater rapture of the ear than to hear the nightingales. As I am brought from my bath of a morning (a terrible sufferer again from rheumatism), I am greeted with such a chorus, in the park, of these delicious creatures that I forget my pain, and think that I am the queen enjoying a birthday. Their tender notes seem almost too sweet to be joyous.

The number of wandering princesses increases at Aix, and they are becoming as plentiful as blackberries. I had the honor of dining with one the other day, the Princessa

della Marmora, and also Contessa Gabriella Pionasco D'Airasca. How beautiful these Italian names are! Also, in the same company, was a distinguished senator from Turin. These Italian nobles have the simplest and most charming manners, and I learn, as I come near the great, how very much they are like our best bred people at home. In fact, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague said, they are "men and women." She said, in all her travels she had met only two kinds of people, "men and women." These are well-bred men and women.

I do think they have more flattering manners than we have. They never say disagreeable things. They never tell you what certain Anglo-Saxons feel it "their duty" to tell you, what they call "plain truths," but which sound like disagreeable criticisms. Their manners might serve as models for us in simplicity, kindness, and polish. The people here now are mostly Italians, although we have the Duchess of Manchester, in whose suite is James Gordon Bennett and several young English noblemen and soldiers. The Princess Louise goes to the theater every evening with her attendant, Miss Harvey, an Italian Count Massa, another Italian named Foutana, and I learn not who else,—Lady Mandeville, Lord and Lady Latham, and every day comes some new English nobility. All this shows that "Perfide Albion" is still well represented at the baths.

Now in October, Aix is beginning to put on its autumnal livery, the grape leaves are turning red, and the grapes purple. It is more lovely than words can express, as the purple shadows flit over the high needle-shaped peaks. The vineyard owners fear that the frequent rains

will injure the wine. We have had much rain lately. It is a very important industry here—the wine.

Meantime I have been amusing myself in gathering together certain legends of Savoy.

We are very fond of making our picnics at the beautiful château of Chatillon, which had the honor of giving a pope to the church. Celestin IV was lord of Chatillon, so this château, now on a par with the other châteaux around the Lake of Bourget, had once the honor, in the middle ages, of giving its name to the surrounding waters. It was called the Lake of Chatillon. But because a château owns a pope, is no reason that it should not also own a beautiful young lady. So, after hearing the story of the pope, one is treated to the legend of the lovely Châtelaine. Without referring to classic history, it is breathed that she had the power of bringing many adorers to her feet. Noble lords sued in vain. She loved a humble fisherman of the Rhone. It is not an unusual circumstance that a great belle loves the least worthy of her adorers, and the worst part of this is that the unworthy adorer is often not in love with her. The great lovers came frequently to Chatillon, but the handsome fisherman only appeared at long intervals. She determined to go after him and arouse his insensible heart. But how to reach him! The Lake of Bourget was then separated from the Rhone by an impassable morass. There were no canals, no steamships, no railroads in the eleventh century, so how to get to her fisherman of the Rhone was a problem.

It is said she conceived the idea of making a canal through the morass, and that she and her maid cut the first passage with her scissors, which sounds improbable.

She, however, still has the credit of making the canal of Savières, which now unites the Lac du Bourget and the Rhone. It is said that she and her maid improvised a raft, and made the first voyage through. The fisherman was captured by such indomitable energy. I dare say he turned out to be a lord in disguise. I hope so.

The father of the enterprising engineer Châtelaine forgave her, as the canal became a source of infinite profit to him, and he allowed her to marry her love.

The queen, Marguerite, has this summer gone to Courmeyer, the Chamounix of the Alps, a hot valley shut in by the great wall of Mont Blanc, and destitute of any charm, even good hotels. At Aix-les-Bains she would have had the best hotels in the world, the most beautiful views, and also the sight of the ruins of the old Château de Charbonnière, which was the beginning of the house of Savoy, it was the birthplace of a kingly race, the house of Victor Emmanuel. The Château de Charbonnière, holds a marked place in history, if it no longer has a place on the maps. Francis I took this château in 1536, and razed it to the ground. Emmanuel Philiberto repaired and restored it. In 1590, Charles Emmanuel became its master. In 1599, it fell into the power of Créquy. In 1600, Sully, who attacked it, met with a formidable resistance. The explosion of a magazine of powder did not even bring these brave men to surrender; they refused to submit to the rigorous conditions of the besiegers. Finally, the women of the garrison, tired of war, prayed Sully to retire, but he emulated the virtue of Scipio, and refused to see them. Had they heard of



Princess Marguerite, now Queen of Italy.

Henry IV and his amiable chivalry? To be sure they had, and they thanked God that a King of France was accessible to tears and smiles. Henry IV had no idea of emulating Scipio, so, when a weeping train of damsels from Charbonnière and from Aiguebelle came out to greet him, they proved more dangerous than many cannon. The most beautiful of the ambassadors obtained an honorable capitulation for the château, and here Marguerite de Savoie would learn that she is not the first, or the only, beautiful, courageous woman of her race.

Savoy is a very religious Catholic country, and the legends are mostly connected with some old monastery. The famous proverb of the "Bocal de St. Jacques" led me to find out a rather improbable, but characteristic story. The village of Moutiers owes its name to a reconstructed monastery, where dwelt St. Jacques. Gontran, King of Bourgogne, dying of a terrible disease, was miraculously cured by the prayers of this great saint. He gave great gifts of land to this monastery. The convent grew in prosperity and wealth, a city became necessary to accommodate the pilgrims who flocked to it, and the industries which flourished about it soon made the whole country rich. St. Jacques became a great cattle-raiser, and a breed still in existence, called "le race tarine," flourishes on the hills. But saints have enemies as well as other people, and the prelate offended the nobles by his success. There does not to-day, as we observe at Rome and in England, always exist harmony between church and state. The nobles got the devil on their side; he promised to help them, and, as usual, proved a very useful ally. He took the form of a bear (the woods above Moutiers are full of bears to this day),

and, descending on the fine cattle of St. Jacques, he ate them up indiscriminately.

The saint was long in suspecting that the bear was the devil himself. He sent men out to kill bears, and he poured out many a fine yoke of cattle to replace those who were lost, but when they went too, the good saint began to suspect something. He watched for the bear with a cross in his hand and a yoke handy, and so, one morning, finding him asleep, Mr. Bruin was then and there yoked to a powerful bull, and over him stood the saint with the cross! It was no go, the devil was distanced, and finding the yoke intolerable and the bull very cross, he yielded to terms. Out of the woods came the slaughtered oxen as good as new, and then the discomfited Bruin himself went off to the woods, chapfallen. The "race tarine" all have the mark of a cross on the back to this day, which is entirely confirmatory.

It is not astonishing that, in the sight of these snow mountains, within a few hours of Mont Blanc, we should hear of "Our Lady of the Snow." Many a humble wayside shrine is dedicated to "Notre Dame des Neiges."

Strange that it should be connected, in one instance, with mines of black lead, yet such is the contradiction possible to legendary history.

The "Isere" is the pretty glacier-fed river which flows through Aix, and it comes down from Tarentaise, where are mines which have been deemed worthy of attention by all the companies of Europe.

After ruining two or three companies, they became the property of the state. The state, however, is never

an enterprising proprietor, and did not trouble the mines of Peisey, but Napoleon II happened to hear of them, and, with his quick, practical energy, he instituted a school for miners. The mines, however, only worked for educational purposes, were not profitable, and an inundation coming along, they were swept out of sight, and the poor inhabitants were forced to leave their native soil, and go to other lands. One dear attachment they carried with them to their church "Notre Dame des Neiges." This chapel of the Virgin is situated very much at the top of a mountain near the opening of the mine. Young people had a reason for going to the chapel Dame des Neiges for she has a particular fancy for arranging happy marriages. The young girls in quest of husbands, the young men in search of wives, all made a pilgrimage to the oratory of the Mother of God, to supplicate her intercession for the object of their hearts. The population is a very handsome one—the young men tall, well formed, and robust; the girls very rosy and pretty. The Virgin listens; they get married. One young pair, many years ago married, sailed for America—to Wisconsin. The wife dreamed, doubtless very homesick, that the Dame des Neiges told her to come home and bring her husband, to open again the blacklead mines. They came, and they brought some money and much practical sense. They are working the mines now profitably, or their son is. Some descendant of this happy pair will continue to solicit the good-will of the virgin. Some one still works the blacklead mines with American money and American energy.

Mont Blanc peeped over the shoulder of the Rivard as

I looked the other evening at the sky, from a great height, and as the majesty of the spectacle moved me for the nonce, I was not astonished to hear that the peasants all look upon the "massif" of Mont Blanc with terror. In vulgar souls, fear always precedes admiration. That grandeur which can make us tremble, how we admire it!

The lower classes people these dreadful solitudes of snow with fabulous monsters and fantastic animals, with supernatural beings and gods of an inferior order, supposed to guard the grottoes full of diamonds, which are certainly there when the sun shines. They believe that demons open the perfidious crevasses or send the traveler down the bottomless abyss. Credulity never stops—it makes these evil spirits to howl through the storm, to descend on the glacier. In the storms which rage they hear the vengeance of infernal spirits, incited by the celestial anger, sent to punish these poor peasants for any lack of faith. Certain years the glaciers come down near to the villages and threaten them all with ruin. Their poor little gardens disappear. Then they apply to the priests, who come as did the bishop of Geneva, Jean of Arathon, in the sixteenth century, to bless the people kneeling at his feet, then exorcised the spirits, and *excommunicated* the *glaciers* with most formal ritual. It is said that the glaciers, however, had the temerity to appear again in that spot. Some witty and learned unbeliever has said that "if anybody at Geneva has modified the glaciers it is not d'Arathon, but Monsieur de Saussure."

There is another very orthodox legend, which always amused me, called "La Prienne de Mattasine." A

priory, a cross, a shrine to the Virgin meets one at every turn, and the old Abbey of Hautecombe on the Lake Bourget is a *dépendence* of the Grande Chartreuse, full of Carmelite monks, whose rule is not, however, as strict as are those of the parent house.

In the little hamlet of Mattasine, the remains of a fine old priory are to be seen which has this legend. Addore, Abbe of Cluny, was, by a bad fever, stopped at the house of a priest at Mattasine. In the height of his delirium he saw St. Maurice holding in his hands a luminous cross, which Count Amédée of Savoy helped him to place on the hill of St. John, near Mattasine. This work completed, the saint touched Addore, who was immediately cured. The saint disappeared. The next day Addore started for Aix. There he found Count Humbert of the White Hands, and his son Amédée, the very men whom he had just seen in his dreams. They, lords of the country, grateful for this manifestation of the will of God, erected the priory on the hill, made Addore the abbot, and endowed it well. It must be observed here that these mediæval saints were very good judges of real estate, and the priests always got a very sunny exposure, in a fine situation, where fruit and corn would grow. They trusted in God and kept their powder dry, these early bishops. If you see the most charming of all situations with a convent in its midst, you may be sure that some monarch, with an uneasy conscience, gave it to some intelligent bishop who was not so unworldly as was Bruno of La Grande Chartreuse.

Then these learned fathers were not slow to turn to account the wonders of Nature. The words *balme*,

banme, *baime*, signifying a grotto, an excavation, a fissure through the rocks, occur everywhere in the sulphurous region about Aix. There are many of these natural grottoes, extremely curious, near that town—one is called "La Balme à Colomb." The entrance to it is marked by a pillar on which are rudely carved the arms of Dauphiny. Here is the boundary of Savoy. To penetrate the Balme à Colomb is as dangerous and dreary as to go behind Niagara. Not alone does one feel a sensation of real cold, but the imagination is chilled; it is a labyrinth, dark, mysterious and dangerous, and as one proceeds the most lamentable groans and shrieks are heard. It seems that a wretch named Colomb tried to penetrate, to find hidden treasure, but as he advanced without making the sign of the cross, he was led on until he could not get out, and so he groans there still. His frightful cries are still farther increased by the echoes of the cavern. He has now groaned for eleven centuries, and if he is not worn out by this time, he probably never will be. The naturalists try to make us believe that imprisoned water is making all these noises, but we, with imagination, adhere to Colomb.

The sulphur water which cures our rheumatism at Aix thus fulfills another mission and tells us to remember our religion. As it is one of the greatest gambling spots of Europe, it is as well that we should be warned against seeking for hidden treasure, for the Devil's Picture Books are notoriously seductive, with their treasure behind them. There are too many Colombs about Aix, who are apt to groan and shriek aloud about four in the morning, and long after—an unsuccessful game. There is a lovely old church, as venerable as the face of St.

Jerome, near Aix, where was once the "Saint Suaise," or Holy Napkin. Marguerite of Austria placed it in a beautiful box of gold with precious stones, and gave it to the Cathedral of St. Francis d'Assisi. This church was burned in 15 *and something*. The box of gold and jewels disappeared (naturally), but the holy napkin remained; being a relic, it was miraculously preserved. Carlo Borromeo started on foot from Isola Bella to see it, during the plague. But the Duke of Savoy met the prelate half way and took the napkin to Turin with him. There it has remained ever since, to the great disgust of the pious Savoyards, who have made every effort to get their relic back.

But one can see the place where it *was*.

These legends delighted me. I was never tired of going to see the spots which had given birth to so much simple, beautiful credulity and poetic absurdity. It was like that early, childish dawn of Faith, unhappily so much rubbed out.

> "The Faith which round a Legend glows
> Is like the fragrance of a rose;
> It blesses every passerby;
> One asks not whence, one knows not why."

The priory, the cross, the shrine to the Virgin by the wayside, all, all are most interesting. "*Savoie! c'est la grace alpestre*," said Victor Hugo, and she is indeed the naiad, the dryad of the mountains, this beautiful country, with one hand on the pines of Switzerland, and with the other gathering the grapes of Italy; she has the charms of both.

And her piety is sincere. Although only two hours from Geneva, the old Catholics were never touched by

the breath of Calvin. They held out stoutly against Martin Luther and all his works, if, indeed, they ever heard of him. Their piety is like their farming—they carry it on with all the old tools. The plough is a primeval one, and there is neither a reaping nor a mowing machine in Savoy. They drive their farm horse with a ragged rope, and are content with a fire shovel for a hoe. The name of McCormick is not known in the land. I once saw a woman and a cow ploughing a field together. No patent ploughs, no mowing machines, no reapers. Yet it is the garden spot of the universe. Its vineyards yield an admirable increase. Their strawberry beds produce four crops a year. Figs hang heavily on their trees, and the mulberry and peach each hold up a vine. The husbandry is the perfection of neatness, and the flowers blossom everywhere. Is it the smile of the Virgin?

Lord Houghton and d'Aumale

My friend, the sister of Lord Houghton, Harriette, Lady Galway, is thus described by Carlyle in a letter dated in April, 1841, written while the author was on a visit to Fryston, Lord Houghton's residence in Yorkshire:

"Besides these waifs and strays, we have had, and are likely to have, certain Yorkshire cousins, male and female, from the Northern Dales, rosy-faced persons, who do thee neither ill nor good. Richard's sister is also here these two days until to-morrow. They call her Harriette and Ladyship. 'Will Ladyship have fowl?' etc., and he seems to have made a pet of her from the beginning. Even this has not entirely spoiled her. I think she is decidedly worth something. I think she must be something taller than Richard; the same face as his, but translated into the female cut, and surrounded with lace and braided hair, of a satirical, witty turn, not wanting affability, but rather wanting art of speech; above all, rather afraid of me. She plays, sings, reads German, Italian, to great lengths, looks really beautiful, but somewhat moony, with her great, blue eyes, and I do believe there is more in her that we yet see. Her husband, who is her cousin, the Viscount, is a furious, everlasting hunter of foxes. I mean furious on the foxes—good to all other things and men. They live in Nottinghamshire, some thirty miles off, and Richard will take me down there."

Thus did the author of "Sartor Resartus" mention the lady whom I was to know well forty-five years later. I met Lady Galway in Rome in 1885, in Lord Houghton's company at the Hotel di Londra. He and she were both very old people, but as lively and amusing as they could have been at twenty-five. I asked Lord

Houghton to dine with me, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Story, Dr. and Mme. Brachet, of Aix-les-Bains, Mr. and Mrs. George Betts, of New York, the author T. Adolphus Trollope, the sculptor Franklin Simmons, the painter Terry, Count and Countess Gianotti, some American Princesses, and altogether a goodly company.

"And Lady Galway?" said he, as he immediately accepted. "Oh!" said I, "I do not dare; I do not know her. She is a great English lady, and I am afraid of her." "She 'll come," said he. So I sent up my card and a carefully worded, rather apologetic invitation, which was most immediately accepted, and followed by the advent of a tall, slender, rather loud-speaking lady who was cordiality itself, and as funny and witty (two different things) as she could be. She spoke Italian like a native, I found out afterward.

The dinner was a decided success. The Hotel di Londra had a great artist as cook, and I dressed the long table with Roman wild flowers which I bought on the Campagna. The effect was novel and much admired. The cosmopolitan quality of the company made a most agreeable dinner. Mr. Story and Lord Houghton talked delightfully. I wrote some verses to put at each plate, with an attempted characterization of each person, which amused them and started the talk. But I had great difficulty in composing a verse for Lady Galway, whom I did not know at all. However, one distinguished guest of the dinner whom I have not mentioned helped me out. This was Mrs. Wynne Finch, the mother of Mrs. Laurence Oliphant, herself a most clever and lady-like woman, full of experiences of all countries, and already a friend of mine.

She called late in the afternoon as I was finishing my dinner cards, and I said, "What is Lady Galway's specialty?" "Love of her brother, oddity, frankness, truth, and remembrance that Carlyle admired her," said the ready Mrs. Wynne Finch. I do not know how I managed to put all this into a dinner card, but somehow I did, and it pleased her. We were friends from that moment.

She and Lord Houghton wanted a list of everybody's "day," that is, of all the entertainers, and came to me, as I was in the hotel and going out a great deal, for the American dates. I think they were infinitely pleased with our American Princess Vicovara, who was then giving some receptions. She was Miss Spencer, of New York, a charming and elegant person, and there were others whom they liked. In everything I did for them they did ten times as much for me. Of course they could. Lady Galway had come to Rome as a girl and went to her first ball in the very apartment of the Barberini Palace where Mr. and Mrs. Story lived, and she told with infinite gusto the story of the late Lady Holland, who thought she was pursued by a bravo through the ballroom, and who tumbled down a steep stair into the arms of "the handsomest man in Rome," in the early thirties. A story lost nothing by coming through Lady Galway's lips. As every room in Rome reminded her of something, and as she knew everybody she was a most charming *cicerone* to the old Italian houses which I should never have entered but for her.

The union between the brother and sister was very beautiful, and none the less so that they quarreled good-naturedly all the time. Lady Galway had the most

unbounded admiration for her brother's talents, and gave me anecdotes of him all along from their youth through his very remarkable manhood, so that I could almost have written a life of Richard Moncton Milnes, if Mr. T. Wemyss Reid had not done it so much better. They both honored me with their letters ever after; hers I could read, but Lord Houghton's I could not—such a handwriting had never been before given to a man with which to conceal his ideas, excepting that of our dear Bishop of Albany, the Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, who, with Lord Houghton, always brings the magnifying glass and a professional decipherer of hieroglyphics into immediate use. The matter behind the hieroglyphics, deserved a Rosetta stone, in both cases.

In reading Lord Houghton's life, one learns fortunately how much he had to do politically and personally with the family of Louis Philippe, and one is not astonished to see that in 1861 the Duc d'Aumale and his young nephew, the Duc de Chartres, were guests of Lord Houghton at Fryston. Our own Minister, Mr. Adams, was there a few months later, and there received the news that Mason and Slidell had been taken off an English mail steamer by a United States man-of-war. Of this incident Lord Houghton made me once a full account in his most graphic language, and paid a deserved tribute to Mr. Adams's coolness.

In 1869 my first visit to England occurred, and, having letters to Lord Houghton, from Charles Astor Bristed, my husband and myself were asked to more than one of the historical breakfasts in Brook Street, and in October, 1875, we gave Lord Houghton a recep-

tion and greeting in New York on his first visit to America.

After that I was honored by his correspondence up to the time of his lamented death. But I must not attempt to speak of him in this paper, as it would lead to a long memoir.

I only wish to account for my place in that full cup, the friendship of these two very distinguished persons, Lord Houghton and Lady Galway, and why I received from her, after his death, such favors and honors in London, where she was a social power. Lord Houghton died in 1885, and I sent to Lady Galway all the American papers which I could collect, filled, as they were, with eulogies of him who was our faithful friend and most consistent defender in Parliament during the war. Her letters to me at this time go far fully to realize Carlyle's definition of her — that she was "decidedly worth something." She was worth a very great deal, a noble woman. When I went to London in the jubilee year I did not expect to see my old, dear friend, but I drove to her house, in Rutland Gardens, to inquire for her the very day I landed. She sent for me to come up, and I found her very cheerful, and, of course, about to give a dinner party. Neither she nor Lord Houghton could live without entertaining.

"Now," said she, "that I think of it, I have a seat for you. Lady So and So has gone to Homburg, and you shall have her seat. You will meet the Duc d'Aumale. No, do n't start so; he is only an ordinary old, gouty gentleman, very nice."

"But," said I, "the man who has given Chantilly to France—the Athenian of Paris? I have just seen his

superb palace. I have sat in his box at the *Comédie*. I knew his nephews and his brother in America! You do n't mean to say you will invite me to see him!"

"Yes, if your boxes are come. Now, what will you wear?"

I laughed at this. It was so extremely characteristic, for her mind jumped at small things as well as great, and she took care of her friends.

"My boxes have arrived, and I have a Worth dress of white silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace."

"Black over white," said she, reflectively, "that will do. But do not, like your countrywomen generally, wear too many diamonds, or too large stones."

"Oh, make yourself easy on that score," I said. "I have no large stones. But why do you score my countrywomen thus? They do not wear one-half the big stones that you Englishwomen do, and I saw you at the Queen's ball in Rome with a diamond plume in your hair; do you remember?"

"Yes," she said, mollified. "The Galway diamonds are good; but no display to-night. This is a quiet dinner—with a few friends afterward. Be punctual."

So I was there and met a most distinguished company in her rather small dining-room, for which the table was made most wonderfully narrow, so one could talk across.

After dinner she contrived that I should have a few words with the guest of honor. His poor, gouty feet in convenient shoes impelled him to shorten the courtly attention of standing, and, to my relief and his, we both sat down. He asked me much about the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres in America; and I told

him that no incident in history had been so romantic and so beautiful as that visit, nor any words of the Chevalier Bayard more eloquent than those of the Prince de Joinville, as he asked permission to introduce them on General McClellan's staff—his two nephews. "Ah!" said he, "Joinville is my favorite brother!" He looked pleased.

Lady Galway had told him that I had written something about Chantilly and he asked to see it. So I sent him the following sketch next day, getting back a note, eloquent and tasteful, signed "Aumale."

"I was in Paris when the Duc d'Aumale gave back Chantilly to France, after which his sentence of banishment closed. Chantilly is about forty kilometers north of Paris, near vast forests, such as the sense of Europeans preserves, instead of cutting down. From the little station, Senlis, I think, we took a carriage and drove to the château, entered by the connetable, or great gate, before which stands the statue of Anne de Montmorency. It is an immense feudal building, with towers, angles, façades, chapels, picture galleries, a fosse, a wall, all reproduced from the original designs of the last Conde, for the original château was completely destroyed under the Terror, robbed and despoiled. It was said that among its treasures was the original armor of Joan of Arc. But this is uncertain. We only know that the statue of the connetable was broken by the mob, as was that of Henry IV and Louis XIII. This great connetable, Anne de Montmorency, the founder of the family, was born here in 1493. He was the last of the Soldiers of Fortune, and the first of the great Seigneurs of France. He passed his youth in a dungeon, and came out of the wars in 1538 covered with scars, swearing like a trooper. Rich and generous and magnificent, he determined to transform this old fortress in its triangular rock into a sumptuous habitation. The day of the feudal lords was ended, intestine wars had stopped for a moment, but still a man had to carry his life in his hand. Even then he was quite able to take care of his. Charles VIII, Louis XII, Francis I, had led the French army into Italy; French soldiers began to admire Italian art, and wonder at the glories of the Renaissance. The connetable's grandson was a man of taste.

"He was a rude soldier, but he was superb and magnificent. He

had taste—he has left us a proof of it. And it was this grandson who made the first Chantilly.

"He got Jean Bullant, who was one of the first architects of the Tuileries, who built for Catherine de Medicis, to build for him a beautiful little house called La Châtelet. He pierced the gigantic rock of Chantilly for fortifications. He had his soldiers there. It was half palace, half fortress. His taste for the arts made him called the first amateur of France.' From his son, who was beheaded in 1632, the house, confiscated, passed to the Prince of Conde, who was Henri de Bourbon. It never went out of their hands, these victorious Condes.

"The great Conde, the hero of Rocroy, the friend of Louis XIV, led off in the sumptuosity of building which preceded the follies of Versailles. It was here in his day that Vatel killed himself because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner. Then came colossal banquets and gigantic receptions. It never was a private residence after that day. It was a royal residence in which to receive the king. The great Conde himself, however, prefered to live at La Châtelet. The gardens, the alleys, the statues, the fountains were as grand, perhaps more so, than they are to-day. His friends were Boileau, Racine, Bossuet. The last pronounced his funeral oration, saying: 'We see here the great Conde as at the head of his armies, without ostentation, without noise; always great in repose as in action. We see him entertaining his friends in these alleys, and listening to the music of fountains, which never cease day or night to bring their liquid notes to the ear.' This great man died in 1686. Then follows the long story of the descendants until we come to the name of the Duc d'Enghein, whose murder was the fatal error of Napoleon.

"The last Conde was Joseph de Bourbon, who as exile, emigre, returned to France in 1818. The story of his death, with its sinister, suspicious surroundings, is too familiar for us to tell here. He was found hanging, dead, to a window blind. In his will, dated August 31, 1829, he left all this great estate, valued at £5,000,000, to his grand-nephew, Henri Eugene Philippe Louis d'Orleans, Duc d'Aumale.

"The château was a ruin, but the young Prince, serving in Africa in 1843, at the time of his inheritance determined to rebuild it. How nobly he has succeeded the visitor of to-day who visits the Cour d'Honneur, the Galerie des Cerfs, the Chapelle, the Galerie de Peinteurs, the Galerie de Psyche, the noble library, the splendid salons, the gorgeous ballroom and theater, the Tour du Tresor, the Cabinet des Etampes, and the Tribune, where is hung the famous Raphael

secured from England at a fabulous price; his Boticelli, an immense favorite of his; his Fra Lippo Lippis, his exquisite Italian pictures; the Delesserts and Bouguereaus and Davids, and the later masters testify that all the spirit of the world's great painters is there. The stained glass of the Château of Ecuoun, chef d'œuvre of the art, admirable wood carving, the fine masterpiece of Jean Bullant, the bas-reliefs of Jean Gousson saved from the destruction of the Terror; statues, altars, tapestries, enamels, bronzes, famous tombs, violated under the Terror, were found by the Duc d'Aumale and restored at immense pains—all are there.

"For forty years one of the richest men in the world, a widower and childless, worked to this one end to restore Chantilly, to bring thither the treasures of the Château d'Ecuoun one of the most beautiful remains of the art of France, at its best, to make a building a memorial to the great Conde, and also to his two lovely young Princes, his sons, who died in the flower of their youth, the Prince of Conde and the Duc de Guise; that has been the not ignoble use to which this learned son of Louis Philippe, this 'Athenian of Paris,' has put his life, and to which he consecrated his mind and consecrated his ruined hopes.

"He had, besides, the immense revenues of Chantilly, a large fortune from his wife, who was a Sicilian Princess, and in the sale of those vineyards and wines he drew from it, it is said, one-third of the revenue of Sicily. He has given it all to France—the noble park, fifty miles in diameter, filled with deer (the shooting alone is worth very much), and all its other industries and products—to the country which exiled him. As he says: 'It will be a museum of the arts, the antiquities, and the industries of France.' He felt the death of his sons most keenly. The family affections are strong in his race. He is said to have uttered the famous phrase, 'God takes from us our first born as a judgment for our sins,' when his noble brother, the Duc d'Orleans, was killed, and again when he looked at his own dead boys—a phrase for which his more prudent father, Louis Philippe, had once reproached him.

"The Duc d'Aumale was much beloved at Chantilly, where he led the grand life of a French seigneur of the Moyen Age, without its crimes and mistakes.

"The chapel is of the Moyen Age, and bears the marks of that grand artist of elegance, Jean Goupin. The stained glass is from the Château d'Ecuoun, the very best specimen of that art in France. Nothing more noble than its entrance can be imagined. Here are

the tombs of the Condes, found and saved after the Terror, ornamented with statues of bronze, made by Pierre Surrozin. The chapel is a museum of French art, and all the names of those of French artists of the finest epochs, of their respective work. The immense stables are built to accommodate 200 horses in princely state. They took sixteen years to build, from 1719 to 1735, and they remain useless now, and will be more useless hereafter, when electricity will carry us everywhere.

"How can I describe that little sanctuary of art, 'Le Tour du Tresor,' filled with little delicate objects, antique bronzes, miniatures, marbles, gems, bitong, snuff boxes—all kept under glass—refinement, beauty, luxury, and magnificence.

"Chantilly is the work of a scholar who had a purpose, a love of art, a lover of bibelots; who was also a Prince and a multi-millionaire. The Athenian of Paris has conserved for France what she would never have saved for herself."

The Duc d'Aumale died in 1897, just after the horrible holocaust in Paris, which lost him his favorite niece. He was one of the most distinguished and agreeable men of his day—one of the many choice specimens of our race, whose acquaintance I owed to my dear friend, Lady Galway.

Matlock Baths and Neighborhoods

The joy of Matlock is its neighborhood. We are only a driving distance from Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, Eyam (the home of Anna Seward, the poetess), Dovedale (celebrated by poets for its beauty, and the beloved haunt of Izaak Walton). Indeed a little inn is named for the "Father of Angling," from which one wanders, on the margin of the river, past banks covered with ash, hazel, birch, drooping willow, wild honeysuckle, wild roses and brambles, ferns and hawthorn.

Byron says of Derbyshire: "There are things there as noble as in Greece or Switzerland;" and it is true. There also is a hotel, called "Peveril of the Peak." We were in the scenery which Scott has endeared to us in that famous romance, and we pass "Pike Pool" where "young Mr. Izaak Walton used to fish."

Dr. Johnson, when he wrote "Rasselas," is said to have had the neighborhood of Ilam in view as the pattern of his "Happy Valley." Ilam Hall is close to Dovedale. Congreve wrote his "The Old Bachelor" and "The Mourning Bride" near to Ilam.

And we shall drive hence to Haddon Hall, over the clear waters of the River Wye, "amid rich pastures, shady nooks, and sedgy banks."

Some one said "you come to London to realize your Dickens." We have come to Derbyshire to realize our

Sir John Suckling, our Drummond of Hawthornden, our Herrick, and our Shakespeare. "Daisies pied and violets blue" pave the turf; and shall we not go to Hardwick Hall, the seat of Bess of Hardwick, the jailer of Mary Queen of Scots and the founder of Chatsworth? They have a statue of the poor Queen there now, where she was imprisoned for eight years. One would think it would "walk o' nights." There, too, is her bed furniture, embroidered by her own poor lovely hands.

And thence we go to Hathersage, where Little John and bold Robin Hood lived. Here we enter Sherwood Forest, and shall try to people it with "men in green" —very interesting to me, for I have the same coat of arms as had Robin Hood.

It is said that in Hathersage Church the remains of a gigantic man, possibly Little John, was found as late as 1728, and that "little" John's cap hung there within memory of the oldest inhabitant.

We hope to see Chatsworth to advantage, and to stop at the lovely little inn at Edensor, in the Park; also to travel thence to Newstead Abbey, if one week will only be long enough. Everything is so enchanting, however, that we are like the "petrified ladies" so often painted and sculptured; we like to stand still and look, to listen to the nightingales and linnets "forever and forever."

This is the way to see England: to come and stay two or three months. These wooded heights, crowned by an ancient ruin, an old castle, or a homely English farmhouse,—these are the delights of a Spring in England.

We came through lovely scenes of English beauty to

Matlock Baths, a spot eminent for its scenery. Here was built the first cotton mill in England; here still live the Arkwrights, true descendents of the Sir Richard who invented the spinning jenny. The Derwent, a beautiful stream, runs through the valley, and precipitous mountains, called Tors, rise on either side. Here is the famous Derbyshire spar, the petrifying springs, the caves, and the tufa rock so useful in aquaria. To see it now, with every pink and white hawthorn in its freshest beauty, with lilacs growing out of rocks in the steepest hillsides, and the very gravel walk full of little wild flowers, is to see Proserpine re-visiting the earth.

I should say Derbyshire was the stone quarry of the universe, had I not been born in New Hampshire. Every little town is engaged in the gritty work of getting out that peculiar and beautiful sandstone which crops out in those hills. The quartz and the "Blue John" and the Derbyshire spar which is found in the caves and mines is, of course, a smaller but a very productive industry, for no one has the moral courage to come away without buying some jewelry, if only a pair of sleeve buttons. We went to one stone village called Middlebury, where the stone pavements, stone houses, and stony-looking miners all looked as if they had been formed in the tertiary period of the earth's construction, and it was a singular contrast to the beauty of the neighboring flowery dales.

We drove up one valley which was a procession of wild flowers. The blue forget-me-nots grow in greatest profusion, the lily of the valley covers acres, and the purple hyacinth looks as if a Roman emperor had walked that way, leaving his imperial mantles, with true Roman magnificence, on the ground as he passed. The yellow

tulips and pink pimpernels were most exquisite. I believe I have said all of this before.

We saw an old Derbyshire custom at two towns, Wirksworth and Tissington — that of "Dressing the Wells." It seems that in old times—say fifteen hundred and something—the drought was fearful, and all wells dried up except in these two towns, so the pious inhabitants have ever since, on Whitsuntide, "dressed" these wells with flowers. It is a beautiful idea, full of that old touching poetry which founded the Tichborne dole, and the memorial wells, and the crosses at the wayside, and so on, now gone from our prosaic age. It might have been better done. We expected garlands of flowers and singing maidens—in short, Tennyson's "Maud" everywhere; but we saw only clay boarded up, with hideous floral designs put in, and mottoes very elaborately constructed out of slaughtered buttercups and daisies, which had been torn to pieces to suckle the dreadful clay composition. Women with dirty babies presented teacups for our pence, and we had to pay—pay—pay.

At Tissington it was prettier. There they had a religious service, and the chimes were rung, and the rector went about with the people blessing the wells, now, however, represented by a tap in the wall. It is the "living water," however, so sacred in poetry and legend and serving for such a vital parable in the Scriptures.

I wonder if any of your readers remember Miss Martineau's lovely story, "The Anglers of the Dove." I remember it from my Sunday-school days, when it was the prize book. It seemed very far off then. But when I was on the spot, and Dovedale and the Izaak

Walton Inn and the "Peveril of the Peak" Inn were within a morning drive, and the beautiful wild scenery of the Dove recalled all those early memories, I was glad that I had read it. It was full of the proposed rescue of Mary Queen of Scots from Hardwick Hall. We spent a quiet hour looking at the ivy-clad wall and diamond crescents of Haddon Hall, where Dorothy Vernon's shade haunts the peacock walk, and we wondered how the noble family of Rutland could leave this sweetest and most picturesque "Pleasance" to the owls and the ravens. It is a thousand times more interesting than Chatsworth. To me, however, the park at Chatsworth and a delightful inn at Edensor, in the park, where I recommend every American to go and spend six weeks, is not to be despised. This is patronizing to the Duke of Devonshire! In fact the landscape gardening at Chatsworth at Sir Joseph Paxton's place, at Sir Richard Arkwright's, and at Sir Joseph Whitworth's, all within a morning's drive, is most wonderful. Our American rhododendron and what they call the American yellow azalea, although I have never seen it in America, are splendidly beautiful in groups.

I drove to look at the outside of Florence Nightingale's home, Lea Croft, a picturesque and pretty home, with an avenue of rhododendrons five miles long.

Derbyshire is the home of the successful artisans of Manchester and Birmingham and Wolverhampton and Sheffield. The operatives, out on their Whitsuntide holiday, filled the green hillsides and the woods, and formerly enjoyed the perpetual hospitality of Chatsworth, which princely possession is now shut to these hard-handed sons and daughters of toil.

We came to London after a profuse rainfall, perhaps brought down by the prayers of the well-dressers. They are very superstitious about it, and this rain was certainly very much needed, for all England is suffering from a drought, and the "Anglers of the Dove" complained bitterly that the fish would not bite. We found cold and dreary weather, the first we have seen since we have been in England. But London, with its thousand attractions, makes us superior to the weather, which however, is again warm and fine. We returned to London on June 10th.

The Temple Church opened its time-honored doors for me on Trinity Sunday, and I walked by Robert de Ross and the Earl of Pembroke and other recumbent figures in dark marble of knights in full armor, lying there with their legs crossed under their shields. We entered, with much emotion, the fine handsome Norman interior, looking upward to the rich arabesques of the ceiling through quadrangular clustered pillars. The Agnus Dei, the emblem of humility chosen by the proudest soldiers of the cross that ever fought the paynim and the pagan, is everywhere, "and fills the soul with beauty." This heraldic emblem of the Templars is a perfect thing in its way as an order, an ornament, an architectural addition, or an emblazonment for a stained-glass window. Music and the psalms would have been enough, with memory, for a morning service, but we had a sermon from Dr. Vaughn, one of the great preachers of England, whom I did not think so great a preacher as Phillips Brooks—no, nor half so great. But comparisons are odious; and it is enough honor and glory to be allowed to pray in the historical church of the Templars.

I saw many Americans in the congregation, and as I was coming out, thinking of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, and of the Holy Sepulchre and the "poor soldiers of the Temple of Solomon," some one said in my ear: "You know Mr. Blaine has received the Republican nomination for President?" This brought me back to the nineteenth century, and I thought how busy you had all been at home, thinking of far different knights than those who are lying there in bronze, who, in their silent way, had led me back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

I sent to the dignitary of another church, with a request for seats, the letter of a dignitary of our church, and received them with the polite announcement that "It was usual to send a stamped order, for the return of the note and seats!" What an incomprehensible meanness, to the American mind! Who in our vast land would have said that to a lady ignorant of the custom? Would Bishop Potter of New York have grudged the penny stamp, and have mentioned the fact? I shall preserve that autograph. It is an English peculiarity to be saving, but "this exceedeth them all." Of course, as the reverend gentleman had never seen or heard of his applicant it was of no consequence to her; but it seems like an insult to the person who wrote the letter of introduction.

Memories of Holland House

I find in an old journal of 1884 an account of my first visit to Holland House. The visit was so often repeated, and I became so learned on the subject, that I find it difficult to condense the story. I will try, however, to make it as brief and pick out the plums only, of which, however, the cake is very full.

Yesterday I had the supreme pleasure of going over Holland House. The park I had seen, but the house is not often shown. With the best of all possible guides, Mr. McHenry, whose passion it is, and who has eleven folio volumes filled with illustrations of the history of Holland House, rare prints and documents, autographs of fabulous value, and other interesting matter, we went slowly through, as he told us the history of each room and of all the pictures. As every Lady Holland has a history, and as every Lord Holland was a collector, the stories would fill an encyclopædia and the gems of art a museum. Presuming that nearly every one has read the Princess Lichtenstein's book on Holland House—if not, they should do so; that every one has read the story of Fox and Pitt, and can quote the best anecdotes about Charles James Fox; and also that every one has read the Greville "Memoirs," I will not allow "my pen to be caught in the tissues of a threadbare scheme." But

every one has not seen Holland House on a fine June day, at leisure, with such a cicerone, and I may be forgiven if I give a word to the old carved staircase; the unexpected vision from the windows of a Dutch garden laid out in patterns like a bedquilt, with boxwood outlines; the splendid majesty of the trees, which look in at every casement; to the long library where Addison paced between the bottle of sherry and the bottle of brandy; to the grand suite of apartments arranged for the honeymoon of Charles I and Henrietta Maria; to the rich Sir Joshua Reynolds's room, where we see the famous picture of young Charles James Fox offering his tragedy of "Jane Shore" to his two handsome sisters, and his more beautiful aunt, Lady Sarah, made hay on the lawn to attract George III, but afterwards married Sir Charles Bunbury, ran away with her cousin Churchill —they all ran away perpetually in this family—and afterward married Lord Napier and became the mother of the famous Napiers.

One of the most interesting pictures is that of Charles James Fox himself, and near it hangs the receipt of "Joshua Reynolds" for one hundred guineas, which Fox paid for the picture—it is worth a thousand guineas to-day. We saw the picture of the stern Lady Holland whom Addison married. "She will lead you a devil of a life, your Countess," said Steele. Addison found that Holland House could not hold three guests, of whom one was Peace, and she fulfilled the prophecy. We saw the picture of the questionable Lady Vassall Holland, who used to snub Macaulay. She was a lamb-like lady, with a lamb in her lap, when she was painted at twenty, before she ran away from Sir Godfrey Webster. We

saw twenty pictures of the present Lady Holland, a descendant of one of the beautiful Gunnings painted by Watts (Ellen Terry's first husband), and we saw models of her beautiful feet. The collections of china, clocks, bric-à-brac, and rare old pictures, which are unique in the kingdom. Holland House is now the property of Lord Ilchester (it was Crown property before Cromwell's time), who has promised to preserve this wonderfully beautiful old house and its priceless treasures as long as he lives, and longer if he can.

One original picture by Hogarth, of a play presented at Holland House by the children of George III, hangs in the grand salon, which looks out on the Dutch garden. Autographs of Hogarth and his receipts for payment of pictures are there also. The dressing-room of the present Lady Holland is full of memorials of Bonaparte at St. Helena, and of Louis Philippe and family, who spent six months at Holland House. But the Council Room, where hang the portraits of Sir Samuel Romilly, Talleyrand, Lord Archie Campbell, Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald, the Princess Lieven, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and many of England's great judges, statesmen, and thinkers, was most impressive. A great canopy of thought seems to tapestry the walls, and one can hardly speak for fear of driving away the ghost of a majestic idea. There are two private libraries, besides the grand library where Addison walked. On the shelves rest the books which the truly cultivated third Lord Holland, Henry, the best of the lot, collected for his own pleasure. Of course we saw nothing but the bindings of old Russia leather, but we felt more cultivated and well-read, even from being an hour in their illustrious

companionship. From this we went to a magnificent salon.

The house is a great, beautiful Tudor Gothic edifice, containing some seventy rooms, almost all of immense size. The grand dining-room, with carved wood ceiling is very dreary, but the private dining-room is quite cozy and luxurious. No language could do any sort of justice to the delights of the park, as it stretches away in every direction, filled with large trees, and carpeted with velvet turf. That park is simply the most beautiful in England, and, one may say, in the world. The views from the windows are supremely lovely.

After this was all over, we drove back to Mr. McHenry's pleasant home, Oak Lodge, to look at his autographs. He had a remarkable collection of the letters of Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who was the Miss Linley of concert-singing fame, the mother of "Tom" and the grandmother of Mrs. Norton, Lady Dufferin, and Lady Seymour. They are written in the free and easy style of the day. He had also many autograph letters of Sheridan and the first playbills of "The School for Scandal." In telling how he became the possessor of these invaluable things, he said it was a romantic story. In 1809 Drury Lane Theatre was burned to the ground, and the possessions of Sheridan contained in a certain desk were supposed to have been destroyed. They were, however, hurriedly put into a bag, and carried off to a garret, where they lay sixty-nine years, no one knowing anything about them. Mr. McHenry's agents, looking for old prints and letters for him to add to his work on Holland House, stumbled over this bag of old papers saved from the Drury Lane

fire, and sold it to him for a mere song. I was permitted to copy off several of Mrs. Sheridan's letters. [Very much amused I have been to hear that they are now the property of Augustin Daly, in New York, and to read in W. Fraser Rae's "Life of Sheridan" a paper by Lord Dufferin to the effect that he ought to give them back to the family. I should think so! They have the license of the time in them. They were not intended for publication.] With them are the first playbills of the first night of "The School for Scandal" and other reminiscences of the greatest of England's modern playwrights—that name which gives distinction to all his gifted descendants—the name of Sheridan.

It is to Henry, third Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles James Fox, that Holland House owes its literary celebrity. Born in 1773, the oldest son of the second Lord Holland, he became a perfect idol to his eccentric gaming uncle, a fact to which he gracefully referred in his old age:

> Nephew of Fox and Friend of Gay,
> Be this my meed of fame:
> May those who deign to observe me say
> I've injured neither name.

He did far more to illustrate both names than the owners thereof, but he had one moment of weakness. He ran away with the vulgar wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. Herself a West Indian heiress, named Vassall, from her portrait one would surmise that she had negro blood in her veins, and before she could be divorced from Sir Godfrey one child was born to them—always called Colonel Fox. The affair is all recorded in the Annual Register of 1796 as "one of the most

scandalous ever mentioned in the divorce courts." They were married afterward. But bad women have ever had great power over good men. He called himself Lord Vassall-Holland, but there ended his weakness. He possessed the family talent, and Macaulay says that he had not his equal in the House of Commons. His public life of over forty years was honorable and consistent. He was a constant protector of all oppressed races and persecuted sects. Neither the prejudices nor the interests belonging to his station could swerve him. In his capacity as peer he protested against the injustice done to Napoleon. That iniquitous decree which tied the fallen Emperor to a rock at St. Helena touched his noble heart. He and Lady Holland were always solacing that captivity with books, food, and money.

He took possession of Holland House in 1796. Doubtless he found much to do in the way of restoration. He began to adorn it. His own ample fortune and that of the West Indian heiress enabled him to indulge his luxurious tastes. Valuable paintings, noble statuary, massive plate, exquisite china, rare books, ornate furniture, hangings of silk and Cordova leather, objects of curiosity and taste, filled those noble rooms.

According to Macaulay his hospitality was princely. Not a few of the ablest men and the best were his guests. His home became the favorite resort of philosophers, statesmen, poets, and wits. Every one who had done anything was hailed there gladly. Lord Holland had that frank cordiality, that winning kindness, which relieved the embarrassment of the timid. What a contrast he was to that rude wife of his!

There was another aspect which Macaulay the eulo-

gist—Macaulay the Englishman—did not mention. Holland House in those days, was under a social cloud. The unfaithful wife of Godfrey Webster could not, even as Lady Holland, be received into English society. This Lady Vassall-Holland must have had, however, great talents, or she could not for years have reigned, an unpleasant hostess, over her husband and over the wits of England. She certainly snubbed her guests in a most impertinent manner.

How she must have suffered, however! It is women who suffer when they have something in their past which galls. It is they who are impertinent. It is galling enough to a man to be systematically shut out from intercourse with his natural associates. For a woman to be tabooed by hers must be a perpetual torture. Who could live, a woman to whom other women would not speak? But Lady Vassall-Holland lived to be very old, dying in 1845. It was her first legitimate son who was the last Lord Holland, who, in 1833, married the daughter of the Earl of Coventry. With him the line of the Fox-Hollands became extinct. He kept up the prestige of the house for forty years, and the late Lady Holland felt great interest in it.

Lord Ilchester is a descendant of Stephen Fox, and he will gladly preserve intact the historical memories of this old place, which should have become the property of the nation—a great historical museum.

It was easy to go back in memory to 1806 and to 1833. Within these walls what memories met us! Here came Lord Moira, "airing his vocabulary;" Sir Humphry Davy, Thurlow, Payne, Knight, Monk Lewis, Lord Jeffrey of the "Edinburgh Review"; Byron,

who dedicated "The Bride of Abydos" to Lord Holland; Dr. Parr, Sir Philip Francis; Sheridan, the wit and genius; Macaulay, Sydney Smith, the two Humboldts, Talleyrand, Canova, Thomas Moore, Mme. de Staël, Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire; Carlyle [who has not shone at Holland House?], Metternich, Louis Philippe, Coleridge, Count d'Orsay, and Lord Brougham—in fact, all those famous in politics, diplomacy, and art were visitors there, and left their portraits behind them.

When the fourth Lord Holland took possession (he whose widow has but lately died), he kept up the traditions. Chateaubriand, Scribe, and Thackeray were constant visitors. Great fêtes were given in the beautiful old gardens, which were unrivaled in either France or England. Lord Holland was made Ambassador to Naples. When they were in England the Queen and Prince Albert used to honor the house with frequent visits, as their children continued to do. The Prince and Princess of Wales were often at these more recent garden parties. Louis Napoleon visited Lord Holland, both before he was anybody and after he was everybody. Here came his beautiful favorites, Marquise de Gallifet and Countess Castiglione, and others. Here the exiled family of Louis Philippe came when the "reign was over," and it was whispered that Lady Holland and the Duc d'Aumale did not hate each other. A "censorious world," as Mephistopheles says.

On coming home from one of these long absences in Naples, Lord and Lady Holland, who had no children, brought a young lady with them, whom they called Mary Fox. When she was to be presented, the Queen

called for a private interview with Lady Holland. When they parted both were in tears. But the Queen said: "Let Mary Fox be treated with royal honors." And when she came to be married in 1872, in the Roman Catholic church at Kensington, the Diplomatic Corps, the Cabinet Ministers, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. It was the first time that a member of the royal family has assisted at mass since the reign of James II. Mr. Gladstone would not attend; but Lord Granville, the head of the church, was present, and kept his eyes on Count Beust to see when to kneel. I give this anecdote on the authority of Lord Houghton.

Who was Mary Fox, Princess Lichtenstein? She died young, estranged from her supposed mother. She never recovered from the shock it is said, of being told that she was not a daughter of Lord and Lady Holland. Gossip gave her for a mother a Queen of Naples, or a father among the sons of Louis Philippe. So far as I know, nobody knew who she was. She came very near being married to a royal Duke in England, it was said; and so she added another to the many romances of Holland House.

Those who like to believe that fashion and rank should honor genius will honor Holland House. One hopes that so noble a legend may continue:

> Surely may we delight to pause
> On our care-goaded road,
> Refuged from Time's most bitter laws,
> In this august abode.

Holland House Again

Since writing about Holland House a few weeks ago, several letters have reached me on that subject, one of them the following:

"DEAR MRS. SHERWOOD: I do not know anything about the early history of Holland House. Will you kindly inform me what was the origin of the name, also of the two families who both lived there, the Rich Hollands and the Fox Hollands. Yours truly,

A. STOCKTON."

And here is another letter:

"DEAR MRS. SHERWOOD: You are wrong as to the statement that Lady Vassall Holland had negro blood in her veins. Her father was brother to the Vassall who built Mr. Longfellow's house in Cambridge, and her mother was a daughter of Col. Clark, who was a very dissolute man, &c. He left two families in Jamaica, from which fact that rumor may have arisen, &c. Yours, A. C.

This lady sends her full name, and writes so clearly, that I suppose the memoirs from which I derived the idea that Lady Vassall Holland had colored blood in her veins must have been incorrect, but her portrait at Holland House would lead one to that belief.

Holland House, then, to answer some of these questions, is in London. It is a large structure, built in the Elizabethan style, surrounded by a very large park. It lies in the middle of Kensington. Busy London has now crept up to it, and surrounded its vast park. It may be said to be an oasis in the midst of brick and mortar. It

was at one time called Kensington Manor, and later on Cope Castle, from the name of a Gentleman of the Bedchamber of James I, who had acquired the property and erected a part of the residence. Through the daughter of this gentleman it passed to the nephew of the Earl of Essex, created Baron Kensington and Holland. It is he who gave this name to the house. Even in that period it became the resort of fashionable loungers, artists, and men of letters. Van Dyck spent several years under its roof and painted its owner in 1675. This Lord Holland was beheaded. His son's widow married Addison. Then began the literary history of Holland House. It became a literary centre, and Milton's daughters were seen there. The members of the English aristocracy were proud to be asked to meet the literary people.

In 1716, Holland House became the home of Addison, who had married the Countess of Warwick. She owned it for the time being. Previously it had been a sort of Parliamentary headquarters. There came Cromwell, Lambert, Fairfax, Ireton, and other Puritans. Before Addison married he had a pretty little house of his own which Charles II had fitted up for Nell Gywnne, and he became tutor to the graceless son of the noble widow. The amusements of this stepson of Addison were breaking windows, beating watchmen, and trundling women, headed up in hogsheads, down Holborn Hill. The Countess coquetted with her son's tutor, but at length, when he received a large legacy from a brother in India, and it appeared that he was to be appointed Secretary of State, the Countess promised to marry him, in terms which Dr. Johnson characterizes as "terms in which a Turkish Princess is espoused, to

whom the Sultan is reputed to declare: 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' "

But long before this, Holland House had been the property of Sir Walter Cope, whose daughter and heiress married Sir Henry Rich, who was created Earl Holland. He added the wings, which complete the beautiful house as it now stands. They must not be confounded with the later family of Fox, who were Barons Holland, the only connection between the two families being that they both lived in Holland House. During various periods Holland House was rented. Among other celebrities who hired it was William Penn, who, while living there was so favorite a courtier that he had to go out of the cellar door to get rid of the applicants for place.

But Stephen Fox, a poor choir boy, a handsome lad, a favorite with his Bishop, had the good luck to follow another patron, Lord Percy, after the battle of Worcester, to France, where they formed part of the forlorn little Court of the exiled Stuart. He had the good luck to hear of the death of Cromwell six hours before the express had arrived, and, rushing into the tennis court where the Merry Monarch was amusing himself, he begged leave to call him really "King of Great Britain." He was easily forgiven for bringing such good news; became a favorite with the pleasure-loving Charles II, and rose from being a servant to almost the rank of a Privy Councilor.

After the Restoration the fortunes of Stephen Fox grew flourishingly. He was knighted in 1665, made Commissioner of the Treasury and Paymaster of the army, and accumulated a vast fortune. He married his eldest daughter to Lord Cornwallis, whose son

surrendered at Yorktown, giving her £12,000, equal perhaps to a quarter of a million to-day. Stephen Fox was honest and a man of mark. He held office under William and Anne; he founded hospitals, built churches, and performed many philanthropic deeds. To him more than any other man does England owe Chelsea Hospital. He made a second marriage, when he was seventy-six, with a young girl named Christian Hope. This beautiful name proved an augury, and it was a happy marriage. The great estates of the whilom choir boy devolved on her two sons. Henry became an eminent statesman, bought Holland House, and was made Baron Holland, the first of the Fox-Hollands.

This Henry Fox, born in 1705, now became owner of the property. We all know Fox and Pitt. Fox and William Pitt (afterwards Earl of Chatham) were rivals at school and rivals in politics. The rivalry descended to another generation, and Charles James Fox, the son of Henry, was the great rival of the younger William Pitt. Fox was returned to Parliament in 1735, and attached himself to Walpole, perhaps the first man to admit that in politics there is nothing but corruption.

The genius of Henry Fox as a debater hides from the reader his utter unscrupulousness. He became thoroughly unpopular. He sold himself for a peerage; got cheated; and, finally, when about forty, married Lady Caroline Lennox in 1749, hired Holland House, and in 1767 bought it. This Lady Caroline Lennox was a granddaughter of Louise de Querouaille, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Charles II, and the Duke, her father, scouted at the idea of her marrying a commoner, but when they tried to marry her to some one else she

shaved off her eyebrows and ran away with Henry Fox. Her father's cousin, the Duke of Grafton, was particularly angry at this *mésalliance*, but his daughter, Lady Susan Strangeways, afterward ran away with an actor.

Lady Caroline Lennox became mother of the famous Charles James Fox. Henry Fox and Lady Caroline Lennox were forgiven, and they lived many years together, protecting her young sister, Lady Sarah Lennox, whose history would make a three-volume novel. This beautiful girl of fifteen used to make hay in the park, and Kensington House, then the royal residence, held an inflammable Prince of Wales, who became George III, who fell in love with the beauty, and soon after his accession to the throne asked Lady Sarah to be his wife, but she was engaged in a flirtation with a certain Lord Newbottle, whose very name is ominous. The young King was piqued by this, but every fine morning he went riding on horseback up Holland Lane to see Lady Sarah make hay in the park. No doubt Henry Fox was pleased at the idea of being brother-in-law to a King, but the rest of England did not like it, so Lord Bute was sent off and secured for the Prince a very ugly Princess called Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Lady Sarah was very plucky. "I shall take care," she wrote, "to show that I am not mortified. Luckily for me I never loved him. I only liked him. The thing I am most angry at is for having looked so like a fool and at having gone so far for nothing"—to make hay! Is not that a true woman? All she regretted was the time lost in her amateur haymaking and a freckle or two received from the sun. This beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, if she did not marry the future King, was asked

to be bridesmaid at the royal wedding, when she so outshone the ugly little Princess who did marry him that the Earl of Westmoreland, who had been off with the Pretender, mistook her for the Queen, and, plumping down on both knees, kissed her hand. Some ready-witted fellow remarked that "the Earl had always loved pretenders."

This beautiful creature became Lady Napier and the mother of three famous sons. She had several early escapades, but she disappeared from public view until the incident recited in the following pathetic anecdote revealed her in her old age: The Dean of Canterbury preached a sermon in behalf of an infirmary for diseases of the eye. This had been founded by George III, when he began to lose his own sight. A poor old woman was led out weeping bitterly. This was no other than the aged Lady Napier, herself blind, and so we see our last of the pretty haymaker. Perhaps she had loved the King all her life. Who knows?

One of the loveliest portraits at Holland House is that of Lady Susan Strangeways, daughter of Lord Ilchester and cousin of this same Henry Fox. She ran away with one William O'Brien, an actor, and Horace Walpole, writing of it, says: "Even a footman would have been preferable." However, they made a country gentleman of him, and she lived, it is said, happily with him until 1827.

Henry Fox died in 1774, leaving three sons. Stephen, the eldest, died six months after succeeding to the title, leaving an infant son, who was to become the third Lord Holland, to whom Holland House owes its celebrity. The second was Charles James Fox, the

orator and statesman; the third, Edward, a General in the army. For almost a generation Burke, Pitt, and Fox were the foremost statesmen of England. They ranked as Calhoun, Clay, and Webster afterward ranked in our history. Many writers call Charles Fox the greatest of British statesmen.

Holland House is full of memorials of him. His father had a pride and delight in him almost affecting, and spoiled him religiously. No servant was allowed to thwart his lightest caprice. Before he was fourteen his father took him to the Continent to show him life. Trevylyan in his life of Charles James Fox says. "Here the devil seems to have entered into Lord Holland." At Paris and Baden they visited the gaming houses, and the boy alarmed his too foolish father by his love of play. He commenced here that habit which became the ruling passion of his life, and which, in spite of the enormous fortune left him by his father, became his ruin. He would always pay his debts of honor. One of his creditors, to whom he owed a common debt for household expenses, despairing of ever getting his £800, tore the paper in his presence—a promissory note —and saying, "Now it is a debt of honor," the curious creature paid it.

Old Kensington Palace, now the home of the lively Princess Louise, is not far from Holland House. I have heard that she has often walked across the park to sketch this wonderful house, and that she once sat in the sedan chair in the hall to have her own photograph taken. Sedan chairs were first introduced into England by Charles I, and this one had carried the wayward Lady Holland to many a "rout" and "drum" no doubt. On certain great gates on Kensington Road are

gilded letters "H. H.," behind whose spell I feared I could not enter. Mr. Lowell told me that even he, who had unlocked every door for me in England, could not give me the "Open sesame." But I fortunately remembered that Mr. Bierstadt had given me a letter to James McHenry, Esq., who lived in Addison Road, Holland Park. He and Sir Frederic Leighton had brought a few acres of Lady Holland, and had built themselves lovely houses there. On the immediate right hand of Mr. McHenry's portico stood a church, and the music was floating up to heaven as the door opened into a room which was half conservatory. As we sat there talking to our host and looking into Holland Park it seemed paradise. The next day he took us all over the famous house, which had become his passion. The first surprise of the fine façade was followed by the *coup d'œil* of the great hall and then the ascent of the tortuous little staircase in the wall, from whose slits of windows one saw the formal exquisite Dutch gardens, laid out in patterns. The ice has been broken. I went again and again.

At Aix I met a lady who had been a companion to Lady Holland. She gave me permission to see the house. This lady told me of the two ghosts which always appear to any Lady Holland who is about to die. One is Lady Susan Strangeways. I believe the old house is not now shown to strangers—a very great pity, for its treasures are inexhaustible. There are forty of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best portraits in it, for one thing, and one is reminded of his fabled epitaph, the best specimen of that kind of wit: The epigram—

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels,Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff!

To even hint of the inexhaustible treasures of paintings, books, and unique treasures would fill a book. Mr. McHenry made eleven volumes, illustrated with pictures, relating to this house.

To another famous house in this lovely park I was welcomed every Sunday. This was the house of Sir Frederic Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy, and the most famous figure-artist of Great Britain. This wonderful house has been so often described that I need hardly refer to its beautiful tiled Moorish court and fountain, its treasures of art, and its truly charming host, a prince by nature. Sir Frederic Leighton, apart from his genius as an artist, had social gifts of the highest, and to me he became the guide to much of the art of London, which included visits under his guidance to most of the celebrated collections.

He showed me in his own gallery a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds painted by himself, sitting in the very chair which Sir Frederic had been lucky enough to buy, and in which he himself always sat as he presided at the business meetings of the Royal Academy. The President of the Royal Academy has a right to claim at any time a private audience with the Queen. So fond of him were the members of the royal family that it was

said that he never had officially to enforce this right. He was ever a favorite guest at the Queen's dinners, and he told me an anecdote which I had not heard before, which he said the Prince Consort was fond of repeating as illustrating the quick wit of George IV, a Prince seldom praised. Once, while he was Prince Regent, George asked Sydney Smith who was the wickedest man that ever lived. "The Regent Orleans, and he was a prince," said Sydney Smith. "No," said the Regent, "I should give the preference to his tutor, the Abbé Dubois, and he was a priest, Mr. Sydney."

Sir Frederic vastly admired a saying of Henry, the third Lord Holland—"Slander is a two-edged knife without a handle; he who clutches at it gets the worst cut himself." Macaulay said of Holland House: "The shadows on the wall are still eloquent. Many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies, who have put life into bronze and canvas, and who have left to posterity things which it will not wittingly let die, have gathered there." And after this noble encomium on its past, I can say nothing. I must take my way back under its graceful elms to busy London, and to common, every-day life, grateful for the Summer days when I was permitted these glimpses of its precious collection and of its unique position in the world of thought as a republic of talent.

England in Spring

More singing birds—a voyage with Patti and Sembrich—what was considered a fast trip on the Oregon, in April, 1884—a spring journey to England, and an experience of the coaching parade, and a drive with a modern Mr. Weller.

I copy from my journal, 1884:

The service of the "Oregon" is perfect, so far as the stewards and stewardesses are concerned, the table luxurious; and Captain Price is a fine old sea-dog, who takes good care of his ship. He, of course, is highly elated, as the commodore of a Guion line, to have made the two quickest passages on record with his great new ship, whose smokestacks, even, are sixteen feet in diameter, and whose decks afford a promenade like walking around Boston Common. We went very far south to avoid the ice, and on Wednesday we were rewarded with a warm, soft, smooth day; the decks looked like a garden party, as the ladies sat about knitting, crocheting, and embroidering. Patti and Sembrich were on board, and the famous prima had a dog, a rooster, and a parrot, which she was bearing to her home in Wales. I talked with her as she sat smiling on deck, in a little blue hood, looking very pretty. She was sprightly and pleasant, but said she should *not* come to America again. She was very complimentary to Sembrich, who, she says, has the "coming voice." "Not weak like Madame Gerster," she added.

I asked them both to sing for us, but they said they could not, as they could not eat. "If we do not eat well, we cannot sing," remarked both the ladies; but as I saw them on either side of Captain Price at the dinner-table, he playing Sir Roger de Coverley to them, I did not notice any lack of appetite. They could have sung if they would. Sembrich is a very gay-hearted, romping school-girl of a person. Her husband, a Pole, a distinguished musician, found her a poor girl at the Conservatoire, married her, teaches her her *rôles*, and is making her career for her. On Thursday and Friday we got a chopping sea again, and balls of worsted and cotton, purses, reticules, and umbrellas went sliding out of laps into the sea. Chairs were tied to the rails of the ship, and lively times ensued. But there was no, or very little, seasickness. I advise every one who crosses the Atlantic to strive for the "Oregon." (Alas! for human hopes! the "Oregon" was mysteriously lost near New York a few years after this.) The arrival at Liverpool, and the custom-house business, seemed very bunglingly managed, and the distinguished capitalist, Mr. McCormick of Chicago, who was on board, said that, "Such mismanagement would not be endured in the West if one was shipping goods."

All our trunks were examined for dynamite, and the officials evidently thought we brought it in our smelling-bottles. Two English officers on board, who ought to have known better, were "awfully alarmed" about dynamite, and told me of seditious newspapers, and of plots, "at which our government winked" (of which I had never heard). Indeed, no old nurse's tale was ever more absurd and foolish than the talk of these educated men. It is a

queer trait of the English people that such a national scare as this of dynamite makes them all cowards, and really unable to see the truth. We, however, got off without revealing our dynamite, even if we had charged ourselves with it in lumps (so pleasant a thing it would be to carry around!), and reached the Northwestern Hotel, unblown-up. It is a satisfaction now to remember that one of the English officers who had been most accusatory about the dynamite was one of the "suspects" of the custom-house, and his neat boxes of American turnip-seeds were all overturned and looked at suspiciously, while our real American boxes were most lightly handled. The Northwestern Hotel, at Liverpool, received us all most comfortably, including the parrot, "Ben Butler," Madame Patti's parrot, who seemed to me, with his "battle-stained eye," to bear quite a resemblance to his distinguished godfather, and a rooster, who was a contribution to the farm in Wales. Pretty Rab, the English setter, belonging to Madame Patti, frightened to death, though he was at sea, still contributed to our amusement. Nicolini took care of him.

We had other distinguished people on board; Major Walter, who owns the original Sharpless portraits of Washington, and who is indignant that some Chicago merchant said, "Washington! there is n't a dollar in *him!*"—and righteously offended that our government does not buy these fine originals, so praised by Washington Irving, Longfellow and Bryant — is a very cultivated scholar, has written a folio volume on Shakespeare, and is the friend of R. D. Blackmore, the accomplished author of "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," and other delightful English novels. Blackmore, he says,

only writes when his pear-trees will not blossom; he is, in fact, a nursery gardener at heart. Hence the delicious descriptions of gardens in Kent which fill "Alice Lorraine." Major Sharpless Walter has been praying ever since that this late, cold spring might blight all Blackmore's blossoms, so that Blackmore would write another novel.

It seems a jump from Madame Patti and "Ben Butler," the "Oregon" and her motley crew, to Chester, St. Chads, the somber cathedral and its restorations, but we were there before the leviathan could swim a league, and a lovely English morning greeted us. Curiously, the races were going on, and in the public drawing-room we met an English racing professional bookmaker, who thought we were English ladies of rank, interested in betting, and he offered to give us "points." When he heard that we did not care for anything at Chester which was not a thousand years old, he was disgusted, and said the countrywomen of Iroquois, and Foxhall, and Ethan Allen, ought to like to see a race. But we told him old Father Time was quick enough for us, and we wanted to go back on him, even for a few centuries; so we went out to look at the rows, and the ancient walls, and the cathedral, which I, for one, do not find improved by its restorations. We drove to Eaton Hall, the splendid showplace of the Duke of Westminster, now in deep sorrow over the death of Earl Grosvenor, his eldest son, prospective heir to millions. *Pallida mors æquo pede pulsat;* it has invaded this splendid palace, walked these corridors, where hang the masterpieces of Rubens and Vandyke, and has stolen that glorious young life which alone made them valuable. In the chapel I saw a marble effigy of

the late Duchess, a woman whom I thought the most beautiful, gracious creature in all England, when I visited London before. There she lies, in marble majesty, her little dog at her feet, her fine profile befitting the classic marble. She was a daughter of the beautiful Duchess of Sutherland, and died about 1879. Her brother, Lord Ronald Gower, made this recumbent statue.

The late English spring, unusually cold after a warm winter, had hindered the flowers and trees, but still the yellow gorse was out on every bank, and primroses lingered in the hedge-rows. The trees tasseled forth a few reluctant green leaves, and the grass was an emerald. In the midst of all this spreads Eaton Hall, a most stately, superb structure. Like nothing out of England, it dominates the scene. Several of Millais's best portraits are on the walls, of the Duke's beautiful daughters, of himself, and his wife; and the library, an immense room, contains some of the choice books of the world. We were allowed, on payment of a shilling, to see the interior, with its priceless bric-a-brac and magnificent ornamentation. We went thence, by the time-honored custom, to Leamington, and thence to Stratford-upon-Avon. The weather was cold and forbidding, and nothing has happened about Shakespeare since 1650. I spare you a description, beautiful, rare, rich, and thrilling as is Stratford-upon-Avon.

London is dull (1884) on account of the recent death of the Duke of Albany, and the more recent death of the Empress of Austria. The weather for a week has been bad, but to-day the sun shines. We are in time for the one hundred and sixteenth exhibition of the Royal Academy,

where there are some eighteen hundred noteworthy pictures. There are, of course, some very fine pictures, but also a woful amount of rubbish. Mr. Alma-Tadema's picture of the Emperor Hadrian in England visiting a Roman-British pottery, is an exquisite thing. It is a piece of historical genre, characterized by a rather complicated arrangement of figures, but is rich in that vivid sense of reality which inspires this author's works. The painting of the primroses, ivy, and wall-flowers, the necessary and varied accessories of vases, jars, cups, dresses, potters' implements, and the wondrous painting of a piece of marble mosaic, is a triumph of artistic discrimination of tint and texture. Our American Broughton has made a new departure with his outdoor Flemish subjects. "A Field Maiden, Brabant," is a fresh, nice picture. There is a classic picture, "Cymon and Iphigenia," which shows the artistic sensibility and refined taste of Sir Frederic Leighton, that man so accomplished that they say of him, "He is the best rider, fencer, musician, and man of society in London, and occasionally he does a little drawing and painting, *pour passer le temps.*" Mr. A. W. Bayes, an artist hitherto unknown to me, has a capital genre picture, full of fun, of two gay dancing maidens surprised by an old Puritan father. Mr. Yeames, R. A., has an historical piece in which the big wigs of a past generation, Addison, Steele, Marlborough, and Congreve, are imaged forth. Mr. Millais has an original picture called, "The Idyl,"—a fifer in a garrison in the Highlands is solacing his leisure by practicing his instrument, and three idle lassies are listening to him. Although it is heresy to say so, I was not much pleased with this picture. There was a much-admired picture of

"Thisbe," by E. Long, R. A., white and gray and "long drawn out," and the catalogue says that it immortalizes "that moment when at the chink in the wall, the lovers

> Kissed its stony mouth, like lovers true,
> But neither side could let the kisses through."

The landscapes did not seem to me equal to our American work except two fine examples of sea work, by J. C. Hook—"The Mirror of the Sea Men," and "Catching Sand Eels."

Mr. Filk has some excellent genre pictures, in which he excels; one brings home to us Ellen Terry in her most delightful part, "Beatrice Overhearing Ursula and Hero Discoursing of Benedict's Passion," and "Cruel Necessity," founded on that somewhat fabulous "Mock Pearl of History," the not-well authenticated anecdote that Cromwell visited Whitehall, and, looking on the dead features of Charles, said: "Cruel Necessity." I do not believe Cromwell ever did anything half so humane. It is not so good a conception of the same (supposed) historical incident as Delaroche's. There is a sort of Hogarthian picture by Orchardson, called the "Mariage de Convenance," which is a gem. A gentleman past the bloom of youth, who has a head as shining as a billiard-ball, is seated at the dinner-table, opposite his young wife. She has married him, evidently, for an "establishment," and they sit at table, mutually bored. The dinner of twelve courses is coming to an end, the velvet-footed butler is about retiring. Soon will come the dreaded tête-à-tête between the uncongenial pair. The flowers, fruit, decanters, glass, everything is painted in the most skillful way. It is delicate and strong in its

scheme of color. I have rarely seen a modern picture more in the style of that great master, Hogarth.

I wish I had time and space to describe some of these pictures, those of Denby Sadler, P. R. Morris Wells, R. A., Ned Morgan, and the Millais portraits. Oaless and Frank Holl have fine portraits, the latter one of the Prince of Wales, as a "Bencher of the Middle Temple," very forcible and fine, and like.

One of our gayest amusements is to go to see the coaches depart from White Horse Cellars, the four amateur coaches, which start every morning from Piccadilly on their journey to Windsor, Guildford, Dorking, and Virginia Water. No country in existence could do this but England in such fine style, with a "noble lord" on the box, who does not refuse the tip of a shilling. They are spruce amateur whips, these successors of old Mr. Weller, and no doubt drive through "seventy miles of adoring females." Without hope of profit or reward, these enterprising gentlemen mount the box of the "New Lines," or the "Old Lines," or the "Perseverance," and drive three horses out and back, and bear the expense of horsing these amateur drags. The drive to Guildford, through Kingston Vale, Thames Ditton, Kingston, and Wisley Heath affords one a charming glimpse of English scenery from the top of a coach, and Guildford is well worth the visit. The price of such a trip is about ten dollars, and is worth twice the money. An excellent lunch is served at Guildford; one must lunch at the "Angel."

The entertainments at the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, are dreadfully crowded and fatiguing, but it is best to go out and make a day of it. They certainly give you

a great deal. There is an admirable orchestral concert, a military band, a drama, and a performance on the great organ. An exhibition of arts and manufactures is now going on. A very good dinner may be had at the restaurant, and it is well always to lunch there.

Afterwards we dined with Edmund Gosse, the genial poet. We are amazed at the promptitude with which our cards and notes and letters of introduction are answered. It is a rebuke to our American dilatoriness in this direction. The London post delivers your letter and your answer in two hours, and the frequency of telegrams is somewhat confusing. I wish that in our large cities we could count on a similar convenience, particularly of note delivery.

London, grand and mysterious city, has taken a strong hold on us. "Those who established the *mysteries*, whoever they were," says Socrates, "knew much of human nature." To see these vast old streets, this sweeping tide of human beings, to go down to the People's Palace, and to come back to Buckingham Palace, and then to go to the Thames Embankment and to notice how new and glittering it looks, to watch "all sorts and conditions of men," to see the tide of fashionable life coming back to Whitehall, and to believe that the next generation may see the court end of town again, *there*, where Charles and Henrietta Maria embarked and fed the swans—all this is a perpetual subject for thought and memory and dreaming, and the great city is full of mystery, mystery, everywhere. How many a human life has been built up in these walls! How many a human sacrifice is going up perpetually! We believe in tales of gnomes, kobolds, Telchines, and the Cabiri, as we look

up these endless streets, and then comes along the mummery of the Salvation Army, blowing trumpets and playing drums, followed, I am sorry to say, by an army of children in white robes, poor, fatigued, deluded wretches, and an endless river of vagabondage—this is the living mystery of the nineteenth century, that there can be such deluded people!

We find the London lodging-house very expensive, and somewhat stuffy. But we believe that the days of the lodging-house are numbered; a thin and almost indivisible line divides the London season from the months which precede it, but in the "season" the lodging-house keeper makes enough to bear him through the rest of the year. The public in May rush to London, and all the world becomes conscious that it is the thing to be diverted and dazzled, and "Scrooge from Scroogeville" takes it out of one in the model lodging-house. Immense American styles of hotels are consequently being built, and one, the Grand Hotel (formerly Northumberland House, or on its site), is a monument of comfort. There one really lives more cheaply, getting more for his money than in the stuffy lodging-house, although, it must be conceded that cleanliness, comfort, good cooking and extreme respectability and quiet can be obtained in the best lodgings. The opening of the Royal Academy seems to be a kind of official proclamation that the season has commenced, the festival begun, and then the lodging-house keeper begins to fleece, or "charge, Chester, charge." An immense structure, the Hotel Metropole, is going up, and in these and many other enormous houses, built on the American plan, the London lodging-house keeper begins to hear the death-knell

of his annual delights in bringing in so many shillings for a lamp, so much for a cup of tea, and ten guineas a week for the third story, merely rent, all the rest extra, until the starved lodger looks like the "thin edge of a worn sovereign." We have not had time yet to go to the National Health Exhibition. It is much talked of, but it is feared that it is a mere advertising medium for enterprising tradesmen, who can thus bring their wares before thousands who would otherwise not see them. For instance, a high block is devoted to Yeatman's yeast powder, another to a milk company, and enclosed cases filled with hams, cheeses, and such ordinary comestibles. I shall devote my spare hours to the pictures. The Archbishop of Canterbury has expressed a wish that "art were less the luxury of the rich, and that the poor could enjoy it more." Popular art should mean more than the diffusion of chromo-lithographs. Indeed, the archbishop read a letter from a workman, who begged that people of his class might be helped to see good pictures. He said that it would be desirable to people with "hard lives and cheerless prospects." We all know how little harm there could be in this form of socialism.

In the House of Lords they are busying themselves putting down pigeon shooting. It seems a small business for such great names as Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Redesdale, Lord Cowper, and Lord Aberdare, yet they discussed it with feeling and with temper.

We make the inquiry, Where is the shrine to Charles Dickens?

Where is there consecrated earth for him who had inspired the English people with a new heart—who awoke sympathies and feelings and impulses all unknown before?

Why do not London streets open hospitals and build monuments to this great spirit, who made the poor boy so interesting, the poor girl so poetical, who remedied abuses, pulled down old and foolish structures, the king of wits, the melter of hearts!

Well done, old Abbey, to take him to thy grand bosom! There in the clay, made rich by thy dead of a thousand years, there should fitly lie Charles Dickens, and as he has said in the dearest of his Christmas stories,

We keep his memory green!

"The American," says a good writer, "has learned his London and his England principally through Shakespeare, and later on through Dickens. How can he show his gratitude to these two great guides?"

General de Trobriand's Romantic Life

Romantic was the life of General de Trobriand, who died last month, the only Frenchman since LaFayette to attain the rank of Major-General in our army. Philippe Régis Denis de Keredern, Baron (afterward Comte) de Trobriand, was born June 4, 1816, at the Château des Rochettes, near Tours. He belonged to the old nobility of Brittany, but was born in Tours, for at that time his father, Gen. Joseph de Trobriand, was commanding that military district. When a youth, Régis de Trobriand was put on the list of the pages of Charles X, then King of France. During the monarchy the young nobles who became pages were brought up at Court, under the superintendence of one of the Marshals of France, who took charge of their education and prepared them for entering St. Cyr, the West Point of France. From St. Cyr they took their commissions in the army.

The revolution of 1830—which sent the Bourbons into their last exile—changed the course of de Trobriand's military education. Not wishing to serve under the new government, his father, General de Trobriand, who was then commanding at Rouen, resigned from the army and made his son follow another course of military studies at the same time that he was taking his college degrees. Trobriand was graduated as *Bachelier-es-lettres* at Orleans in 1834, and as *licencié-en-droit* at Pottiers in

1838. While at Pottiers he wrote a novel,—"Les Gentilshommes de l'Quest"—which created a great sensation. In 1841, after his father's death, and being then Baron de Trobriand, he came with a friend to America as a traveler to see the country. In those days few persons, particularly Frenchmen, came to America. His arrival, bringing letters to our first people, was quite a social incident. His good looks, title, accomplishments, and great personal attractions made him a social lion. He met and became engaged to Mary Mason Jones, daughter of Isaac Jones, second President of the Chemical Bank, and granddaughter of John Mason, founder and first President of that institution. The marriage took place in Paris in January, 1843, with great ceremony. The reception, at which many members of the Faubourg St. Germain were represented, was held at the Hotel Gallifet, where the family resided that Winter. The witnesses to the marriage on the side of the bridegroom were the Duc de Clermont Tonnerre, formerly minister of Charles X, and the Marquis de la Rochejaquelin. The witnesses for the bride were two American gentlemen, Robert Ray, Esq., and Colonel Thorn. After their marriage the Baron and Baroness de Trobriand went to Italy, where they joined the Court of the Duchesse de Berri, mother of Henri V, the Bourbon heir to the throne of France.

Here, attached to the exiled Princes, de Trobriand led, for several years, a life divided between his duties at Court, and the cultivation of his talents for music and painting.

Henri V was young and his companions were young, so all was done in those days to dispel the

dreariness of exile in a life of incessant activity and amusement. Venice was then part of the Austrian Kingdom of Lombardy, and ruled over by the Grand Duke Regnier as Viceroy, who, with his beautiful wife, a Princess of Savoy, also held a brilliant Court. Dinners, balls, visits from different royalties of Europe, for whom great receptions had to be given, all helped to make those Winters pass in a round of gayety. Amateur theatricals were given every two weeks in the palace of the Duchesse de Berri, Palazzo Vendramin. De Trobriand was stage manager and principal actor. The little theater was filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and once, in the front row, sat seven royalties (one being the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia) who were visiting Henri V.

An incident of that time of youthful exuberance among the young men of the Court made a sensation throughout Europe.

A discussion having arisen on the subject of Lord Byron's famous seven-mile swim, a wager was laid by the Comte de Chambord (Henri V) and three young men, of whom de Trobriand was one, that they would also accomplish it. The terms were that, though accompanied by boats, they were never to rest even a finger on a boat during the distance of seven miles.

The feat was performed by all four, though they all were made quite ill by it. The only one who escaped evil consequences was Trobriand, who was dared by Monseigneur (Henri V) to row him home in his gondola; and he did it. The strain at first was intense, but this second and different exercise of his muscles saved Trobriand the illness suffered by his compan-

ions. This swimming feat on the part of Henri V was noised abroad all over Europe by his adherents to disprove the assertion of his opponents that he was a weakling unfit to reign.

In 1848 or 1849, at the request of his father-in-law, Trobriand came to reside in America. His fondness for literary work and desire for occupation induced him to start a French review, the *Revue du Nouveau Monde*.

In 1851 family matters obliged him to return to France and discontinue his review.

In 1854 the death of his father-in-law brought him back to America, where he settled permanently, devoting himself again to literary work in connection with the French newspaper, the *Courrier des États Unis*.

When the war broke out Régis de Trobriand was deeply impressed by the justice of the Union cause, and, becoming an American citizen, took command of the Fifty-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers (Gardes LaFayette). He was engaged in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, from Yorktown to and after Gettysburg. His services on the second day at Gettysburg were of the most efficient and sturdy description, his brigade being one of those holding the Peach Orchard, the central point of Sickles's line, until it was no longer tenable, after which, with only two regiments, he held the north bank of Plum River until the rebel onset forced his men back across the wheat field, and then they were foremost in the new line formed by Birney, which charged through the wheat field and drove the enemy back to the stone fence which bounded it. It was one of the most exciting and important contests of that battlefield. In January, 1864, de Trobriand was

made a Brigadier General, and in May and June of that year, he commanded the defenses of New York. He returned to the field, and, as brigade commander in the Second Corps in Grant's army, fought at Deep Bottom and Five Forks, and was in command of the Third Division of the Second Corps in the final pursuit of Lee, which ended at Appomattox. On the day of Lee's surrender (April 9, 1865), he was brevetted Major General of Volunteers, thus being the only Frenchman, excepting LaFayette, who has held the rank of Major-General in the United States army.

After the army was disbanded General de Trobriand spent a year in France writing (in French) his reminiscences of the War, which were published under the title of "Quatre Ans de Campagne avec l'Armée du Potomac" (which has been translated under the title "Four Years with the Army of the Potomac").

General de Trobriand entered the regular army as Colonel of the Thirty-first Infantry in 1866, and was brevetted Brigadier-General of the United States army March 2, 1867. He commanded the District of Dakota in August of that year. He was transferred to the command of the Thirteenth Infantry March 15, 1869, and commanded the District of Montana, and after that the District of Green River.

While in Montana he put an end (January, 1870) to the Indian depredations by his energetic campaign against the Piegan Indians. He was sent to Salt Lake City in September, 1870, and by his firmness and tact prevented the threatened outbreak of the Mormons under Brigham Young. He commanded in Utah until January, 1875, when he was sent to New Orleans.

Under orders from his superior officers it became necessary to arrest Speaker Wiltz, and to disperse the McEnery Legislature. This duty he performed with a tact and firmness which won him the respect of his opponents. General de Trobriand remained in command in New Orleans from 1875 to 1879, when, at his own request, he was retired from the army. In 1874 he had inherited the title of Count, and became head of his family, owing to the extinction of the elder branch, but he never carried his title in this country. Having lived for five years in New Orleans, General de Trobriand decided to make it his winter home, and, after his retirement, bought a house in Clouet Street, where he resided until 1897. In Summer he visited alternately his family in France and his daughter on Long Island.

His visits to France were made interesting by meeting, on intimate terms, most of the statesmen, and most of the men of rank and mark who have been identified with the history of that country.

He was a regular visitor at the Château d'Eu before the Comte de Paris was sent into exile, and after that time, when they could not meet, they corresponded regularly. The Comte de Paris always loved him very much. All the members of the Orleanist family, the Duc d'Aumale, the Princess de Joinville, the Duc de Montpensier, etc., showed the General marked kindness and friendship, and he was received by them in the intimacy of the family circle, though having become converted to republican ideas he never hesitated to express his convictions. General de Trobriand's accomplishments as writer, poet, painter, and musician, fitted him for the power of criticism and the enjoyment

of the society of all men of all callings. This, united with a wonderful memory, great conversational powers, and delightful charm of manner, together with the fact that in his varied career as courtier, soldier, writer, he had known all the distinguished men of his time, gave him reminiscences of royalties, statesmen, artists, littérateurs, soldiers, in Europe and America — all this helped to make him, to the last moment of his long life, a most delightful companion to those who came in contact with him. He preserved his wonderful powers to the last, and died in his eighty-second year, still in the full possession of his brilliant mental faculties.

General de Trobriand died on July 15th, at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Charles A. Post, Bayport, L. I. He leaves a widow—the Comtesse de Trobriand, who lives in Paris, and two daughters, Mrs. Charles A. Post and Mrs. Burnett Stears. The last-named resides in France.

General de Trobriand, who offered his sword to his adopted country, the United States of North America, was a second cousin of Bolivar, the Washington of South America; their grandmothers were sisters.

Such was the man who lighted up that period in society from the early "fifties," when I first knew it, in New York, and for thirty years after, he was an occasional resident of this city. He was very handsome, but singularly retiring, and always marked by a modest self-effacement. Married as he was, into the richest and most fashionable set in New York, his wife a leader of the gay set, he could not remain in obscurity, but his early experiences at the Court and the retirement and misfortunes of the royal family, whom he had served,

had marked him with a gravity and sadness which made him seem older than he was. But a more delightful companion at a little dinner could not be found. I remember his telling me of the baptism of his little daughter, the goddaughter of the Duchesse de Berri (whom he considered the Queen of France), and afterward her being tossed up in the arms of the Duchesse d'Angoulême (the Orphan of the Temple), when the little girl, not respecting gloomy traditions, pulled off the cap and wig of the daughter of Louis XVI, making her laugh heartily, a thing she seldom did, poor, unfortunate daughter of Marie Antoinette.

But the young couple whom he served (Count and Countess de Chambord, later Henri Cinq), were not the only acquaintances of whom de Trobriand could talk. He knew well the Republican leaders, Thiers, Jules Simon, Jules Favre, Guizot, Lamartine, etc. He had met Chateaubriand and Mme. Recamier, who spoke of him as "çe charmant jeune homme." He knew well the great littérateurs, George Sand and Alfred de Musset; he could tell the intimate history of "Elle et Lui." He knew Rachel, and kept many of her letters. As a cultivated musician himself, he knew Lizst, Chopin, Auber, and their best interpreters. Imagine what it was to hear such a man talk.

While he was editor of the *Courrier des États Unis* he translated a little poem of mine into French verse. It was called "The Lighthouses of the World," and attracted the attention of Victor Hugo, who wrote a letter on the subject. Although "lighthouse" is not a very easy word to versify he had the advantage of the more poetical "Pharos," and he was so much the master

of the genius of the two languages that he made a pretty thing of it. In fact, in America he devoted himself to literature, to the arts, to the quiet amusements of chess, more than to dancing and to dinners.

But a hero was slumbering within him, impatient for development. He was as brave as his sword, and longed to draw it in a congenial cause. From the first he showed that he was a born soldier. His camp was a model of neatness and order. The "Fifty-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, Gardes LaFayette," became a famous, well-disciplined regiment. I have heard a young lieutenant who served under him say that the General taught them to make an excellent cup of coffee, to husband their rations, to keep their quarters clean. He gave them excellent lessons in sanitary reform. The pupil of the Marshals of France, educated in what was then the grandest military school in the world, knew all these minor details. He was kind to them in sickness, and knew more than most surgeons as to the treatment of a gunshot wound.

Such was the man, so universal, so gallant, so painstaking, and conscientious, who was to take the oriflamme of France, under the Stars and Stripes, to victory at Yorktown, at Gettysburg, at Five Forks, until on the great day at Appomattox Court House, this second LaFayette ended his service in the field to his adopted and grateful country.

I had the honor to be a guest at a banquet, one of the most brilliant I remember in New York, at Delmonico's, to the Comte de Paris, given by General Sickles, at which were present, among other representatives of our highest fashion, Mrs. Post, the daughter of General de

Trobriand, who could not himself be there. She was the very "Marie Carolina," the goddaughter of a Princess of the old Bourbon days, and she had the pleasure of hearing General Sickles refer to that brilliant action of her father at the Peach Orchard episode, the second day of Gettysburg. This splendid dash made Trobriand a Brigadier-General, and in the curious twists and turnings of life this was certainly one of the most curious, that in the presence of the last of the Bourbons—that family whom her father had so gallantly served—a woman, still young, should have listened again to the story of his conquests on a second field of honor from one of our most gallant commanders, in the War of the Republic, in the very presence of the Comte de Paris, the King of his heart.

The old age of this valuable, accomplished, universal man was spent in the congenial French town, which he loved, New Orleans, where, in the gentle occupation of cultivating roses, and with the society of a few friends, with French servants to cook for him the dainty dishes which he liked, he grew older and older, as a French soldier should, getting something out of every day, consoled by music, painting, and reading. He had fought the good fight; he had written his book (a valuable one); he had kept his honor bright; to the last the most agreeable of men, he was blessed in the moment of departure by the tender care of his daughter, whom he dearly loved, the little girl who had been sent to him in his bright youth, and who never failed him in the loving duty and admiration, care and respect, which he so well deserved.

General Scott and West Point

Henry James, in his inimitable manner, speaks of the "private emotions of the historic sense."

My private historical emotions are all very strong at West Point. I was here many Summers before and after the War, before fashion had deserted it as a watering-place.

Grim-visaged war has never reared its awful front in a more enchanting region than this, and, although never before has West Point, as a military school, been in a greater state of perfection than it is now, there is not the same flutter of ribbons and fine gowns which once made "the evening parade" a "reunion" of the best people of society, as it was also the most charming and dangerous battle-ground of the young female heart. As one of the prettiest belles of New York once exclaimed, "There is no such tremendous compliment as to have fine young Cadet Captains walk forward to greet you after evening parade."

Music was added to the charms of soldier, sunset, and scenery. Then the old band, under Apelles, a first-rate leader, had sixty pieces. It was a most excellent band. Now the thirty pieces allowed by an economical, paternal Government, which gives out $150,000,000 as pension money to those who do not need it, and economizes on the West Point band, is but a feeble reminder of the

old-time clangor and military thrill of that once remarkable association. There should be a good band at West Point to cheer the dull Winter for these patient, hard-working boys and music also adds the last emotional charm to the hearts of the softer sex.

Is it possible that *the softer sex* has disappeared into the new woman? Has the West Point button, that symbol of valor, gone down before the bicycle, the golf tools, etc., and the "right of woman" to the ballot? No one now writes novels with such titles as "Cupid in Shoulder Straps." Indeed, the new woman may be said to wear shoulder straps herself, and Cupid himself, might be confused did he try to discriminate the outlines of the masco-feminine shirt collar and cravat as differing from the feminine.

But a-many years ago the cadet was a creature to adore; and the young Lieutenant and the Captain, what was he not? Let Memory try to answer.

West Point was for the last ten years of his life the Summer home of General Scott, the grand hero of the Mexican War. He wore always his old military coat on the Fourth of July, the one in which he rode into Mexico "on top of a panic," as he used to say.

"Very shabby old coat, Madame, very shabby old coat," the gratified old man would exclaim, as he felt a lady's hand laid gently on his arm, as she asked to touch the sacred cloth. He wore the coat on many historic days, and was pleased to shoulder his cane and fight his battles o'er again. He was a good Shakespearean scholar, and liked to correct his young officers if they missed a word in their quotations. General Cullom, himself an apt scholar, used to delight in tripping

up the General, if that were possible, and succeeded once in the famous "My kingdom for a horse," which proved to have been written by Garrick, so the commentators say.

General Scott always lived at Cranston's — then, as now, the most desirable locality for a hotel in the State of New York, not alone for its beauty, but its health-giving air. How many times have I stood on that piazza, looking down the Hudson, as the giant General (he was six feet six inches) has pointed out the innumerable historical spots. He would tell the story of Arnold's treason, and point out every inch where he must have stood. It was he who said that "Mrs. Arnold clung like ivy to a worthless thing," referring to her devotion to the traitor.

In fact, General Scott's conversation was well worth noting down. Somewhat grandiloquent by nature, very full of himself, General Scott's "hasty plate of soup," which won him the sobriquet of "Marshal Tureen" and the absurd name of "Old Fuss and Feathers," which was given him before his defeat for the Presidency, only marked that temporary disdain for his high qualities as a man, a soldier, and a scholar which posterity has already accorded to him. Brave as his sword, General Scott had the probity and the patriotism of an old Roman.

A military funeral is always a grand sight at West Point, and what a glorious day was that which saw him laid to rest!

The drives about West Point are endless and most interesting. From Cranston's it is but a short drive to Fort Montgomery, most beautiful during the change-

ful hues of the American Autumn. Those who like to rise early can walk to Fort Putnam, on the pinnacle of Mount Independence, nearly five hundred feet above the river. The person who cares for flowers rather than for fortifications can drive through the beautiful gardens of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's country-seat, and see also his dear doggies, the best kennels in the country, and, as the sun looks westward the visitor can drive through the woods of Eagle Mountain to the Point, to watch the evening parade. As the last rays of the King of Day leave Bear Hill and the Sugar Loaf out come those superb young fellows, the cadets. The proof of what discipline can do—two hundred marching as one man. Sitting down on a bench in front of the Superintendent's quarters, I watch the evening parade, invoking again the "private emotions of the historic sense," and recall what I have seen on this very plain. In the late fifties "the three handsome cadets," as they were called then, were Jerome Bonaparte, Lawrence Williams, and G. W. P. C. Lee, son to the great General of the Southern Confederacy. General Lee was then the Superintendent, and one of the handsomest men in the world. A studious young fellow named George B. McClellan had gained great fame as a scholar, and in those years, somewhere down in the ranks, was a plain boy named Grant. I suppose over his head the genius of the future was holding the laurel, but we did not see it then.

Over which youthful head,
O Goddess! watchest thou?
Inspire each manly heart,
Record each faithful vow.

Later on I was to know a handsome cadet, known as Alexander S. Webb, now a grave General, with a scar which tells an honorable story. Fitz John Porter, a very splendid officer, always spick and span, led his young students to the flying artillery. Major Clitz was another fine officer and very favorable beau. The echo is endless.

D'Oremieulx, an extremely accomplished French gentleman, was Professor of French. Mahan, famous father of a more famous son, was the companion of Bartlett, and Church, Davies, Aguel, Kendrick, Cullom, French—I cannot remember half of them. The dreadful story of the War comes in and confuses my dates.

But after many years, when I had "waked from a long sleep of many changing dreams," I came again to West Point, to see this same illustrious board go from their seats, before which august tribunal so many gray jackets had "quaked," to greet Ulysses S. Grant, their whilom, not too studious scholar, but whose golden heart and rugged courage and patient brain had saved his country. It was glorious!

The evening gun dispels all these dreams. The young Captain says to the officer of the day, as he marches forward, "Sir, the parade is formed." Then a little later comes that moment when the young belles' hearts begin to flutter.

I drive off to look at old Cro' Nest from beautiful Cragside. As General Morris wrote:

> Where Hudson's waves through silvery sands
> Wind through the hills afar,
> And Cro' Nest like a monarch stands
> Crowned with a silver star.

Here an elegant hospitality has reigned for thirty years. From these portals went forth two noble boys to offer their lives to their country. Here has come the thought, the wit of Gouverneur Kemble, of Paulding, of George P. Morris, of Willis—of almost every officer and graduate of West Point; and now a retired soldier, after honorable record, is spending here, in delightful security and happiness, the "early evening of industrious days." There is an anachronism, however. What is that light which streams up into old Cro' Nest? The flashlight of that great steamer, the "Adirondack," sends its intrusive glare into the home and haunts of the "Culprit Fay" and brings the secret down to Cragside.

Ouf and goblin! imp and sprite,
Elf of eve and starry fay;
Ye that love the morn's soft light,
Hither, hither wend your way!
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witchhazel tree.

This perfect classic was written on the opposite shore from Cragside by Joseph Rodman Drake, during a ramble in the Highlands, in answer to a challenge of Halleck, that no poem could be written without a human love story entwined in its meshes, but Drake won the bet.

Undercliff, the seat of George P. Morris, was near neighbor to Cragside, and is now included in its grounds. General Morris had a martial soul behind his soft Pan's pipes, and we hear the shrill fife and the spirit-stirring drum resounding through his delicate and beautiful verses. They are consonant to West Point, and its memories.

George P. Morris was a favorite with all who knew him. Once Fitz-Greene Halleck called upon me in New York, in his old age, and I asked him to define for me "what was poetry and what was prose." Said he: "When General Morris commands his brigade, and says 'Soldiers, draw your swords,' he talks prose. When he says 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords,' he talks poetry." I thought it a very neat definition.

The magnificent cleft of the Hudson through these historic mountains, the high plain of West Point, is known to everybody—at least it should be. General Scott said that there was no such view in the world. The fine public academic buildings, the beautifully shaded homes of officers and professors, the statues of the brave officers who fell in the War, the natural beauties of Flirtation Walk (here the historic sense becomes confused), the inscriptions cut in the rocks—"sermons in stones"; the interesting monument to Kosciusko, that brave Pole, the real Thaddeus of Warsaw to us, "And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell;" the view across the river—the old Beverly House, from which Arnold escaped to the "Vulture"—all, all, is familiar, yet forever new, and always beautiful.

Around on the neighboring heights across the river one sees the deserted house of the late distinguished statesman, Hamilton Fish; the house of Samuel Sloan and other rich residents, the beautiful estate and fine grounds of the widow of Judge Pierpont, eminent jurist and Minister to England. Here lie the remains of their young son who died in Rome in 1885, in the flower of his youth, full of promise and of goodness. I knew him well, and received at his hands much kindness in the

Winter which I spent in Rome, the last of his dear young life. He was taken with the fever late in the winter and died six weeks after. I happened to come north with Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Astor, and at every station Mr. Astor stopped to get telegrams of the state of health of "Eddy" Pierpont. Alas! When we reached Turin they were fearfully sad.

So this becomes now one of the historic memories.

"So much of hope, so much of heartbreak," has always been associated with West Point since the War. Spending every June here for many years, I grew to know the officers who fought on both sides in our Civil War. It was to me the bulletin of sorrow or of joy, as I read the daily papers of those dismal years, and as I listen to the band at evening parade its most joyous notes become a requiem as I recall the early dead, the brave and generous youth who so smilingly accepted the order from headquarters to give up life and love for home and country.

"Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war."

The notes of the "Star Spangled Banner" sounding over our heads, like the silver trumpets of the angels, fill my heart anew with a noble thrill and a sorrow which is akin to the highest joy.

Reminiscences of N. P. Willis

"There is something in a deep crimson rose which makes me happy. I love all roses, but I am sensible of a singular exaltation of all my senses when I look into a deep red one. I think of old George Herbert's line:

> "O rose
> Whose hue, angry and brave,
> Makes the rash gazer wipe his eye."

Thus wrote N. P. Willis to me in the Summer of 1858, and this beautiful excerpt shows how refined and how delicate were his taste and his expressions.

Now that the anecdotes of him are in the air, I remember that I am one of the few people living who knew him and of him in his prime, that I really can throw more light, perhaps, upon a character so strangely misjudged by some of those who lived by him and with him, and so unfairly recorded by those who came after him, than any one now living.

It is not strange that those who saw Willis superficially considered him only a dandy and a trifler, for he was a dandy. He belonged to that age and that immediate phase of civilization which cropped out in England after George IV had made all the men in love with small waists and flowing neckgear. Lord Lamington has put them before us in the "Days of the Dandies."

The Prince of all these was Count d'Orsay, a man of

genius, whose sculpture would have won him fame (even if his clothes had not), but who had that singular preference for the title of a King of Fashion to that of man of genius, and who for twenty years set the fashion in London as to a hat or an equipage, which had been done as to waistcoats and neckties by poor Brummell before him.

When Willis, the son of a Boston clergyman, poor and struggling, went to England on a very small, precarious income, he was most accidentally and wonderfully introduced to this set, presided over then by the beautiful Countess of Blessington. It was a supremely lucky incident for the editor of a struggling newspaper, but an unlucky one for that sterner style demanded by his countrymen, who did not know how much this man was to do for the refinement of manners, letters, and arts in the then chaotic society of the United States.

I remember well the intense interest with which his book, "Pencilings by the Way," was greeted in country neighborhoods, and it is, by the way, now most charming reading.

Looking back, as I had the privilege of doing last Summer, in the library of a friend, to the many novels, journals, and literary labors of the Countess of Blessington, I felt that I was reading a sort of apology for what was considered weak, affected, and perhaps sentimental, in the writings of one of the most industrious, and certainly one of the most gifted, of our earlier journalists.

Willis had to contend with poverty, and, with the wolf at the door all his early life, perhaps it was never very far away.

His "Letters from Under a Bridge" are perfect

idyls; his love of country life most sincerely respectable; his economy and sobriety and patient industry most commendable; and yet a certain dainty attention to dress, and a certain expression to which his cloud of fair curling hair lent a suggestion of foppishness, brought down upon him always the half ridicule of the people, the public for which he worked so hard.

Had he looked like Dr. Holmes or like Longfellow; had he gone carelessly dressed; had he had the impressive face of Parke Godwin,—his great talents would have brought him much more fame, and would have entitled him to the respect which we now most elaborately give to the man who showed a heroic and undoubted power of work and an enviable gift of expression.

But a dainty fellow with pink cheeks and golden hair, with rather a fat face, with the latest London cut as to clothes, was always at a disadvantage in those earlier and hard-working days from 1838 to 1850.

He had known also the disadvantages which men could never forgive him — he was very interesting to women. Something of Byron's fascination attended him, and the man who could write such *vers de société* as he could, and at the same time write religious poetry, and the very beautiful little sad verses on the grave of a child—

> Room, gentle flowers!
> My child would pass to heaven,—

a thing not inferior in pathos to Hood's

> We watched her breathing through the night,
> Her breathing soft and low,
> As in her breast the wave of life
> Kept beating to and fro—

such a man, of course, had the open sesame to the female heart.

And then he made us the confidants of his love for Mary, his young English wife, whom he so imprudently married, and for whom Glen Mary was named, from which he wrote his "Letters from Under a Bridge," and more exquisite letters were never written anywhere—all this made Willis the adored of the sentimental young lady. He received all the callow poems, the gooseflesh first musings, the green apple stories of first love, which the maidens who wore long curls dangling down in front of their ears, were writing then.

George Eliot makes her Theophrastus Such say: "At that time I was dancing a hornpipe, in which I appeared very badly. What sort of a hornpipe am I dancing now?" If we could all transplant our past into our present, and see how much less we think of our performances now, well it would weed out our follies!

Well, my verses (my early hornpipe), written behind those drooping black curls which were fashionable then, were sent to Willis, and they were sent back again, with a most hopeful and consolatory note. He thought they had much feeling, great good taste, promise, etc., and his regrets, etc.—how well I learned that formula later! With a generosity most admirable, he asked me to send him something else. I proudly returned him a criticism on "Jane Eyre," which had been accepted by *The Tribune*. That he did like and commend and copy, and praised loudly. So I kept on sending many things, to the great advantage of the United States mail, which was the only thing which derived any benefit from most of that im-

mature versification, but the kindness, the good advice, was never wanting from Willis.

About this time he took a great interest in Emily Chubbuck (dreadful name), and published her letters under the pseudonym of "Fanny Forester." They were weak and foolish we all thought (we who had been rejected). She married Dr. Judson, the missionary, and wrote a beautiful poem to her first-born,

> Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
> A birdling sought my Indian nest,
> And folded, O! so lovingly,
> Her little wings upon my breast;

and then she died, poor thing, and we found out that she had genius, and that Willis had not been mistaken.

This popular and famous man was severely judged by the public for his attentions to Mrs. Forrest, the divorced wife of the actor; and strangely enough, I have a note written at the time of the trial, in which he excuses himself from calling on me at that epoch because he is engaged in defending "one less fortunate and less beautiful."

It is a chivalrous note and does him honor; it would do me much honor, only that he had never seen me, then. I had corresponded with him as authors do with editors, but staying with some friends in New York I was anxious to see the man who had by this time been kind to some of my written efforts. I had asked him to call on me. He was standing very low in public opinion just then, but he was found to be guiltless, and he rose perhaps several degrees in public opinion afterward, as did the Prince of Wales from a similar case.

I never saw him until long afterward in New York,

when I had been married several years. I met him at a breakfast given to Willis by Mr. Ruggles, at which Henry T. Tuckerman and Dr. Bellows were present.

Mary was long since dead, and he had been married several years to the excellent woman who proved such a peerless wife to him, at Idlewild. It was no longer the young dandy, the echo, however remotely, of Count d'Orsay, but a grave and slender invalid, coughing behind his hand. The voluminous hair hung about his cheeks, which now had a painful hectic hue; but he was handsome and interesting still, and his conversation was charming. I remember that Dr. Bellows had just written his defense of actors, and Willis said, with some feeling:

"Poor Prynne, in the time of Charles I, lost his ears, and his nose was slit because he abused actors and plays and Maypoles and dancing. The gay Court had him flogged and made him die a terrible death. Now you and I will be martyred because we do not abuse actors, but think there is some good in them, they can say, with Shylock, 'Hath not a Jew flesh?' "

After this breakfast, at which, as Mr. Willis said, "he and I had broken a long fast and at last had met in the flesh," I saw much of him at Mrs. Botta's, whose very dear friend he was, and I heard from him how much he felt the abuse of the public and the coldness of his sister, Fanny Fern. She pilloried him in a satirical novel, angry because he would not publish her letters in *The Home Journal.* He was a man of strong domestic affections, and dearly loved his admirable brother, Richard Storrs Willis, who had much of the genius and none of the eccentricities of this gifted family.

I was present at many dinners when Willis was the life of the company, and, although I did not hear the famous repartee of the Washington dinner so often recorded, I will record it here. It was Mrs. Gales, I think, who at one of her own dinners wrote on a card to her niece at the other end of the table: "Don't flirt so with Nat Willis." She was talking vivaciously herself to Mr. Campbell. Willis replied:

> "Dear aunt, don't attempt my young feelings to trammel,
> Nor strain at a Nat while you swallow a Campbell"—

probably the quickest-witted couplet on record. That a man could turn over a card at a dinner and remember a text so appropriate was wonderful, and the having a pencil with him (being an author), was still more wonderful.

I once heard him quote with preternatural quickness —perhaps this, too, was original—these lines:

A lady was complaining to him of her wrinkles. He immediately improvised the following:

> "Oh, talk not to me of the charms of youth's dimples;
> There's more sentiment centred in ladylike wrinkles.
> They're the triumph of Time, which marks Beauty's decay,
> Writing lines to the charms which could not fade away."

Now, if Winthrop Praed had written that, all London would have been on fire, and have quoted it still. Willis had the true Italian gift of the *improvisatore* and the French facility for "*vers de société*."

Willis was born a century too early for himself. He had the Amphytrion spirit of Ward McAllister. He had the sense of coming luxury, a pamphlet of his, written fifty years ago, perfectly foretells the present state of New York society, then undreamed of.

His attraction as a talker was perfect. His respect

for others, his ready outpouring of his own surplus for the duller intellects about him, the great stores of recollections which he had to fall back upon, all made him, either on his piazza at Idlewild or at a friend's table, the most agreeable of men.

He had head Tommy Moore sing "Take Hence the Bowl, Though Beaming." He had awaited his turn to kiss Lady Blessington's hand after the little poet; he had hobnobbed with that select company of wits and beaus and belles so noted in the last memoirs of Greville and of Henry Crabbe Robinson; he had returned to our shores when they were dreary enough, and he had sought to bring with him something of the elegance of that old world, which he so loved. He had only half succeeded, and yet he bravely struggled on. Now it is left for us to discover that there was much that was refined, and absolutely nothing that was pernicious, in the flood of daily literature which he poured out. Since he is gone we learn that no one did him half justice.

Willis occasionally rose to an immortal height. When General Harrison died, in 1841, after being President one month, Willis wrote

"What! soared the old eagle to die in the sun?"—

—one of the most vigorous and impassioned lyrics in all our American poetry, all the grief and disappointment of the American heart was in it. A terrible grief was the death of General Harrison, the first, to that great Whig heart which had hoped for him so long.

I met Willis at Washington in 1862, at the tremendously trying moment when McClellan was in command of Washington as a camp. He was there, I believe,

writing war letters. I heard that he was a great favorite at the White House, enjoying the gay company very much. To show the versatility of the man, I heard him offer, as there was lack of hairdressers for the great McClellan ball, to dress the hair of two ladies. He said, when in London, he had learned to dress his wife's hair to save the expense, and that he still retained the facility. So they, rather in joke, allowed him to do it. He took off his coat, pinned a towel around his waist, and combed and curled, talking gayly and well all the time. Perhaps there was lack of dignity in this. Perhaps he had not a great deal of dignity.

If he had been more of a Turveydrop he would have enjoyed a higher place in the consideration of his countrymen.

But he was greatly grieved, as we all were, when the news reached the National Hotel that poor little Tad, the President's child, had died that day. A ball was going on when Colonel Hudson brought the news.

Many of us left the gay scene, and Willis walked with me to my parlor.

"Why do you not write an immortal poem?" I asked. "You once wrote a poem on a death at the White House. Here is another, a sadder, domestic note of woe; put it in the Jeweled Chalice of your verse." (Willis once wrote a poem called "The Jeweled Chalice" and gave it to me.)

"No," said he. "I no longer write poetry. I gave it up long ago. The muse has deserted me."

He once wrote for me a most witty and delightful anacreontic on the manufacture of punch. I am sorry I have lost it, although I have many of his notes. Charles

Astor Bristed wrote me another poetic receipt for punch, which I fortunately still possess. There was another eccentric genius, who deserves to be remembered.

I never wrote for *The Home Journal* or for any of Mr. Willis's publications after those early days, but he was kind enough to make my sonnet to the memory of Prescott the subject of one of his most beautiful essays. He also wrote me a letter of praise on my translation of Carcassonne. We remained friends, I hope, to the end of his life, although I saw very little of him, but I believe him to have been one of the most kindly and honorable of men. It was, perhaps, easy to laugh at him, for he had peculiarities which the world is apt to call flippant and undignified, but at heart he was neither; he was an earnest worker in the fields he had chosen; he was an industrious and independent person.

And could his books be republished with "Pencilings by the Way" as *l'envoi*, much of that charm which made George William Curtis's "Arm Chair" immortal, would be found in them. Willis was a sort of *avant-coureur* of that incomparable man.

Irving and his Hudson River Home at Sunnyside

It does not need a bi-centennial to make Irvington beautiful. It is more like an English park than any spot on the Hudson, all of which, from Riverdale to Poughkeepsie, has a park-like aspect. Aristocratic wealth and old Tory principles began this preservation of fine trees and pleasure grounds, and the Phillipses and Beekmans, Van Courtlandts and Clintons, deserve our thanks, that —now as we drive through bosky dells and antique avenues, the latter as stately as those dames who inspired General Washington to some stately love-making—we can see these unrivaled trees.

The most historic of English parks was created to give Henry VIII a rural expanse in which to lounge away his idle hours and to hunt deer, in what is now the West End of London. Hyde Park remained a royal park, to which none but the sovereign and his gay courtiers were admitted, for centuries after Bluff King Hal had stopped cutting off his wives' heads, and the result is that the people have gained at last, by reason of this long-time royal monopoly, a wooded territory where all may wander at will. Kensington Gardens, contiguous to and forming a part of Hyde Park, are due to William of Orange, Queen Anne, and Queen Caroline, the ami-

able wife of George II, who so complacently endured the various tastes of her horrid little King. These gardens were the favored walks of the ladies of Queen Anne, that stupid woman who gave her name to so much that was brilliant. Here came the fine old bad-tempered Duchess of Marlborough to rustle her brocades, while the wits and gossips and politicians of the Augustan age exchanged polished sarcasms, according to party, as to-day the wits and politicians who wander up and down through the wide shaded high roads of Irvington, or who hold converse at the Ardsley Casino, discuss bimetalism and the Mayor of Greater New York. Given the trees! That is all we want, and we will again reconstruct for you the past. London was fortunate in having many good tyrants, a power which every city needs, to make it clean and beautiful, to keep its lungs clear, and Henry VIII, by consulting his own caprice, became the benefactor of every cockney who now wanders through that lovely seclusion by the banks of the Serpentine. To George IV does the public of London owe that notable system of parks extending from the musty old Government offices in Whitehall to the suburb of Kensington.

Regents Park is modern, as it was laid out in 1812 by "Florizel," George IV, who gave it to the people. This once embraced the famous Primrose Hill, and it is touched by the secluded cottages of St. John's Wood. From a pretty street near it George Eliot looked out on its undulating expanse, and just north of it resided Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley. It is a literary neighborhood. It is almost reproduced in our new world by the smooth, broad avenues of Irvington and

winding paths which intersect its noble *demesnes*, while wealth and taste have thrown in those comfortable houses which also shelter the citizen, the poet, the politician, and the orator. Irvington and Tarrytown are our Regents Park, where not alone may the tired citizen come to walk and drive, but where he may come to live, to bring his family; and he may even import thither his industries, that those "who serve him for wage" may breathe the pure air, and look upon the grand expanse of that river which has in it the capacity of a lake and on its shores the hillsides of the Rhine. No doubt these early aristocratic Tories, whom we properly disgraced and confiscated in 1775, had the visions of Hyde Park in their minds, as they saved their fine trees and bordered their parks with shrubbery, and built pretty bridges embowered in flowers and foliage. No more delightful walks can be taken than those around what were once proud old Tory mansions, where the handsome terraces lead down to the placid river. Those terraces, now so beautifully copied by the famous Ardsley Casino, perpetuate for us the best features of English park scenery.

These picturesque and historic heights are also crowned with one ruin, that of Bierstadt's famous beautiful house, which commands the remarkable view that people traveled to his studio to look at. I remember paying a visit to that hospitable house with Vice-Admiral Gore Jones and his wife. He was at that time Naval Attaché at Washington. He told me that in all his travels he had never seen such a river expanse, or anything more commanding. It is a pity that fire could not have spared that studio—that house so consecrated

to art. We are not rich in ruins in America. Perhaps the artist made the best use of his in leaving them where they are. The distant view of Ardsley Towers is suggestive of the Rhine, while the view of that noble cleft in the Hudson River, looking upward, is seen from Mr. Villard's place as we see it who look down from West Point. In both instances it is one of the most serene of views.

Even the sunset, that miracle of nature, gains new charms as it lingers with a rosy scarf fluttering in the western sky, like a reluctant beauty who leaves the ball-room with one dance still on her mind.—

"Oh, papa! Stay, papa! Stay a little longer."

Even the sunset coquets with this delicious bit of earth. But we travel onward toward a church; there is one memory which in this wooded expanse holds royal monopoly. It is that of Washington Irving, the great and gentle genius, the humorist who wrote such English that we fain turn back to his well-worn pages that we may know of what power our noble English tongue is capable.

It was my great good fortune once to drive to Sunnyside to pay Mr. Irving a morning visit with the dearest of my friends (and one of the most valued of his), Miss Mary Morris Hamilton. On the drive from her father's house, Nevis (now I believe included in Tarrytown), the home of the Hon. James A. Hamilton, to Mr. Irving's, she told me many traits of this man, their old family friend, and how he drove down, when appointed Minister to Spain, to ask her brother, Alexander Hamilton, to go to Spain with him. She told me of

his excellent nieces, who made such a home for him, and of his attachment to Pierre Irving, his biographer, and many nice anecdotes.

We stopped, I remember, on our way at Mr. W. H. Aspinwall's beautiful place. Mrs. Aspinwall gave us an armful of greenhouse flowers, which we poured out before Mr. Irving as the old man gave us cordial welcome. He was very fond of flowers.

"Ah!" said he, "that is the Deity's idea of how things should be done! What is the use of our trying to do anything! Look at the perfection of one single flower!" And he handled them with delight.

He told us that the day we called was one of his anniversaries; that he had started fifty years before to go out with David Ogden to found Ogdensburg. He described the perils of the journey, often in oxcarts, through unbroken forests, but they had a gay young party, who did not mind bruises. "And," said he, "I was a youngster, and enjoyed it."

Miss Hamilton told him that I had just come from Mr. Prescott's at Nahant, whereupon he spoke most nobly of Prescott's Spanish work.

It was inexpressibly fine to hear from lips that had made Spain familiar to us all these praises of the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella. Indeed, one remembered Irving's own words on "Spanish Romance" in the tales of the Alhambra.

> The annals of the time teem with illustrious instances of high-wrought courtesy, romantic generosity, lofty disinterestedness, and punctilious honor that warm the very soul to read of them.
>
> In the present day, when popular literature is running into the low levels of life and luxuriating in the vices and follies of mankind, and when the universal pursuit of gain is trampling down the early

growth of poetic feeling and wearing out the verdure of the soul, I question whether it would not be of service for the reader occasionally to turn to those records of prouder times and loftier modes of thinking, and to steep himself to the very lips in old Spanish romance.

No Hidalgo of them all was a more perfect incorporation of "lofty disinterestedness" than Mr. Irving. I noticed that his three nieces sat listening to him as if they heard these silvery tones for the first time.

When Miss Hamilton rose to go, Mr. Irving asked us into his den, and showed us his books, some valuable autographs, etc., and I ventured to ask for his. He sat down and wrote it for me with a funny anecdote, as I apologized for this tiresome request, and he assisted us to our carriage with all the grace of that genuine elegance which he has loved to dwell upon in his "Sketch Book." Indeed, he was ever a stickler for "old-fashioned gallantry, devoted attentions, and eternal constancy."

He told us about his sleepless nights, saying that he got up and shaved himself at two o'clock at night, to try to break the current of his thoughts. "It is a shame," said he, "that youth, which has so much to enjoy, sleeps nine hours on a stretch and wakes up reluctantly, while age, which has nothing to covet but oblivion, must lie awake with only regrets to keep it company."

This vineclad porch, at which I last saw Washington Irving standing, is now marked by a dozen gables, and a great, luxurious modern house expands behind and around it, all in perfect keeping and beautiful harmony. His grandnephew, Mr. Irving Duer, the present owner of the most renowned house in America after Mount Vernon, thus emblemizes in brick and mortar the extended mansion which has grown in the American

heart, for its most learned historian, its most delicious humorist, and its most perfect literary artist.

In the "Author's Farewell," at the conclusion of the "Sketch Book," published in 1840, Irving uses these touching words:

> "It is my foible, however, to get on such companionable terms with my reader, in the course of a work, that it really costs me some pain to part with him, and I am apt to keep him by the hand, and have a few farewell words at the end of my last volume."

And in this lovable "foible" did Washington Irving continue for years to pour forth his wit and wisdom, ever keeping his "reader by the hand," who will not yet let him go, but who reaches for the delicious pages whenever one's busy, hard-working days will permit him to dream with that happy vagabond, Rip Van Winkle, radiant with humor and pathos, as he is (made real by Joseph Jefferson, God bless him!). To smile and weep over the "Tales of the Alhambra," to dance the "Sir Roger de Coverley" with the worthy Squire in Bracebridge Hall, or to linger with our fascinated sense of perfection in the classic pages of "A Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Could I paint for myself a possible Utopia, it would be to drive all day—a Summer's day—through the enchanting groves of Irvington and Tarrytown, realizing that exquisite description of the American Autumn; to turn aside to some farmer's precincts; to watch the "gallant cock," "that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman;" to see "those rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and of Indian corn, and the orchards burdened of ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel" (notice the choice epithet "warm"); and after such a drive taken under the per-

fect blue of an American sky, to dine well "on pigeons snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, or ducks pairing cozily in dishes like snug married pairs, with a decent competency of onion sauce;" after such a dinner to sit by a wood fire, while a melodious voice should read to me aloud the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," slowly, in a drowsy undertone, lingering over each gem of humor and felicitous phrasing! I think I might be happy. If I were not, I never deserve to be, but I believe in possible Utopias.

To drive from Irvington to the church of Sleepy Hollow was of course a pious pilgrimage. We stopped a moment to read the inscriptions on the façade of another church, to Washington Irving, "Beloved, Honored, and Revered," and then under those immemorial elms sped on our way to the church at Sleepy Hollow, made most renowned by his genius. He has peopled all this scene as Shakespeare has peopled Venice, with a group which never dies. Who walks the Rialto to-day but Shylock and Jessica, Lorenzo and Antonio and Portia?

Who lives in Sleepy Hollow? Who holds, in mortmain, the acres of these millionaires? Who patrols the country but the headless horseman? Who blushes round the corner but Katrina Van Tassel? And what heretical disbeliever in ghosts can pass the twisted enormous tulip tree, with its gnarled fantastic limbs, except to hear at midnight the groans of the unlucky André? Who bestrides the lean ribs of Gunpowder but "the poor, affrighted pedagogue, Ichabod Crane," the embodiment of that terror which lingers in us all, as, hungry and sorrowful, we encounter Life, the unknown, the mysterious, the disappointing?

The fame of this most "celebrated short story in the English language," as Taine calls it, has a curious corroboration in my own limited literary experience. I knew, in Paris, a famous translator of Poe's stories, and he gave me, in his eloquent French, his experience of trying to translate Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." "I could not do it," said he; "beyond and above me everywhere was the untranslatable! It was without a parallel; as well try to translate Dante into French argot."

As for the bi-centennial at the church of Sleepy Hollow, we can only say with a kindred spirit, Bryant, who wrote an ode for his own church at Bridgewater:

Two hundred times has June renewed
  Her roses since that day
When here, amid the lonely wood,
  Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream that strayed
  Through pathless deserts then
The calm, heroic women prayed,
  The grave undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke
  From hearts that faltered not,
And undissembling lips that spoke
  The pure and guileless thought.

It was of such stock that our Washington Irving came; his genius was his own, his virtues inherited, and well may we quote from Bryant again:

The plant they set, a little vine,
  Hath stretched its boughs afar
To distant hills and streams that shine
  Beneath the Evening Star.

The preservation of an old church in America has always a grand significance. This beautiful neighborhood of Irvington begins to blossom with the immortelles of statues and memorial stones. We see the names of Washington and Rochambeau, and of Sir Guy Carleton —important notched sticks those; we behold the capture of André and the disgrace of Arnold—the one traitor whom we pin on the wall. We are pointed out this and that old house which our Chief honored as his headquarters. It is a town of memories. It is the luxurious home of famous citizens, whose horses might be fed on golden oats. It is the suburb of a majestic city. Some of its enterprising citizens are ready to send millions to far-off Chicago to found universities, others are ready with open hand to found them here all over the land. From the silence of Sleepy Hollow one hundred years ago the sound of a barking dog could be heard across the river. To-day who shall count the shrieks, up and down the river, of innumerable trains? Who shall record the diapason of the hymn of Industry? From the Dutch calm of Farmer Van Tassel to the incarnate energy of its present inhabitants, what a flight of the gods! Is that great Egyptian god Kneuph, who moved over the face of creation, breathing life into the world, from his boat which he piloted himself—is he here, the hard-working god? We must call him Steam to-day. Fortunate those who have floated into the shady avenues and flower-bedecked regions of the once Sleepy Hollow —into the church where Washington Irving worshiped God—those who have inherited these blissful valleys.

Ours are their fields, those fields that smile with Summer's latest flowers;
Oh, let their fearless scorn of guile, their love of truth, be ours!

It is astonishing, as we turn back in the pages of Irving's own fascinating work, to read anew the very sensible essay "On English Writers on America." It might well be spoken to-day:

Why are we so exquisitely alive to the aspersions of England? Why do we suffer ourselves to be so affected by the contumely she has endeavored to cast upon us? It is not in the opinion of England alone that honor lives and reputation has its being. The world at large is the arbiter of a nation's fame; with its thousand eyes it witnesses a nation's deeds, and from their collective testimony is National glory or National disgrace established.

For ourselves, therefore, it is comparatively of but little importance whether England does us justice or not; it is perhaps of far more importance to herself. She is instilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youthful nation, to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. If in America, as some of her writers are laboring to convince her, she is hereafter to find an invidious rival and a gigantic foe, she may thank those very writers for having provoked rivalship and irritated hostility. Every one knows the all-pervading influence of literature at the present day, and how much the opinions and passions of mankind are under its control. The mere contests of the sword are temporary, their wounds are but in the flesh, and it is the pride of the generous to forget and forgive them, but the slanders of the pen pierce to the heart, they rankle longest in the noblest spirits, they dwell ever present in the mind, and make it morbidly sensitive to the most trifling collision.

And so on through the whole of this most noble paper we read how wise, and how judicious and how all-round, was Irving's mind. It was the more wonderful because he was a natural-born funny man, whose tendency, like that of Charles Lamb, leaned to quip and quirk and the fantastic view of things, whose philosophy was bounded by a laugh. That he could have had

the calm philosophy to write such a paper as this, and to rise to the dignity of "The Life of Washington," is most astonishing.

Pleasant reading to-day, is his "Life of Goldsmith." With the clairvoyance of genius, Irving saw all the shortcomings and absurdities of the man of many gifts, all of which he was to escape himself, for Irving seems to have had no weaknesses—a strange thing to say of so loveable a man! But he had a tender spot in his heart for poor Noll, and one can but believe that Irving enjoyed writing that biography, with its old-fashioned epigrams and the retorts of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, Garrick and Beattie. The "Philosophic Vagabond" who could write "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "She Stoops to Conquer" pleased Irving, who was a well-regulated old bachelor, always well dressed, and who always paid his debts. There is something very dear to us in our opposites.

How much to be envied are those who recently attended the bi-centennial of the church of Sleepy Hollow and who have before them the pleasure of reading the works of Washington Irving for the first time! It is the privilege of the young to open "The Sketch Book," the "Tales of the Alhambra," and the "Life of Washington;" to read "The Conquest of Granada," that most romantic of histories; to linger over the fascinating "Life of Mohammed," more like what a three-volume novel ought to be than anything we have from the sensational press, its only drawback being that it is all true. How we envy them, these travelers to an old, ever-new Klondike, where, without cold or hunger or hope deferred, they may pick up nuggets of gold and enter into the

fairyland of a mind which was as sweet and wholesome as the gardens of Sunny Side, with a sweep as noble as that of the broad river which bathes its banks, that Hudson River which Irving loved. "It is an honest river," he says of it, "with no quicksands or hidden rocks."

Dinners with George Bancroft

Before the war—1856, 1859, 1860, and so on—I used to dine very often with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, at their delightful villa in Newport, which was always the scene of an elegant and quiet hospitality. I now recall (with the aid of my little book) one dinner at which Mme. de Limburg (Belle Cass), the daughter of General Cass, was present. And she was very brilliant that day. Mr. Bancroft called her "Belle," and they began to talk about the coming in of anti-slavery ideas, which neither of them enjoyed.

Mrs. Van Buren, the daughter-in-law of the President, a very dignified woman, was present. So was Mrs. Curtis, the stepmother of George William Curtis, a very lovely woman, who was said to have suggested the character of Prue, in one of his most delightful books. Mr. Curtis's devotion to this lady was so filial, tender, and true, that she used to say to her own sons: "I hope you will treat me when I am old as well as your brother George does." It was a beautiful refutation of the opinion that stepmothers must be necessarily hated.

Mr. Bancroft, having been in the Cabinet of Mr. Polk, could not meet the Northern heart on the subject of the election of Lincoln; therefore, after a few minutes, politics were dropped, although I remember that Mrs. Van Buren spoke her mind quite freely on the

other side. So we talked of the Misses Berry, in London, of whose famous salons both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft had many brilliant reminiscences. There were some English people present, and the character and personality of Taglioni, the celebrated *danseuse* came up. One of these ladies had sent her daughters to Taglioni to learn to dance, and I afterward saw a most graceful woman in London in the salon of Lady Constance Leslie, who was a beautiful dancer. She had learned of Taglioni. I think this was a daughter of Lady Chandos Pole.

"Taglioni told me," said Mr. Bancroft, "that English girls were awkward because they were timid. 'I made them natural and at ease, and they became graceful at once.' "

"What was her history?" I asked. "I only knew that she danced so lightly that it seemed a trouble for her to return to earth."

"It was," said Mr. Bancroft, "as if she flew upward like a butterfly, but came back to earth unwillingly. She was married to Count de Voisins in 1834. He made her unhappy, and the brilliant creature went from her triumphs on the stage to abuse at home. She had one beautiful daughter, the Princess Troubetskoy, whom I have seen at various Courts of Europe, and a noble soldier son in the French army; but, although she was poor after her life of industry, she preferred a life of labor in England to living on her children, for whom she had spent a fortune. She had a most interesting home. I asked her if she had any relics of Rossini. 'Oh, yes,' said she, showing me a drawing by Chalms of the 'Tyrolienne' in 'William Tell.' 'Rossini composed that opera

for me, at my own place, in my own house, while I looked on and wondered. When I look at the wonderful "Neapolitaine" I think of glorious Rubini, and of how badly he danced before he sang so divinely.' "

"And let me tell of her shoes," said Mrs. Bancroft; "they were all sewed round with packthread, in a sort of button-hole stitch, which she had done to keep them firm. She showed me a pair which she had worn at the great triumph in 1842 at St. Petersburg. And she showed us the golden wreath given her at the close of a Milan triumph, with all her favorite parts inscribed on golden leaves, the silver group of Diana and Endymion, presented at the close of the Lumley period, and a testimonial from the 'Dandies,' of the time of d'Orsay, in which Lord Lammington's name, was conspicuous."

One of the English couples at the table had brought a letter from Lord Lammington to Mr. Bancroft, so this was a very apt anecdote.

"And do not forget her case of beautiful things, George," said Mrs. Bancroft—"a fan from the Countess Nesselrode and her bracelets from the Emperor of Russia."

"I will leave that to your more facile tongue," said the historian. "I prefer to remember her Golden Book, the roll of her victories, from the press, especially the one rare *Punch* of 1846, with the 'Taglioni Treaty,' in which all the powers are represented bringing bags of gold to lay at the feet of La Sylphide, the victorious Lumley bringing the heaviest, largest satchel of all."

"I remember seeing the 'Pas de Quatre,' " said Mme. de Limburg.

"So do I," said several voices.

"But I was more impressed with the woman, who after such a career, could appear again in the gloomy regions of Connaught Square as a teacher of dancing."

"What an enviable temperament she must have had! You see, she *could* come down to earth again," said Mrs. Van Buren.

"Yes, thirty years of retirement, the loss of fortune, the memory of past triumphs—none of these things had made her ill-tempered," said Mme. de Limburg.

The conversation wandered off to the Court of Victoria and the royal children, whom Mrs. Bancroft had seen in their nursery. She described the little Prince of Wales, with his hair freshly brushed, being brought in, with his nurse, to see her, and a noble Englishwoman—it might have been Lady Palmerston—courtesying to the ground as this child entered the room. It struck on her American sense queerly.

Mrs. Bancroft had great talent as a *raconteuse*. She was quite beautiful then, with a very pretty mouth, and she adored Mr. Bancroft. Her kinsman, George T. Davis, of Greenfield, the wittiest talker of his day, said: "She has been married twice, and has been an admirable wife. But now she is *in love*, for the first time in her life." I think Mrs. Bancroft grew old more gracefully than any one I ever saw. In her very old age Major Alexander Bliss, her admirable son, gave me a lovely photograph of her, which I keep with fidelity. Mr. Bancroft used always to say at dinner: "Betsey, will you have fish?" To which she said, gravely, "No, I thank you;" and then she would turn to some one, with her pretty smile, and say: "He knows I never take it, but we go through this form every day."

Her dinners were remarkably nice, but not at all equal to the splendors of the modern dinner table. There were no flowers used in those early days, but exquisite damask, plain, solid silver, candles, and the finest cut glass. She declaimed against embroidered and laced tablecloths, colored velvet under the épergne, and laced napkins and doilies. She was a handsome, dignified, elegant Boston lady, somewhat prim.

At this particular dinner Mr. H. T. Tuckerman was present, and we talked much of Rogers and his breakfasts, of which Mr. Bancroft had many anecdotes. He thought their agreeability singularly overrated, although he acknowledged that they had brought him to know some famous men.

Lady Palmerston he found most fascinating. "The most singularly tactful person," he said; "and she introduced me to Grisi." Then he added some anecdotes of Grisi, "whose arms were those which the Venus of Milo had lost," and who said of her daughters, when some one called them her "Grisettes," "No, they are my Marionettes."

"She was greatly in love with Mario," said Mr. Bancroft, "and it improved her acting."

"He was not in love with her, which injured his," said Mme. de Limburg.

"Oh, he was a stupid fellow," said Mr. Bancroft, "vox et præterea nihil."

"But that was enough," said Mme. de Limburg; "what a voice!"

Mr. Bancroft was very fond of music. I used to go to the opera with him for many winters, when he had two seats in the front row of the orchestra at the old



George Bancroft in 1863.

Academy of Music, on a line with Mrs. Belmont's box, in which she, a vision of beauty, always sat, the fairy queen of fashion. Over our heads, just beyond in the upper proscenium box, was Mrs. Robert Cutting, handsome, and a great authority in music. Around her was always a galaxy of beauty—Mrs. Heywood Cutting and Mrs. Brockholst, and a number of dark, elegant Cutting men, "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state." Sometimes the party was reinforced by the more beautiful Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, the wife to the General. Opposite to us, would be the Baron and Baroness von Hoffman, while right over our heads, were Col. Henry G. Stebbins and his family. He educated Clara Louise Kellogg, who was an admirable Marguerite before Nilsson, and good in everything.

In these days the great Italian artist Salvi, was the incomparable tenor, and Steffanoni, wonderful singer, with her veiled voice, gave us the renowned rendering of the "Lucrezia Borgia," which I have never heard excelled. Piccolomini also sang—the little niece of the Pope, as she proudly claimed to be; and the great, too early lost, Parepa Rosa, came later on.

Mr. Bancroft was exceedingly fond of the opera and Mrs. Bancroft did not care for it. "Will you go, and amuse George?" she would say to me. So I went, a young woman, fond to folly of Italian music, and not afraid of the night air (then)! This and many a dinner later on at their delightful house in West Twenty-first Street, brought me to know this wonderful and many-sided man very well. His memory was phenomenal.

After the Newport dinner we all went to a beautiful ball at the Bareda mansion, where we met Mr. Tom

Appleton and many another Boston person. It seems to me that Philadelphia and Boston people came to Newport then more than the New Yorkers. I remember a distinguished quartet who used to play whist at the Fillmore — Mrs. Walden Pell, Mrs. James Otis (very handsome, with beautiful hands), Mr. E. S. Willing, and Mrs. Jones McCall (a charming Southerner from New Orleans). They were all quite worthy of the legends of Court life under Louis XV, elegant *devotées* of whist. While there was no such luxury as at the present, there was far more stately grace to these Newport seasons than there has been since. Mrs. Sidney Brooks, who built the stone house now belonging to Mr. Bennett (I believe), was a Miss Dehon, of Boston, a scholarly, accomplished woman, worthy to be sister-in-law to Edward Everett. Indeed, she always had rather a classic style in her conversation. Mrs. Viele, a rampant wit of those days, said of her: "I had a meeting with Mrs. Sidney Brooks yesterday, she with forty curls on the side of her face, I with no curls at all. We had a little gossip about Copernicus, in which I fared very badly."

Mrs. Brooks would never call on her near neighbor, Mrs. Paran Stevens, of the Marietta villa, which caused the latter to shed many tears. And later on, Mrs. Cullum and Mrs. Astor both refrained from calling on that hospitable woman, whose victory over society was accomplished by so much bloodshed that it recalled the Duke of Wellington's remark that "there was but one thing more terrible than a defeat, and that was a victory." Mr. Sidney Brooks, an elegant Boston gentleman and a cultivated person, was more lenient than his

wife, and would have floated with the tide, but she, never! Give one a woman for tenacity of purpose.

They gave most charming dinners at what Mr. Brooks called Sebastopol, his stone villa, and Mrs. Belmont was often at his right hand.

Indeed, it was an aristocratic, proud, exclusive, particular, little circle, not as gay, perhaps, as the one which Mr. Travers and Mr. McAllister made later, but well worth remembering, with its very decided features of an ideal summer resort.

While Mr. Bancroft was Minister to Germany, Prof. Fairman Rogers hired his villa, and took good care of Mr. Bancroft's roses, which Mr. Bancroft, in common with his fellow-historian Parkman, delighted in cultivating. This was an improvement upon the Roman Emperor's task, who cultivated cabbages; and one can scarcely refrain from wishing to put in his garden the offshoot of one of these bushes, which had such learned hands at their roots.

I never heard Mr. Bancroft talk "history" but once, and then he gave us a really amusing account of his bouts with "revolutionary grandsons."

Flotsam and Jetsam

Having just seen an illustrated paper of Newport in Mr. Lorillard Spencer's *Pictorial* for August, 1897, I find much that I had forgotten, of this most famous watering-place, coming back like seaweed floating in, to a memory which always refuses to let go, that, which is comparatively of no importance, I do not remember valuable dates of history very well, but I might open a little book which will be of value in 1997—accounts written (at the time) of Newport dinners and festivals, a journal of "seventeen visits to Newport," ranging from the beginning of time to the present moment, 1897.

What a little snug town it was, when I first saw it, in 1848, and long after, with only a few villas, stretching down on Bellevue avenue, from Beaulieu to Finisterre, the home of the Brewers.

I open vaguely at the date "August 21, 1879," and will go backward and forward as I pick out interesting items. "The present rainy season makes this record particularly timely, showing that St. Swithin was not born yesterday.

"Monday evening was Mrs. Morton's great ball, and every one wanted to go. To us, who did go, the journey was perilous, as the water came down on the top of the carriage like Niagara, and the wind nearly blew us over. However, the elegance of the house and the cordiality of the hostess, the charming

beauty of the débutantes, and the perfection of the arrangements, made one forget the howling night until it was time to go home. The cottagers who lived far off had fearful experiences." Col. De Lancey Kane had to take the reins and send his coachman down to feel for a bridge. Those who had to cross the causeway trembled as their carriages swayed to and fro. The fury of the wind shook their houses, threatening to demolish them. Altogether, it was a fearful night, and the beautiful tent which presented such an "Arabian Nights" entertainment at Mrs. Fred Stevens's on Friday evening previous, and which was left for the next Friday, blew over and demolished the fairy-like arrangement of festoons, Japanese fans, ferns, smilax, and pillars of ice, with vines growing over them which ornamented its interior."

This idea was perhaps taken from an entertainment given by the Swedish minister at Washington in 1874. They look like diamonds, these Arctic pillars, when illuminated by a thousand lamps. They cool the air, and present a glacier-like effect when covered with vines. They remind one of Switzerland as the glittering ice runs down into the green valley, the crocuses growing at their feet.

"However, the howling storm did not content itself with blowing down the tent alone. Some of Mr. Charles H. Russell's fine trees went next, and there was incalculable mischief done to the flowers and greenhouses.

However, by four in the morning the skies were clear, and Jupiter—the morning star—was smiling and laughing down upon the little world which he had

helped to perturb, like a malignant, but handsome, giant.

Tuesday was so glorious that all Newport went forth to see the sea, which was in a fine state of unrest. Some merman Byron was stirring up his fellows to utter the great poem of discontent. It was all so fine that one forgot the storm.

The Town and Country Club held a meeting at Mr. John N. A. Griswold's delightful house, to hear Mr. Atkinson read a paper on "Distinguished Boys." It was clear, original, and pleasing, giving us the stammering little Elia, Charles Lamb, the lame little Sir Walter, the handsome, unhappy Noel Byron, who, with true schoolboy instinct, cried when his master called out "Dominus" after his name. No schoolboy will forget what martyrdom that meant to the fourth form. The coming gibes of his schoolfellows struck on his prophetic soul. Mr. Atkinson said that "Byron was half a Philistine and half a poet." I did not agree with this criticism, for I consider Byron very much of a whole poet.

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe," he showed his sense when he cried at being called "Dominus." But it was a good paper, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, always witty, said some pungent things about it, and declared that the next meeting would be at her house, and that some "good girls" would follow the "distinguished boys," from which we hope that she is to read a paper herself.

"Captain Candy, an eccentric Englishman, has made a sensation by riding his horse into the club! This gentleman, who is half a centaur (on this occasion he forgot

that he was not wholly one), was on a polo pony, and, suffering from the *ennui* of a rainy morning, accepted an invitation from a young man on the piazza, who said, 'Come in with your pony.' He immediately, in that spirit of practical joking and dare-devil courage which seems to possess a certain class of young Englishmen, rode up a very shallow set of steps on the club veranda and off again. An hour after he was expelled by the older governors, and has been severely criticised for a breach of etiquette. He apologized, and was reinstated last evening."

"When people say that he would not have done that thing in his own country, I disagree, for an eccentric Englishman will do anything in his own country if his fancy moves him that way."

A very different order of Englishman is Mr. T. Bayley Potter, visiting Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who has a house here this summer. The great free-trader enjoyed a lunch at Mr. Field's on Tuesday. Mr. C. H. Russell, Mr. Morton, General Potter, and the Butler Committee met him. He made a neat little speech, and expressed acknowledgment of his admiration for the Stars and Stripes, which he said he should dislike to have disappear from foreign waters. The Butler Committee were entertained at dinner by Governor Lawrence. Some foolish women were asking "what they were here for," when one of them answered, "We are holding a committee which will cost ten thousand dollars to investigate an office which is worth two thousand dollars."

There is a line of wrecks along the shore. Several fishermen lost their little all. Weeping women are sitting on the rocks lamenting the loss, and looking, per-

haps, for some vestige of the frail boat which sailed between them and starvation.

> "For men must work and women must weep,
> While the harbor bar is moaning!"

Many suggestions are made that these gay young gentlemen of Newport should get up tableaux and charades, by the proceeds of which they can buy a new boat for an old fisherman. Mrs. Wheeler, the daughter of Governor Lawrence, will superintend these entertainments.

A young man, who wears a bracelet and is otherwise a very *dilettante* youth, saved a drowning man on Monday evening, with splendid bravery and heroic self-forgetfulness. This makes one think of the fop in history, and of the affectations which brave men enjoy. I met one of these modern Vikings last evening faultlessly attired. He took much pains to tell me as he was lolling in a chair, that he was going to Norway fishing, and that he always took a great deal of orange marmalade and his own tea with him. As he was as big as Siegrist, as strong as Thor, and as splendid as Amri, I was amused to hear him dilate on this attention to his little comforts. I knew he could subsist, if he chose to do so, for years on blubber and whale oil, and wrapped in a sealskin could sleep on an iceberg all winter. I thought of those heroes from whom he is remotely descended, who drank their mead out of the skulls of their enemies, while this fop measures the thinness of his tea-cup to that of an egg-shell. I imagine he carries along a bag as big as a writing-desk with implements for cleaning his nails, but on occasion he could twist those implements into fish-hooks with his one "Guy Livingston" right hand.

Newport is one long panorama of luxury, healthy summer pleasure, and dreamy delight, and again, of the *dolce far niente*. It is more what you do not do than what you do do. I remember Channing's beautiful tribute to its climate: "Nothing ever did for me what Newport did; the rest, the rest, the repose! its romantic soft charm. It is a pillow of rose leaves." Add to these, memories of "Queen's Hythe," the little harbor, the French officers, those beautiful Hunters, the chapter of Jewish history and beneficence, the old haunted houses, the princely merchants like Malbone, the three artists of renown, Stuart, Malbone, and Staigg—who was the most famous of miniature painters, thirty years ago, and who was taught to paint by Miss Jane Stuart herself, are distinguished landmarks. This lady, I met first at a ladies' lunch, of twenty-five fashionables, she in her old bonnet and gown, and plain face—she was the most honored, famous woman of them all. She said to me: "You look like a Stuart picture; if you will come to my house and sit for me I will paint your portrait. I alone have the secret of my father's red and white." I went, and the enjoyment I felt in her conversation remains still, as does the portrait, very badly drawn, but beautifully colored. I tried to make her talk of her father. "He was very homely, like me," she said, "and he spent his money outside, leaving only a few pictures to his wife and daughters. He said that Mrs. Washington was very corn-fed." I did not get an amiable picture of Gilbert Stuart from her, but I learned to respect her fine, independent character, her wit, and her most amusing, sarcastic talk. She copied her father's pictures well and often. This amid the

reminiscences of old Newport and memories of its banished prosperity and slumber, of fifty years, to be followed by this great wave of fashion, and progress, all go by with me, as I take the ocean drive and fill the sunset with strange figures from imagination now.

An old friend told me that her mother, who was a de Wolfe, told her that she remembered well seeing the cargoes of slaves first brought in a slaveship! (the noble traffic of our Northern merchants!) allowed to cool their poor feet in the waves, sitting along the wharves, to try and forget the heat, the constraint, and the sorrow of the middle passage. She said their faces, which she looked at as a little child, would haunt her to her grave.

Perhaps it will do us no harm to remember that group, and, while we are rejoicing that the slaveship never comes to Newport now, to remember that everywhere there are suffering, cramped destinies and weary souls whom, perhaps, we may cheer some day.

So far from my old journal! I will not quote much more from any one date, except to say that it shows us here how much we forget. There is an account of the good horse Parole, who had in April won for his owner, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, $118,000, and of whom we talked at dinners. Who remembers Parole now?

But every one remembers the splendid balls which Mrs. Lorillard used to give at The Breakers, "herself the fairest flower," and the grand picnics of Mr. Bennett, most hospitable of hosts. My first clambake had been many years before, but Mr. Bennett's surpassed them all.

"The Duke of Beaufort had a bass before him which weighed forty pounds. He had caught it himself. It



Mrs. Sherwood, from a painting by Jane Stuart.

was dressed by Mr. Bennett's *chef*, a man of fine feeling, who would have been capable of killing himself if the fish had not arrived (at the picnic). But there it was "in the fish;" inspiring many an amateur Izaak Walton to tell of his triumphs. Mr. Charles Strong brought in one from West Island, weighing fifty-eight pounds, and frequently there is a capture of one that turns the scale (or the scales) at one hundred pounds. West Island was then the scene (in 1879) of these scaly triumphs.

> "Forced, like a Hessian, from his native soil
> To seek destruction in a foreign broil,"

the Newport fish has to go down to New York to be presented in the market, then returned to Newport, before he can be eaten. It is a very great shame."

I find that I met a good amateur poet, my friend, Edward Tuckerman Potter, architect, musician, connoisseur, who read a charming poem called "The Soldan," at Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's. Mr. S. Hall Powell read a paper on the microscope.

Shall I descend to a description of what dress was then? From philosophy and Bishop Berkeley to a "tale or tail, of gowns"—what a descent! The gowns were awfully splendid, according to my little yellow book.

"A strawberry cream chintz, and a Gainsborough hat."

"A black silk with cuirass waist covered with gold, ay, a network of gold;" or, better still, "a pale blue India mull with white embroidery." Sleeves were tight and trains were long, and there was a bustle of considerable dimensions.

There was no casino, and no lawn tennis. There was much talk of this belle and that beau. The words

"snob and nob" rang loudly, and "good form and position, and bad lot and no position," all of which amused the Englishmen. They did not realize that "position" meant more to an American than to any one else.

As I turn over the pages of the little book, I find accounts of dinners at Mr. Bancroft's, each a bit of history; lectures by Dr. Ellis, most delightful; many receptions, with dancing and singing, and beginning as far back as 1857, when Brignoli sang with the beautiful Mrs. Yznaga (mother of the Duchess Consuelo), at the Bellevue—or was it the Fillmore? A lovely woman and a lovely voice! I did everything, but mention dates. I am generally bad about dates, my reminiscences (penciled down the next morning) fail to tell where I was at the moment. As I visited one dear friend in five different houses, this is confusing.

But there is enough left to make a volume, and if this one unimportant season has held such keys to pleasant memories, I hope that others may do better. I met, in 1882, President Arthur at Newport (indeed, I once met (in 1850 I believe), Henry Clay there). My recollections may hold some agreeable surprises for those now living who remember, and for those who like to be told of their ancestors.

One of my most agreeable reminiscences of Newport is a visit to Miss Catharine Wolfe, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts of that period, of New York. Not only had she then given a chime of bells to Grace church, but her private munificence was so wonderful, so silent, her contributions to all worthy objects so magnificent; yet she found time to help poor and gifted girls. I find among my papers this allusion to one of them:

"Heard at a musical party last night a fine contralto. It was that of Miss O'Keefe, a protégée of Miss Catharine Wolfe, who has given her her musical education. It was a superb voice, reminding me of Antoinette Sterling. Frederic Clay says that he has not heard in London or Paris such amateurs as in New York."

Miss Wolfe went on spending her vast fortune well, and her beautiful house at Newport she had hoped would always remain in her family, but, alas! its wealthy owner, her favorite nephew, chose to live abroad. Newport is no continuing city, and of the friends I knew first, no one is living in the same house in which he lived then, or, perhaps, only three houses are even in the same family. The longest continuous resident is my dear and hospitable friend, Mrs. C. N. Beach. Death has taken many, many, but love of change has taken many more. How well I remember the beautiful garden parties given by Miss Fanny Russell at her father's splendid place, where a perpetual, gorgeous supper-dinner-tea went on for hours of the golden afternoon! How well I remember also the glories of the first coach-and-four drive which I took with Mr. Fairman Rogers, when a coach-and-four was something very new in Newport!

But, like the waves of the sea, these recollections overwhelm me, and I must stop. It is not, however, all flotsam and jetsam. There are still some gems and some beautiful seaweed in my little book.

Prof. Fairman Rogers had what was then called (1879) one of the show places of Newport. It certainly was beautiful enough, within and without, to satisfy most people, yet I hear that it has been taken down and a finer house erected on the perfect site. There was—

and is—a little dimple in the sea, as it caresses the shore, in front of this place, which is one of the most charming things in Newport. This parlor was considered very pretty, even splendid, in its day, but fashions have changed—that tufted round seat is now relegated to the steamboats. The papers have been full of the gorgeous entertainments given in this house by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Wales had a very beautiful house full of exquisite china near Finisterre, now a palace owned by Mrs. Brooks.

I once heard a fine lecture by Dr. George Ellis, on Bishop Berkeley, in a room which was, I believe, modeled after their famous dining-room in Boston. Certainly, it was very full of china. I suspect this house remains unchanged.

From Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's simple cottage, six miles out of town, full of "plain living and high thinking," from Mr. George Calvert's plain little bungalow in Catherine street, where Rubens' pictures hung on the walls, up to Beaulieu and Beachwood, the distance was even then great; but who shall describe the distance between even those fine places and Mr. Ogden Goelet's superb Italian villa, to the gorgeous "Marble House," and to the unapproachable magnificence of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's splendid villa, within and without, *nous avons changé tout cela! Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse!*

The Decadence of the American Watering-Place

The universal note as to the agreeability of watering-places is, this Summer, one of despair. I have a letter from the beautiful, fashionable mother of many fair daughters before me, and she writes a jeremiad on this subject:

Newport is very stupid, not a man there; and Narragansett has exploded, gone out, nobody there. We are now at Saratoga; and the girls, who have been in Europe several years at school, and who have heard me describe my once old delightful days here, are calling me a dreamer and an optimist. I think they would call me a worse name if they dared. But why is it that the world has deserted this convenient, healthful, and most lovely place, Saratoga? Where are all the people? Where is that life that you and I led as young girls, when even Niagara was utilized as a watering-place, and when G. P. R. James said that it was "the only watering-place in America that was not as dry as a bone?" Do you not remember the army of colored waiters at the three o'clock dinner, coming in in single file with each a dish, headed by an Indian (the best head-waiter I ever saw), and how we met the gay fashion at Niagara, and how we danced at the Clifton House and went out to look at the lunar rainbow by moonlight? Do you remember the two houses at Newport, the Bellevue and the Fillmore, one of which was governed by Mrs. Walden Pell, and the other by Mrs. Julius Pringle; and what belles we were! and how our Summer, we divided thus: June at West Point, July at Saratoga, the gayest of the gay, governed by Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, (with Frank Waddell for a Beau Nash) and August at Newport; our yellow and pink muslins, the elderly dames in brocade and diamonds? Do you remember those Southern beauties, with a new dress for every day

while they stayed? Do you remember Long Branch, with Howland's, full of most aristocratic Philadelphians? There surely was no lack of the eligible beau there. I remember a ball at Newport, given by Mme. Barreda, who built the house now called Beaulieu—what a dream of splendor we thought that! I know it has always been the home of hospitality ever since, but I doubt if the girls of today have as enviable a time as we did.

As for the smaller watering-place hotels, so many of them are now closed which I once knew; but even those which are open have more servants than guests. Where is everybody?

You remember that, after Newport (where we spent August), we went to West Point in September. There we met General Scott at Cranston's. What a scene of unbridled dissipation we thought that, when we danced every evening with an officer in uniform, and our shoulders got fearfully scratched with their dear epaulets! Gallant fellows, were they not?

Now, my girls are not having any such chances. Cranston's is as picturesque as ever, and well kept, but there are no officers, at least who come down here to flirt. Then, fashion has deserted West Point and Cupid has left town. He must be sulking near Mount Ida or in dull Bœotia. That reminds me even that poor little Greece has collapsed, and we shall read of it hereafter in an encyclopædia something in this wise:

"Greece, a forlorn peninsula, once visited by Byron. See Byron's Poems, in three volumes.

"'The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung.'

etc.; also,

"'Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give me back my heart.'"

Thus, Greece, a finished volume.

I think that is "all in the air" since I see the change in watering-place life in America. No one of my poor girls will be asked by any young man to "give him back his heart." Where are all the young men? We hear that they are in the Adirondacks; but we went there last summer—we found nobody but guides.

My friend says very much more, comparing the fading away of the life, once so amusing, of the American watering-place. She will wind up at Newport for August, and find it gay, no doubt, and will manage at

Tuxedo or Southampton, or at the Ardsley Casino, or some other attractive spot, to get through with September and October.

But she must remember that the old life at Saratoga was doomed when the Adirondacks were discovered, and young men found that a flannel shirt was much more comfortable round the neck than a starched one. Local causes may ruin one place, and another starts up. The bicycle and the game of golf completed the ruin of that cotillion party which once solaced the evenings at the smaller as at the larger watering-places.

My friend refers to the superior amusement to be found at Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, Schwalbach, and Evian-les-Bains—in fact, at all foreign watering-places. They live on wandering Princes and on the gambling, as well as on the cures of the rheumatic—and also on that much wiser plan of making the watering-place full of good music, having a "cure" and a theatre and something to do all the time. We have never reached that pitch of refinement, excepting at Newport, which is a place for the very rich, and therefore is not to be quoted as a universal solvent.

The hard times have doubtless conspired to make the watering-places empty. People now can hardly afford to take a large family to any hotel for several weeks. As the girls are very happy with their bicycles and picnics, economy becomes easier. Each little village has now its golf course, or links, or should have, for although it ruins conversation, golf has come to stay; each village is its own watering-place. Parents no longer think it their duty to take Sarah to Saratoga for a fortnight, that she may see the world and learn the

fashions. The fashions travel by telegraph, as Bret Harte says, and *Harper's Bazar* leaves no one in doubt as to the cut of sleeves.

It is astonishing to enter what once was a rural and a retired spot, to see even the serving maids with high hats, a choking ribbon tied round the throat, with a high bow behind, and a voluminous shoulder-trimming of lace. Yet there is no solitude so vast, no endless contiguity of space, that is not invaded by all the affectations which may have been invented by a scrofulous Princess, in the name of fashion.

Vanity Fair, in a recent article, speaks with great bitterness of the utter decay of London society. Says this vivacious sheet:

> The wave of vulgarity has washed away all that aristocracy and culture have been building up for centuries. It declares that what exists to-day is but a hideous caricature, and that in Rome and Vienna, and even in republican Paris, London society has become a laughing stock. Blood, pride of race, what are these; where are they nowadays? Money, above all the willingness to entertain, these are the pass-keys to what was once a fortress to be entered by birth, and birth alone. Even good character is not essential, for if the wine is good and the room handsome, and the orchids beautiful, what matter antecedents?

Thus the severe *Vanity Fair* upon London society, which Americans have hitherto regarded as the one spot where society was safe.

This would seem to have little to do with the dullness of the American watering-place, but it is quoted to mark that great law of change which has swept over the whole world of late. No doubt the splendor of the palaces at Newport appall a great many sober citizens and keep them away from our opal of the sea. But the life is individual cottage life, not a watering-place hotel life at all.

The more we approach this subject the harder it becomes to understand its sudden collapse. It would be well if we could believe that a growing love of country life, of individual homes, should be the reason why the watering-place is suffering such neglect.

It is almost too good to be believed that the homogeneous American people are really getting into country homes wherein they and their children can be happy all the year round. That would indeed be the desired Utopia. The busy New York man, who must be in New York all of his business-day, is fond of the semi-detached villa, if he cannot afford a better, where he can rejoin his family of nights, and dig about his rose-trees and kill the grasshoppers in the seldom-recurring holiday. This is the healthy sign of the times.

And so on up to the very rich man who builds on the Hudson River, or out at Tuxedo, or at Saratoga, his palatial country house, where he lives like an English lord, and where his wife is very happy while the house party lasts, if the cook will remain. These people, however, are always shutting up the delightful house and going over to Europe.

How many houses on the Hudson are open to-day? The greater number of their owners are probably lingering, after the Diamond Jubilee, to taste the sweets of that London society of which *Vanity Fair* says such evil things. Another contingent is bathing in European waters and tossing the coins about at Aix-les-Bains.

The hegira to Europe, however—so say the steamship companies—has not been so great this Summer (1897) as usual.

Where, then, *are* all the people? Are they in some

quiet country house, the man stretched on the grass under the elm, which entirely shelters him? He has returned, perhaps, to the town where he was born, and is striking down his roots, those fine deep roots which attach a man to the soil where his forefathers were. His wife does not love as well as he does the localisms of speech, the peculiar intonation "unto which she was not born." No vulgarities, no Yankee twangs, no drawls, are dear to us but our own. She finds the days long, the evenings unendurably dull. The lamps all smell of kerosene. Madame is not as happy as Monsieur. She would like to go to a watering-place, if she could find one open.

"What are these mysterious influences which change our happiness into discouragement and our confidence into distress?" says Guy de Maupassant. "One would almost say that the air was full of unknowable powers, to whose mysterious proximity we submit. I am all full of gayety, with desires to sing in my throat; whence comes this shiver of cold, which, brushing across my skin, has unsettled my nerves and darkened my soul?"

It may be a coming thunderstorm or a sudden accession of humidity.

Our American climate is a very trying one. It has not been of the same mind as to weather for two weeks at a time this trying Summer of 1897. That renders us all very nervous. We are haunted by the mystery of the invisible; we need change. Were we in an old inherited English home we should be as placid as oxen and drink in repose at every breath. As we Americans, however, sit in the forest we get tired of its aromatic odors, its aisles of Gothic extent, its wonderful beauty,

its birds and its wild flowers, and we sigh for that immense blue bay which we once saw stretching out between two lovely shores. We think of the white sail which once wafted us on to perfect bliss, and we wish to breathe a breath of salt air once more.

If we are in a valley, we long for the profile of that fantastic rock which is black against a glaring sunset. If we are Americans, we wish we were somewhere else but in the place where we are now. For this reason, if for no other, the bicycle is ruining the watering-place. It ministers to this universal unrest. No one who can command that obedient steed need stay anywhere long.

Our great country has so many attractive spots, such delicious Summer abiding-places, from Newport to Niagara, from the Delaware Water Gap to the isles of the St. Lawrence, from the great lakes to the Adirondacks, from the Falls of Niagara to Canada and to Nova Scotia—what a choice and chance we have! Rapid transit and parlor cars have made change imperative; for who will sit down on the piazza at the United States for a month, when for half the money he can go to Japan, he can explore the Yukon (beautiful Greek sounding name), and bring home nuggets enough in his pocket handkerchief to last him all Summer? How many a hostess potent at Lenox is taking her repose by a journey to Alaska or to a camp in the Adirondacks, and all the way in a parlor car?

SARATOGA SPA N.Y.

This is another cause for the forsaking of the watering-place. Once, when we went half the way to Sharon Springs by stage coach, with our trunks slung under the carriage, or more frequently left them behind at Herkimer, we were not in such a hurry to come away.

"Nous avons changé tout cela."

Newport at one time seemed a delightful resting place for the European diplomatist, and yet I now see that the home of "the English legation will be this Summer at Manchester-by-the-Sea." Bar Harbor complains that it has no public-spirited citizens who will build a Casino, and that its *clientèle* is too changeful. In fine weather Bar Harbor seems to me the peerless place of the world, with its woods and waters, the place where heaven touches earth, but in a fog they say it is detestable. I found Poland Springs entirely entrancing one Summer, but I sent some friends there who declared that the "demon of whist had ruined it." I should rather look at the fine profile of Mount Washington than a whist table, but even with scientific whist I should think it would be hard to spoil Poland Springs and its sparkling water.

Yet I can sympathize with my friend, who has daughters, as to that old gay life for the budding débutante, and for the unquiet old lady, the American young grandmother, who, as somebody said, was "still running for office." These are not housed and amused as they once were. Doubtless soon—perhaps in 1900—we shall have definitely settled on some place where both can again be happy. But at this present speaking there seems to be a lack somewhere. There is nothing perfect in this world.

Books That Society Reads

What does society read? Principally novels; and just now it is reading those of Anthony Hope. Most delightful things they are, too—healthy and brilliant and amusing.

Anthony Hope is like a jeweler who studies the designs of past artists. He adds to his images the images of others, borrowing and recasting their inventions, as an artist who unites and multiplies the precious stones and gold filagree, all ready for the diadem, which many workmen before him have prepared. He has made for himself, thus, a composite and brilliant style, less natural than that of Stevenson, less fit for effusion, less akin to the first lively gleam of sensation, but more witty (his wit is his own), more regular, more capable of concentrating in one large patch of light all the sparklings and splendors of everybody's diamonds. His love-making and his love episodes are always charming. It is like dressing for a Court ball in a strange country; it is like being present at a magnificent royal wedding; it is fête day all the time, to read "A Prisoner of Zenda." No wonder society loves it and all that he writes; he is a great artist.

The trifles which he has thrown us later as "The Dolly Dialogues," etc., are like the bouquets which arrive after we are dressed. We receive them with pleasure, but with abated enthusiasm.

Next after him does society rush into a little Scotch village and read "A Window in Thrums" and "The Little Minister." Here we have a bit of Rembrandt painting; nothing is better, nothing sweeter. Here is a classic. Some critic of Milton said that Adam entered paradise by way of England, where he learned respectability and moral speechifying. Eve had become a good housekeeper, and so gave the angels most excellent dinners. Barrie takes us to Bonnie Scotland to teach us how to use our eyes and make observation noble—even if it wrecks itself on watching how many pints of milk a neighbor takes in. The exquisite humor and the underlying poetry are unspeakably dear, but perhaps the observer has dwarfed the poet. There is something to regret in this.

The man who wrote "A Gentleman of France" is a benefactor of the human race. What a friend to the young! A sort of modern, healthy, not too diffuse Dumas. Stanley J. Weyman is a favorite with society, as is W. Clark Russell, who, ever since he wrote "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," has proved that he knows how to tell a story.

But it is only fair to say that Molly Elliot Seawell is intensely a favorite. She seems a long way off from these other writers, but she is delightful, amusing, and clean. One must remember that society is not a very reflective body. One must remember that it is made up of the descendants of the Puritans who, behind their fervent faith, had the blood in their veins of "Brutal Britons," who loved bear-baiting, who went to the play and afterwards whipped the actors. To make crime more certain they persecuted pleasure.

So the literary taste of the average American varies between "The Pilgrim's Progress" and the novels of Ouida, and has taken a turn at Zola.

In no sense, except the fact that Thomas Otway must be in our blood somewhere, can we attribute the taste shown for the later works of that once refined writer, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. The author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" might once have been taunted with sentimentalism, but not with impurity. Her latest novels and plays have the coarse and vicious qualities of Thomas Otway, who, a student, an actor, an officer, always poor, always in excess and in misery, had the fire and intensity of the older dramatists. He was a follower of that school which Dryden founded, and which exhibited itself in the reign of Queen Anne in all its completeness, authority, and splendor. But Thomas Otway pleased the passions of a detestable age with his coarse and vicious cavaliers, who were rogues on principle. "The Soldier's Fortune," "The Atheist," "Friendship in Fashion," "Venice Preserved," and "The Orphan"—they are all obscene, vulgar, and unwholesome, and they form the staple of "The Lady of Quality" and "His Grace, the Duke of Osmonde." I should be sorry to record that they are favorites of society. Mrs. Burnett is a great loss, for she was deservedly a favorite in her simpler work, particularly in her recollections.

But there is still much of the hearty English blood in our people demanding amusement, gayety, Maypoles, and bear-baiting. We like to burn a few witches occasionally, "pour passez le temps;" so, in indulging that inherited instinct, we read Marie Corelli and Mrs. Ath-

erton and Hall Caine. Who reads George Meredith, and for what reason, must ever remain a mystery—unless people like that which they cannot understand and in their secret souls despise. Old Jonathan Mason of Massachusetts, one of the most vigorous of thinkers, in talking of something which a transcendentalist had put forth said: "I can't understand it myself, but my gals can." Was there ever a better bit of satire?

Rudyard Kipling is sometimes as grand as a forest of orchids in one of his own Indian forests, and sometimes as trivial as the monkeys and paroquets who jabber in the branches of the jungle. He is seldom up to "The Jungle Book," which is Homeric. Oh! the wealth of Nature and Fancy in that surprising book! He has steeped himself in all the wonders of the flowers which open under a Southern sun, and in all the most lovable of the traits of a gracious spirit, in that book: the darling of childhood, the delight of maturity. I am sure society reads "The Jungle Book" more than it does "Captains Courageous." It is a great thing to write a book for a little boy who is just beginning his pilgrimage of thought and life. Primitive nature wraps him in ecstasy, and the battles of the beasts are to him the battles of the gods. No doubt a serious thought regulated the great toil of writing this book, but it is a pure outburst of genius.

Novels of society are the novels which society loves, and particularly those of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. "Marcella" is the queen of them all, and "Sir George Tressady," which is only "Marcella" continued, is equally delightful. Here a lady speaks. She makes no mistakes in describing the great world. Her heroines are

real. They know their trade, and the men and women who are called on to play their part in society are not mechanics, servant girls, or horse boys, masquerading. Nor has she that socialistic nonsense to promulgate that because a man is dirty and badly dressed therefore he is a hero; or that a woman is necessarily lovable because she does housework all the time. Labor is sufficiently honorable in its own place. It should not be transplanted—not at least until it has washed its hands. There have been well-dressed and refined women who keep the ten commandments and who knew how to spell. Mrs. Ward is a thinker and a philanthropist. She also knows society. Therefore she is invaluable. And Mrs. Ward shows that a woman can write a society novel better than a man can, although Disraeli and some others have not botched the work. Certain feelings follow upon certain positions. People of society like to read about society. In fact, who does not? No one seeks the commonplace in fiction. We have enough of that in every-day life.

"Defend me," says Lady Eastlake in her admirable memoirs, "from your very humble people. They are sure to entangle themselves and fall down in their own awkward lowmindedness. The consequence is that others are at the trouble of picking them up and propping them ever after." Again she says: "There is a certain aggregate ideal of the commonest subject. There is an ideal ugliness as well as an ideal beauty. Teniers gave us the poetry of pots and pans. Titian, in his old nurse, gave ugliness a charm. Hogarth, in his 'Marriage à la Mode,' lent even to vacancy an interest." But it takes a great genius to do these things. An

ordinary one had better describe a Grecian vase, a beautiful woman, and not vacancy, but full, happy, exciting life. Such a novelist and a great favorite is W. E. Norris. He did not try for the pomp and solemnity of greater novelists, but he has the light, tripping measure, the wit and playfulness of the "Midsummer's Night Dream." He is a pleasant man with whom to wander through an English lane. One would like to meet him at every country house. He is a capital interpreter of English fashionable society of the better class. He seems to attain the beautiful by accident while pursuing the useful and the good on principle.

Two special powers lead mankind—impulse and ideal: the one influencing sensitive, unlettered souls; the other governing action and relieving (as all novels should) the weary, the disappointed, and the over-worked. The first of these divisions leads the "sensitive, unlettered souls" to Marie Corelli, Ouida, and Miss Braddon (the latter much better than either of the others), and so on. The second class turn to Robert Louis Stevenson and his followers; to Anthony Hope, to W. Clark Russell, to Maarten Maarten, and many others.

The novel of to-day should be no mere study of character, no mere sketch of manners. It should be of concerted movement, dramatic, interesting, alive with the play of passion. It should gratify and overcome us. Such novels Octave Feuillet wrote, and Victor Cherbuliez—the dear delights; and such a novel, too, is "Marcella." Why should women be ambitious to show that they "can do things like men" when they thus disregard the fact that they can do much more as women!

BOOKS THAT SOCIETY READS

It is a trait of American society that it prefers novels written in England and in France to those written on this side of the water, and so much do most English-speaking readers prefer the French novel that some witty essayist said the following good thing of the wholly "Depraved Novel Readers": "The modern Englishman acknowledges that it is almost impossible for a Frenchman to write such bad prose as an Englishman writes easily and with joy; that his language helps him to that mixture of sobriety, inventiveness, precision, wit, and the critical spirit which go to make the most perfect prose, and every good French writer clarifies still further the clearness of his speech, and gets to that pellucid simplicity which we love in such writers as Daniel Defoe and John Bunyan. The French writer goes the whole way. You do not have to laboriously follow him to learn what he has to say. The American imitator should remember this!"

Perhaps this was leveled at the head of George Meredith, and a little at Henry James, who is not always pellucid.

American fashion is very various in its tastes as to reading. There are many women of extraordinary talents among our highest fashion, and the ardor with which the female Americans study, has no rival excepting the ardor with which their brothers make money in Wall Street or in the wheat deal in Chicago. The same atmosphere is driving the two sexes along. The girls have time to study, which the boys have not. However, the greatest misfortune which can befall a nation is to grow inert and uninterested, and that has not yet befallen ours. Better a fleet horse who may stumble and throw one over

his head occasionally than a spavined old brute who never gets there.

With all its mistakes, follies, and stupidities, fashion never stood higher than it does now. There is in the first place a great mania to do good; the second mania is to know something; and the third mania is to throw away the bad books which have deluged the land since "The Kreutzer Sonata." Fashion is changeable—here to-day and gone to-morrow. Fashion in books is like fashion in everything else. When Tourguenieff and Tolstoi first became the talk of literary men, they were found in every boudoir. Just as our mothers read George Sand, hiding the offending "Indiana" under a crease of the camel's-hair shawl, so did the wearer of a tea-gown hide "The Kreutzer Sonata" under the flowing pink drapery until the danger grew, and there came that *embarras des horreurs*—the works of Sarah Grand, "The Superfluous Woman," and the other nameless abominations. This got to be so bad that it speedily worked a cure and "The Doll's House" and other Ibsenites took their places. Fortunately for fashion a stern and vigorous correction to that which not everybody could understand, and which a great many did not wish to understand followed. The "Quo Vadis" and other historical novels by great minds came into being, and fashion stood up straighter and breathed deeper.

One of the best signs of this strong tonic has been the horror and disappointment caused by Hall Caine's miscalled "Christian," which has been flung down in the very dirtiest lane in the neighborhood in disgust by most pure-minded women. The dreadful "Jude, the Obscure," the flippery, vicious tales of refined or coarse

cruelty, or undisguised indecency, are no longer to be found in the "best society;" and that term means a great deal. Society reads and always will read the French novels of Pierre Loti, of Paul Bourget; those of the saucy "Gyp," because she amuses them. And it will read a great many better ones, as "La Morte," "Sybille," "Monsieur de Camors," and some worse ones, for the language and the charm and because a Frenchman knows how to tell a story. The style of a good French writer is so fascinating that it is like that airy coloring which an Italian atmosphere gives to the bleakest and foulest things. It sets everything in a sea of light, and it becomes impossible sometimes for the moral sense to discern the boundary line, in that glow which wraps heaven and earth, and all things visible, in one great world of loveliness.

It is a part of this charm which recommends the faulty and exaggerated Ouida to the reading of society. I suppose more copies of her "Massarenes" have been read by society than of any other novel of the day, partly because the story is about the beloved London, partly because it hits on a very evident truth, partly because the author's genius carries one along, and perhaps because it is a very strong story, although this should not perhaps be a reason for reading a work of fiction. Fiction should be a life above our every-day life; a rainbow glinting the clouds. I regard the lack of popularity which exists in society as to Mr. Howell's novels as due to the absence of romance. "I am not the least interested in his people," said a young fashionable woman to me when I recommended one of his books for its humor.

The zigzags of fashion are very sharp. No one knows when coupés will go out of fashion and when tilburys will come in. Therefore it is not to be explained why George Meredith disappears before Marie Corelli, although it is easy enough to see why some English women writers, such as Mrs. Walford, are great favorites. Society adores Henry James. His last three novels are without any doubt his best and most permanent successes, not alone for their consummate merit as literary works, but for their attractive houses, pretty women, and general atmosphere of what is most delightful. These make him the popular favorite in the home of the luxurious. Indeed, it would be impossible at a fashionable dinner party to speak of a character or an episode in one of Henry James's novels that every one at the table would not know as well whom you meant as if you spoke of Becky Sharp or Mr. Micawber. It is the fashion to read him, as it was the fashion to read "Trilby," but that fashion has not lasted to "The Martian."

Marion Crawford is a firm favorite in the boudoirs. And it is an excellent sign of the times that he is. No one can wish for a purer hand, a stronger touch, a more romantic uplift, or a better friend to a young woman's mind than is this delightful writer, who garners in the customs and the thoughts of all people and the new and precious outlook of foreign lands. His books are full of pictures. They are like going from room to room in an Italian palace. These rooms of his, instead of ending, lead off to other rooms even more richly furnished, each more magnificent than the first. Our host is truly *en Prince*, not stopping with his palaces, but giving us such queer little journeys into Paul Patoff's land, and

that of the "Cigarettemaker,"—the latter story one of the most original novels ever written. He never fails us.

Society reads a great many memoirs, like W. Frazer Rae's "Life of Sheridan," "Two Noble Lives" by Hare, and Lady Eastlake's memoirs—the last the most delightful of all; and society reads far too many magazines and reviews and newspapers and criticisms and little books and big books, which are like eating jam tarts and cakes, sure to spoil the appetite for dinner. Who will ever get time to read Guizot's "History of Civilization?" No one, until we are done with civilization. Society reads much of isms,—Buddhism, Theosophy, the mind cure, the faith cure; Socialism and Anarchists have a great hearing; and the Indian priests are favorites who are doted on. A pale, delicate, lame, beautiful Parsee, in white raiment, will be heard and read from cover to cover. He can afford to give double prayers, double hymns, and double sermons each time. If any book can unravel the thread of destiny or unroll a scroll of the future, if any one can give a new color to the web of life, let him write many books. They will all be read in "society."

The East Indian thinkers, being dyed in the wool, so to speak, in all that is most dreamy, spiritual, and theoretical, are especially dear to these dilettante thinkers, and more women have committed Richard de Gallienne's translation of the Rubàiyàt of Omar Khayyam to memory since it appeared in the "Cosmopolitan" of September and subsequent months, than any other poem of the day. It reached their "unmentionable sympathies," poor things!

"How easily can sorrows be borne in which there is no sin," says the moralist, and how dear is sin which has never been committed. A stupid novel does not come under any of these heads—that is a sorrow which cannot be borne; and we had not rather, or we would rather not, shut out the possibility of evil, perhaps, if thereby we must take unmitigated balderdash of virtue or the weak milk-and-water of a fashionable novel (so-called) done on the spot. As some brilliant wit remarked, "I like to take my metaphysics straight." Nor does the novel reader relish those dishonest novels which come with a bit of science hidden under their butterfly wings.

The useful novel? Society does not read that much. The novel with a purpose? No. Society reads the most interesting,—not always the deepest, not always the most useful, not always the most congruous; but if society reads a book, it has something in it, you may be sure of that. Society is interested in dissent as in assent. The clergy have no such friends and readers as society women. It is the clearest evidence of our belief in an infinite future that we are always too interested in those who are at hand to read for us the "Book of the Future."

The extraordinary writing, witty and clever, which is such a sign of the times,—that of Anstey and other wits across the water, and of Kipling, as he was; or Bret Harte, as he was; of Mark Twain, of all men who amuse —all this is much read in society. It suits the movement of the age, racing, golf, tennis, the bicycle. Everything but the Book of Psalms has now been put on wheels. But there is one thing which is little read

in society, too, and that is poetry. The thought comes over me that this is a lost chord in the *fin de siécle;* that past when we read Southey, Shelley, Keats, Byron, and Walter Scott; that nearer past when we read Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes, Browning and Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, and Tennyson—was it not a past when the hills were higher, the solitude greater, the heavens more blue, and the sunsets more splendid? Did not a thousand fantastic shadows visit and veil the horizon, making it more beautiful? Have we not hardened a little?

ADVERTISEMENT OF "MENTICULTURE."

"Menticulture" was first issued in a sufficiently modest way. It described a personal experience which has been of inestimable value to the author. The revelation to him of the possibility of the absolute elimination of the seeds of unhappiness has changed life from a period of constant struggle to a period of security and repose, and has insured delightful realities instead of uncertain possibilities. One hundred and fifty copies of the book were privately printed, and entitled "The A B C of True Living." It also carried within its pages the title of "Emancipation."

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PERSONAL NOTE.

Some time in the early part of the year 1896 a friend sent me a copy of "Menticulture." I read it with interest, and became convinced that I could apply its truths to my own life with profit. Experience confirmed my faith in the power of its principles to overcome many of the most annoying and damaging ills tbat are common to humanity.

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I formed the idea of making an experiment by giving the book a general distribution in our city, to see if it would not promote the general good and happiness of people.

I wrote to the author, Mr. Fletcher, and he entered into the plan very cordially, and had this special edition prepared for me. The object which we hope to gain is to turn the thoughts and purposes of those whom we reach to the old truths taught by Christ, and a determination to live above those evils which do so much to make our lives unhappy for ourselves and annoying to those about us.

I would ask, therefore, that you would kindly give the book careful and thoughtful reading, and, when you have opportunity, recommend it to your friends.

W. J. Van Patten.

PERSONAL NOTE.

Mr. Van Patten is a prominent manufacturer of Vermont, and was recently Mayor of Burlington for two years. He is also prominent in the Christian Endeavorer movement, having been the first president of the United Society, and being at present one of its trustees, as well as the president of the Congregational Club of western Vermont.

"Menticulture" has found favor among physicians, and also with life-insurance companies, obviously because of the live-saving quality of the suggestions contained in it.

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Ade, George.

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